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CALEB AND MARY WILDER FOOTE

Mary Wilder Foote

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Reminiscences and Letters

EDITED BY

MARY WILDER TILESTON

WITH PORTRAITS

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PREFACE

This volume is a memorial of my father and mother, and also of my brother, Rev. Henry Wilder Foote. Their lives gave so much help and cheer to all who knew them that I want to keep their influence from being forgotten and lost.

My father's brief autobiography, written in his old age for his children, has value for a wider circle; containing, as it does, accounts of New England life in the early part of the last century, the War of 1812, political conditions later, and the story of his struggles from childhood with poverty and other difficulties which led, ultimately, to a successful and happy later life. It is in my mother's letters, however, that his rare character can be seen more clearly.

Her ardent faith in the goodness of God and in immortality, which sustained her through great sorrows, enabled her to be a comforter to many in her lifetime, and its record may strengthen the faith of those who are in trouble now. Her intense love of nature and of everything beautiful, her buoyant enjoyment of every glint of sunshine in her daily life,

her sympathy and her fun, made her presence a refreshment and delight. As a daughter, sister, wife, mother, and friend, few have ever loved more warmly and unselfishly, and few have ever gathered a larger harvest of love.

There are still so many who remember my brother Henry with faithful affection, that it has led me to give, in my mother's letters, a rather full account of his childhood and youth, showing the gifts and graces of mind and character which made him so beloved. It will surprise those who knew him only in his later years to find that he had to contend with an irritable temper in his early life, although it had been conquered practically by the time he was twelve years old. I have shown it freely, because it is so encouraging to see what victories can be won by persevering effort under the guidance, and with the sympathy, of a wise and loving mother.

I have given the greater part of my father's autobiography, and have made selections of various lengths from my mother's very numerous letters. I hope that they will give to readers now some of the pleasure which they gave to those who received them.

MARY WILDER TILESTON

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MARY WILDER FOOTE

BORN IN 1810 DIED IN 1857

HER EARLY YEARS

By ELIZA A. DWIGHT

Mary Wilder White, the daughter of Daniel Appleton White and Mary (Wilder) White, was born on December 12, 1810, in Newburyport, Massachusetts. Her mother, who had rare loveliness of character and person, gifted in heart and mind, died on June 29, 1811, when her little daughter was about six months old. In 1816 her father moved from Newburyport to Salem, and she, then between five and six years of age, and her sister, a year and a half older, were placed at Miss Ingersoll's boarding-school in Beverly. Her sister, Elizabeth Amelia, later called Eliza (Mrs. William Dwight), wrote some recollections of her childhood and youth from which the following selections have been made.

My earliest recollection is of her bright intellectual powers which filled my duller ones with amaze. She learned her letters at the age of two, I being her teacher, and our school-book a cotton handkerchief upon which the letters were stamped. Not less vivid is my memory of her beautifully developed affections at the same early period, and her generous nature.

She began to write very early. One of the lessons immediately given us, at Miss Ingersoll's school, was writing letters upon the slate to our father, to be shown to him when he visited us on Wednesday and Saturday of every week. At the end of six months, I began to write on paper with pen and ink. In a letter then to my Grandmother White, I wrote of Mary, "She says that she will write as soon as she has learnt how to." Two months later, in a letter to my father, I wrote, "Mary seems to love to write very much." At the age of seven, she had overtaken me, not only in letter-writing, but in all our studies. That she loved to write is apparent, even in her earliest letters, which are written, not as if a task had been given her to do, but with a freedom and spontaneity in striking contrast with those I wrote at the same time. Though containing only the same simple journal of every day's doings as my own, there is a tone about hers which brings her vividly before me. I am again a child with her, living over the years in Newburyport, when she was three, four, and five years old, and I know that all the charm of those years was due to the sweetness and sparkle of her rare and lovely nature.

In other respects the home in Newburyport was

a dreary one, overshadowed as it was to me by the memory of the sad scene on the day of my mother's burial, which, young as I was at the time, made an indelible impression. My mother died when I was but two years old, yet such was her hold upon my affections during the short period that she was with me that the void created by her death was at once filled by her memory. My earliest recollection is of being lifted on to her bed, where I was often permitted to lie beside her during the lingering illness which preceded her death. Another recollection which haunted my childhood is before me now. I see the darkened room, the mysterious casket, my father's face and figure as he stood near it, the gloom upon the countenances of all present, the appearance of the uncle who held me up in his arms that I might see the face of her with whom "death had made his darkness beautiful." My father has told me that, after one look, I was taken from the room, apparently in an agony of grief and fear; but of that I have no recollection, while my mother's face, "as it had been the face of an angel," was then deeply imprinted on my memory, to bless me throughout my life.

My father was a great sufferer, not only from the loss of my mother, but from his own ill-health,

being, during the years of which I speak, so reduced by dyspepsia that it was feared that he would never again be well. The only recollection of those years in which I have ever found pleasure is that of my happy, witty little sister, whose "sunshine in the soul" no outward circumstances had power to cloud. Not that my enjoyment of her was without alloy. Up to the age of eight years, — I do not remember them later, — I had many a pang of jealousy at seeing how much she was preferred to me, even by my dear father, and our beloved Priscilla, a girl who had lived with my mother ever since my birth, and who had remained with us until we left Newburyport. I am sure that the little Mary must have been very entertaining, for, though I do not recall anything she said, I remember how everybody used to watch and listen to her, and laugh at her talk, and how I coveted the attention she received. Her bright, active intellect was not her only attraction, however. Her generous feelings and affectionate, sympathetic nature were as conspicuous then as they were in her maturity. I well remember how they were manifested when any little difference arose between us, and the recollection of one scene has gone with me through life, when her generous conduct, under circumstances

now forgotten, so overcame me, even to tears, that I put my arms around her neck, and said, "You are the kindest, dearest little girl that ever lived." As an illustration of her unselfishness, I remember that frequently, when presents were sent us, she allowed me to choose which should be mine. Sometimes, in my eagerness to get the best, I would, after choosing the one I thought I preferred, change my mind, and want the one I had assigned to her, in which case she always assented, saying, "I don't care which I have," which meant, "I want you to have the one you like best." This loving one's neighbor, not merely as, but better than one's self, is a rare trait in child or woman, yet I verily believe it was hers throughout her life, and I have no recollection of her that does not warrant this conviction.

In June, 1818, we entered Miss Buckminster's school, which was, that summer, on Cottage Street, Brookline, one of the most beautiful spots of the beautiful town. One of the little girls at the school was a daughter of Mr. William Sullivan, of Boston, well known later in social circles there and elsewhere as, first, the wife of Stuart Newton, the artist, and later, as Mrs. Oakey, of New York. Mary's gift for self-sacrificing friendship, now so fondly remembered by many, first developed itself in re-

lation to this little schoolmate of her own age, a handsome, sweet-tempered child, who at once won Mary's affections, and to whom she devoted herself with a generosity which I did not regard with entire favor. I remember, during the summer of 1818, at Beech Grove, protesting, one very warm day, against Mary's running between the summer-house, where we were at play, and the house, to do errands for Sally, who, I said, might as well do them herself, but I have no recollection that my expostulation availed to check her in her unselfish enjoyment of serving her friend.

Mary's gift of making to herself "a pleasant time" under all circumstances is illustrated in many of her letters; "We enjoyed ourselves very much," "We had a delightful time," being the constant record in childhood; and all who knew her well in later years must have observed her happy temperament, and more than usual enjoyment of life.

Early in August, 1819, our dear father married Mrs. Eliza (Orne) Wetmore, of Salem, and we had once more the privilege of having our home with him. It would be impossible for me to put into words what this change was to us. If we had had Aladdin's lamp to bring to us whatever we wished, we could not have asked for anything more delight-

ful. It was in the month of August, when all without the dwelling was its most attractive:[1] the green front yard with the fine old horse-chestnut trees, the garden beyond with its fruit and flowers; within doors, the spacious parlors, both open on either side of the hospitable entrance, Guido's Aurora over the mantelpiece in the sitting-room, the painting of Springfield over the sofa, — while, in the large parlor, on the other side of the entrance, there hung upon the walls Fisher's two paintings of Niagara, upon which we children were never weary of gazing. We had seen pleasant homes and beautiful pictures before, but this was *our* home, and we were made to feel it so by the warm welcome we received from our "Mamma," as we always called her. She won our hearts at once by her evident disposition to be more indulgent than was our dear father, who, while giving us the warmest affection, was somewhat strict in discipline. One little circumstance that occurred the very first morning after our arrival has always rested in my memory. We were seated in the spacious chamber over the sitting-room which, forty years later, became to all my father's children consecrated ground. The windows

[1] It was the house of Mrs. Wetmore, originally belonging to her father, Mr. William Orne, on Court Street, now Washington Street, in Salem.

were wide open to receive the sweet morning air, Mary and I were seated near one of them with our new mamma, who was preparing for each of us a towel to hem for her, when Father, who had been out to market or post-office, entered the room. Seeing us sitting unemployed when we should be industrious, he exclaimed, with some severity of tone, "Why are you idle?" Mamma looked up at him with a humorous expression of face, as she replied: "My dear, we are doing very well here, — we are very industrious, — but there is that lazy boy Charles down in the yard below, who needs looking after, — you had better give a lecture on idling there." How Mary and I enjoyed that reply.

For the dear little Mary, especially, this new mamma was just the one to make her happy, — her tender and sensitive nature could thrive only in an atmosphere of love and kindness. But alas! our joy in our new home was too soon to be turned into mourning, and during the brief year and a half of Mamma's life, we were only a part of the time there. Her delicate health made it necessary that she should be relieved, as far as possible, from care, and when the spring of 1820 opened, we were placed again with the Misses Buckminster, whose home that summer was in quite another part of Brook-

line, on the Brighton Road, so called. We went home when the vacation began, and three weeks later, on the 12th of February, 1821, we were made happy by the birth of a little brother who was named William Orne. Our dear mamma was very well after this event, and my dear father used to compare the change that came so suddenly a month later to the bursting of a thunderbolt from out of a clear sky. The 27th of March found us again motherless.

Two months later we were sent to Miss Buckminster's school, — this time in Warren Street, Brookline, — leaving our dear father with his favorite niece, our "Cousin Amelia," who took charge of his household.

In a letter to her father, Mary writes: —

"Brookline, July 4, 1821. We are now writing a play, which we want to act. All of us but Elizabeth have a part in it. Are you willing that I should act my part? If you are not, I do not care anything about it."

In reply to Mary's inquiry, Father wrote as follows: —

"The matter of the play I submit entirely to your cousins' [1] judgment. I have no objection to

[1] The Misses Buckminster, probably "cousins" by courtesy.

your committing to memory and repeating anything that may be approved by them. My objection, you know, is against your getting a propensity to act, — to take off, — to imitate peculiarities, in short, to *mimick* others. This I detest as wholly inconsistent with female delicacy and dignity, and even benevolence, — but I have no fears of your little plays having any such effect upon Mary, though I have sometimes thought she had a turn that way which her good sense would be necessary to counteract."

Mary certainly had, from an early age, a gift for "acting and speaking in the manner of another," which my father always checked, but often have I seen him trying to look grave reproof when his own relish for the entertainment she afforded made it impossible. So much, in after years, did she agree with him on the subject of "mimickry" that I doubt if many of those who knew her only in her maturity were aware of her uncommon power in that direction.

I left Miss Buckminster's school soon after Thanksgiving in 1821, and Mary did so early in 1822, and we were both soon after settled at home in Salem, under the charge of our beloved Cousin Amelia. She was a daughter of my father's favorite

brother, Major Moses White, of Lancaster, New Hampshire, a soldier of the Revolution. My father was also warmly attached to her mother, a beautiful and gifted woman who died the year before I was born, and whose name, Amelia, he gave to me, in affectionate remembrance of her. This daughter, who also bore her name, inherited the virtues and charms of both her parents. When she was about eighteen years old, four years before she came to live with us, Mary and I had known her, and had been captivated by her uncommon beauty of person and manner. Now we were old enough to appreciate the mind and character of which they were the fitting expression, and we admired and loved her almost to idolatry. In my recollections of the years during which she was as mother and sister to us in our father's home, her image is inseparably blended with Mary's, and any record of those years which should not include both memories would be imperfect.

In making this record, I am constantly reminded of the delight it was to my father to observe and encourage Mary's taste for the pen, and skill in using it. In these respects, as well as in her lovely spirit, she was like her mother, and my father's only regret, in relation to her, seemed to be that

she was not, also, like her in person, instead of bearing, as she did, a striking resemblance to himself.

It is remarkable how the characteristics of her maturity are revealed in her early correspondence; her bright mind, her warm affections, her gift for self-sacrificing friendship, her social disposition, her generous nature, her delight in children all appear in these letters. She shows, too, in them, the same love of writing letters, the same interest in books which were her tastes later in life.

After leaving Miss Buckminster's school, at the opening of the year 1822, we went to no other school until its close, but were at home, and took lessons in French, music, and dancing. In January, 1823, however, it is written, "Mary and I like going to Mr. Cole's school very much." Mr. Cole kept at that time in Salem a school for girls, which had a high reputation. He himself was an admirable man and teacher, who at once won our affections.

Mary was much attached to Rev. W. B. O. Peabody, of Springfield. Her acquaintance with him began when she was but nine years old, the winter after Father's marriage to Mrs. Wetmore. Then Mr. Peabody, a young man of twenty, began

to preach. One of his first sermons was preached at Salem, at which time he stayed at our house. Father and Mamma listened to him with especial interest because he was already engaged to preach in Springfield, with a view to settlement over the parish there, of which Mamma's brother, Mr. Samuel Orne, was a prominent member. Over that parish he was soon settled, and there he remained as long as he lived. As poet, preacher, and review-writer, Mr. Peabody was widely known from the time he entered the ministry until the year 1847 when he died. Young as Mary then was, her natural endowments and premature development enabled her to appreciate the taste, imagination, and humor, which, added to his practical good sense and stores of knowledge on every variety of subject, made Mr. Peabody in conversation a most fascinating, as well as instructive, companion.

The year 1823 was an eventful one to her. Besides the promotion to Mr. Cole's school, she that year made her first visit to Springfield, which was a delight which she had long eagerly anticipated. That event was almost immediately followed by Cousin Amelia's engagement to the Rev. William B. O. Peabody. They were married September 8, 1824.

In a letter to Sophia Orne on July 4, 1823, she says: "Your mother begged me to write soon to you after my return, but I have been sorely afflicted with weak eyes. If my letter does not look altogether so well you must excuse it, and remember Miss Elizabeth Smith's words, 'When you receive a letter from me written like copper-plate, you may think I am going to quarrel with you, — on the contrary, when you receive such a scrawl as you can hardly read, believe, and depend upon it, it is full of affection and constancy.'"

When Mary was not quite thirteen years old, we were both taken from school to "study with Papa," as she says in a letter.[1] She does not give the reason of this early withdrawal from the greater advantages for study which Mr. Cole's good school afforded. I well remember, however, why it was that we were deprived of them — a loss I have regretted all my life. Father's fastidious taste was offended by our catching something of the schoolgirl's slang. He took alarm at its first appearance. We escaped the contagion, and Father's all-powerful influence secured us from the faults of manner and expression which he could not tolerate in his

[1] He taught them Latin and history, and guided all their reading. Music and French were taught by M. Louvrier.

daughters, remembering, as he used to tell us, what, had our mother lived, would have been her example and influence in those respects. In scholarship we were greatly losers, study at home being necessarily desultory, interrupted, as it was, by a continual influx of visitors, the natural result of Father's various family connections and unbounded hospitality. I remember it drew from an old nurse in the family the remark that, in her opinion, the house was a tavern without a sign.

A letter by Mary of November 21 contains her first mention of Father's engagement to Mrs. Abner Rogers, of Charlestown. She, who was, before her marriage, Ruth Hurd, became the cousin of our own mother through the marriage of our grandmother, Mrs. Wilder, to Dr. Hurd, of Concord, Massachusetts, the uncle of Ruth. She was four years younger than Mary Wilder. When they first met, their ages were five and nine. I have been told that, at their first meeting, they were attracted to each other. My mother soon found in Ruth her favorite cousin, who, in turn, looked up to my mother with admiration and love. Their friendship grew warmer with every passing year, and was interrupted only by my mother's death. Mr. Rogers was, also, one of my father's most intimate friends

before, as well as after, his marriage to Ruth, and Mr. Rogers's death, soon after that of my mother, was deeply felt by my father.

Natural as was the event, the announcement, when made to Mary and me, was a surprise, and, as may be supposed, not a pleasant one. We were too far advanced in years, and in other respects, to relish the idea. Unwelcome as it was, however, it needed only that Father, in calm, wise, loving words, should put his case before us, to reconcile us to his decision, and make us feel that we would do everything in our power to make him and all concerned in the arrangement happy.

Our father's marriage took place on the 22d of January, 1824, at Mr. Hurd's house in Charlestown, but we awaited at home the arrival, at evening, of our new mother and her daughter Emily, a little girl of nine years. Under the influence of our father and Cousin Amelia, Mary and I had begun to feel more than reconciled to the event from which we had shrunk at first; but our amiable feelings received a shock when, in the course of the wedding-day, one of our friends communicated to us the account she had received of our future stepsister, — that she was a very much indulged, spoiled, and troublesome child. I well remember how tenderly

and affectionately our Cousin Amelia exhorted us not to allow the communication to affect our feeling and manner in receiving her, if, for no other reason, because such conduct on our part would give Father so much pain. The little girl proved to be the very reverse of what had been represented. Her entrance into the family produced no jar in any direction, but was a source of pleasure to all, especially to Mary, whose gifts of intellect and heart were warmly appreciated by Emily. We were a truly united household, and I have often thought, in looking back upon it, and comparing it with other homes, that there were fewer rubs and jars between us children than in many homes where the children are all of one marriage. We were, doubtless, more careful to avoid clash of interests than we might have been under other circumstances, but, still more, was the harmony due to the "unconscious influence" of my father's character, and the uncommonly pleasant dispositions of both Mary and Emily.

Mary's letters from Exeter, whither she was sent for the benefit of her health, remind me how much she suffered at this period of her life from headache, and want of strength to enjoy the long walks prescribed by our dear father, a prescription which I

gladly followed in company with the girls of our own age with whom we associated.

Father's theory, and the one then generally prevailing, was that the proper food for young people was "bread and milk," and such was our portion even beyond the days of childhood. Mary has often told me that, until she was allowed to give up milk at breakfast and supper, she hardly knew what it was to be without headache; yet, during all these years upon which, later in life, she looked back with the feeling that they had been almost spoiled for her by this error in diet, I have no association with her of lassitude or depression. Indeed, throughout her life, I was impressed by the way in which she rose above physical ills, and, in thinking of her now, I recall, as applicable to her, Sir Walter's words: "In man, the spirit sustains the constitutional weakness as, in the winged tribes, the feathers bear aloft the body."

[Here end the selections from the record written by her sister Eliza.]

LETTERS OF MARY WILDER FOOTE

LETTERS OF MARY WILDER FOOTE

1824–1834

1824

To Miss Ann Bromfield, *March* 24

A great subject of interest with us at present is the choice of a colleague for Dr. Prince.[1] We have heard three candidates, and the society is about equally divided in their opinion of them. Mr. Colman is very much admired by some, and we have heard two very promising young men, and who are allowed to have uncommonly fine talents, and seem pious and unassuming, — Mr. Furness and Mr. Gannett. They were classmates and chums in college, and have been preaching but five months, and both delivered very fine sermons in a very interesting manner. I don't know that you have ever heard Mr. Colman preach. He is no *great* favorite of ours.

[1] Rev. John Prince, LL.D., was settled as minister of the First Church in Salem in 1779, and continued to hold that position until his death in 1836.

To Mrs. Ann Tracy, *October* 30

You may feel a little interested in hearing of our parish concerns. You have heard that those in favor of Mr. Colman have seceded, and built a new meeting-house; [1] this is nearly finished, and it is quite a handsome one. In the meantime, we have been hearing young candidates; for we mean to try to get along in spite of them, and have, at last, met with one who is just to our mind. His name is Mr. Charles W. Upham; a fine scholar, and sensible man, and one who is, out of the pulpit, one of the most delightful young men I ever saw. He is engaged to Miss Ann Holmes (Dr. Holmes's daughter), of Cambridge.

1825

To Mrs. Ann Tracy, *February* 15

We had, I assure you, a very interesting Ordination. Our society, though, at present, reduced in numbers, has more than its proportion of wealth, and is very respectable. They pay Mr. Upham a thousand dollars while he remains a colleague, and, after Dr. Prince's death, he is to have fifteen hundred; quite a respectable salary for a little

[1] At Barton Square.

parish of sixty or seventy families. They pay Dr. Prince a thousand dollars, which, added to Mr. Upham's, makes it quite a heavy tax upon their purses, though they will not allow on their hearts.

1827

JOURNAL, *Wednesday, January* 31

This was the evening appointed for Mrs. Crowninshield's ball, and, though it was so excessively stormy, we concluded to go. As it was the first ball I ever attended, I believe I will give a minute account of it, as I may, at some future time, like to see the impression it gave me. At quarter-past seven, we got into the carriage. Our dress was white muslin, with six pretty large tucks round the bottom, headed with a blue satin rouleau, — the simplest dress in the room. We wore flowers in our hair, long kid gloves, black satin shoes. The rooms were quite full, very light, and the floors were beautifully chalked. The handsomest ladies were Mrs. F. Peabody, Miss Eliza Endicott, and Mrs. Louisa Peabody. There were ices, blanc-mange, jellies, &c., &c., handed round from time to time in the course of the evening, and at ten oysters were handed round. I danced just enough not to feel either

neglected or tired. We got home at eleven o'clock, after having enjoyed the evening very much. We heard afterwards that most of the company remained until twelve. It was unanimously agreed to be a delightful party.

JOURNAL, *Thursday, February* 8

At seven we went to Mrs. Barstow's ball, where we saw a great show of splendor. Everybody looked very handsome. The rooms were beautifully lighted and dressed with wreaths. There was a splendid supper-table. We retired at eleven.

Thursday, February 22

The day of the ball. We dressed ourselves about seven o'clock. The hall looked very brilliant, and was filled with beautiful ladies. Mary Pickering was there from Boston, Tom Dwight from Cambridge, and many other pleasant gentlemen from out of town. We had supper about ten (Edward Pickering handed me up to supper), and we did not get home till half-past twelve.

TO MARY T. PEABODY, *May* 16

You have Lydia with you again. I meant to have written her a sheet, but found it impracticable, as

it was to write you a more decent-looking one, but I remembered the advice of the old man in "To-morrow," which was once quoted in a letter to me. "'T is an easier thing to lose a friend than to gain one," said he, "and, take my word for it, as the world goes, 't is a foolish thing to lose a friend for want of writing a letter or so."

1828

JOURNAL, *January* 4

I made a resolution which I trust I shall be enabled to keep, never to turn the conversation to, nor to countenance, *censorious subjects;* to regard the reputation of those around me as tenderly as I would mine own should be guarded.

JOURNAL, *January* 9

About six, we went to ——'s. The evening was rather dull, and I fear that I transgressed my rules, after I got home, by censuring the frivolity and silliness of the conversation.

JOURNAL, *April* 10

We talked about castle-building, and I made an internal resolution that I would break off from the

dangerous habit of reverying, which music, moonlight, twilight, and the deep silence of the night render almost irresistible to me.

To Mary T. Peabody, *May* 10

Brookline is the dearest place to me in the world. I feel as if I had a share in every spear of grass that grows there. Every wood, every shady walk, every prospect is associated with the inspiring voices of happy childhood. Part of Miss Sedgwick's definition of *home*, you know, is "the place consecrated by the innocence and the sports of childhood, by the first acquaintance with nature, by *the linking of the heart to the visible creation.*" If that is home, then Brookline surely is my home, and it is dearer to me than any place in the world; that is to say, I love the trees, and fields, and woods, and green grass, better than I do anywhere else in the world.

Journal, *Monday, May* 12

In the morning, Mr. Walker [1] consented to stay till Tuesday. Eliza and I had the most delightful conversation with him. He spoke of a mutual friend who, he said, thought a great deal too much

[1] Rev. James Walker, of Charlestown, Massachusetts, afterward President of Harvard College from 1853 to 1860.

of *mind*, to the exclusion of everything else, in her friends; if they had not extensive or original minds, she could not be interested in them. "Now," said he, "I never had much opinion of *great men*, so called. I should not desire a more stupid party than these great men make when they are together. I should rather take my dinner with an Irishman just come from shovelling mud, and should expect to find more wit and more wisdom in his conversation." "What is the reason," said Eliza, "that it must be so?" "I don't know," said he, "but because they are desirous of making a prodigious effort if they set out; and, as they think the reward will not be quite equal to the effort, they confine themselves to the commonplaces, talk about the pudding, and apples, and the wine, and take care not to say anything original about these, lest they should be thought to be trying to say something. To be sure," said he, "where there is one great mind willing to unfold itself to those around it, there is much delight and interest, — but I speak now of a good many together. It has been said by some people, who were morose, that there was no such thing as friendship subsisting between very great minds; this is not true. Still, I think that friendship is generally based upon other qualities than those of

mind. Friendship, as I take it, consists in a mutual desire to oblige, and in something which makes the presence of the object agreeable to us; and there are times in our lives when we are thrown back upon these friendships, and I pity those who have neglected to form them. It is better for every one to form near and dear connections immediately about them in early life. If we are surrounded only by cats and dogs, it is best to court them, at least to create in them an attachment to us."

JOURNAL, *May* 13

Mr. Walker spoke of Mr. and Mrs. B. as being admirably suited to one another; "which is a wonder," said he, "they are so unlike." I replied that I thought it frequently the case that *opposites* made a very happy combination. "The *notes* may be different," said he, "but I believe there must be a *chord*."

JOURNAL, *Wednesday, October* 15

We set out about half-past ten to go to Cambridge [from Brookline]; and here I must record a funny little incident which does not tell very well for my sense or Mrs. L.'s politeness, but, as it made considerable impression on my body and mind, I will not suffer it to pass unnoticed. After we had gone

a little way, I dropped Mary B.'s mandarin [a cloak], and got out to run back and pick it up, understanding that they would drive slow enough to let me overtake them; instead of that, I ran two or three miles, and, finding it a vain attempt to catch them, I deliberately walked the other two miles, and reached Cambridge about three quarters of an hour after they got there. I passed a half-hour there, and came home in the carryall to dine at Mrs. Sullivan's. I felt too tired and sick to enjoy anything, but everybody else had a delightful time.

1829

JOURNAL, *Sunday, May* 17

Rev. Ralph Waldo Emerson preached from the text, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," in the morning, and, in the afternoon, from the text, "The wisdom that cometh from above is gentle." His sermon was on the value and importance of the Christian grace of gentleness. It was a beautiful exemplification of the spirit he was desirous of diffusing abroad. He and his brother [Charles] came to tea, and were very agreeable.

[On that Sunday, she began to teach a class in the Sunday School of the North Church, there being none

at the First Church where she belonged, as it was a novelty not approved in some quarters.]

JOURNAL, *June* 8

Mr. Walker took tea with us. After tea he was very agreeable. We were talking about the delight of living in the country at this season of the year, and he said: "Do you really suppose it makes much difference in the happiness of a person's life, where they may choose to live, provided that they are accustomed to the place and the people? After all," said he, "good-nature is the main thing towards making life happy. It keeps the machinery of life from fretting against itself. Now," said he, "I know good-nature is a quality held in very light esteem. It is thought to be a mark of quite a vulgar mind; and that is the reason why you see so many people of the highest moral sense, and the strictest religious principles, who yet are destitute of the charms and graces of good-humor. It is because they have never made it an aim to acquire it."

TO ELIZA A. WHITE, *June* 14

This morning we heard a sermon on "the duty of learning to use our native tongue with skill and correctness." I will not tell who was the preacher.

JOURNAL, *Friday, June* 26

I passed the whole of this day in faithful attendance on Miss Frye, who, with my assistance, cut out and completed a white dress before the evening.

JOURNAL, *September* 12

At about six Mr. Walker made his appearance. After tea he went out to make calls, and did not return till after nine, but we sat up till nearly twelve, and he was never so eloquent or impressive. Speaking of some affair between friends of ours, he made an observation which struck me. "It is a great privilege to make the first concessions."

[In November she became a member of the choir of the First Church. She had a voice of great range and sweetness.]

1830

JOURNAL, BOSTON, *Wednesday, April* 7

Mr. Rogers came home to dinner with the horrible intelligence that Mr. Joseph White, of Salem, had been murdered in his bed the night before. This mysterious murder is exciting everybody in Salem,

and does seem unparalleled in these days of security and peace.

JOURNAL, SALEM, *Thursday, August* 19

Very soon after seven, ladies began to assemble at our house to go to the Court-House [to attend the trial for the White murder], and, at eight, the sheriff waited upon us, and conducted us in. Mr. Dexter spoke for two hours in defence of the prisoner, and we liked him extremely. But then came Mr. Webster, that giant among men, and spoke till dinner-time, when the Court adjourned. We determined not to leave our seats for fear we should not get them again, and we had refreshments afforded us. Mr. Webster spoke again during the whole afternoon, and was extremely interesting and powerful, so that, after remaining in the Court-House for *eleven hours*, I knew not a feeling of fatigue.

JOURNAL, *Thursday, September* 16

A day ever to be remembered as one of the most eventful of my life — for the wedding-day of my dearest Eliza.

[On September 26, my mother accompanied her sister, and her brother-in-law, William Dwight, to Springfield, where she stayed nearly two months in the new home.]

JOURNAL, SALEM, *Saturday, November* 27

When evening came, there came crowding to my mind recollections of a week ago, when I was with Eliza. No language can describe the desolation of spirit that I feel. I try to dwell upon everything bright and cheering, but, instead of that, there comes naturally a remembrance of the happy hours we have passed together, the entire union and unbounded confidence that gave a charm and interest to every moment. What is there in life to replace this intercourse? Everything seems tame and insipid to me, and it requires a constant exertion of self-command for me to be or appear cheerful. What was before a source of interest now only reminds me of what I have lost. But are these the feelings of a Christian? How can I record the language of murmuring and complaint when I have so many causes of gratitude? I will not write more in this mood of mind, but, if I cannot dry my tears, I will shut up my journal so as not to let them stain its pages. Oh! may I retain my love and trust in the Providence of my Heavenly Father, whatever else I may lose! If I feel "an aching void," let it only teach me to look to One who will never fail nor desert me, and a consciousness of whose protection

should prevent me from feeling the solitude of heart that now oppresses me.

1831

To Eliza A. Dwight, *January* 27

I was interrupted by the entrance of Sam Lothrop, who said he left Mary at the tavern, and wished to find out if we were at home, and ready to receive them. I put on my cloak, and went down with him, and escorted Mary up. The perils that have befallen them on their journey are strange to tell. They found the travelling pretty good between Dover and Newburyport, where Sam preached on Sunday, and they set out after church in the afternoon to come on to Salem. They had proceeded a mile, and got so completely stuck in a snowdrift that Sam was obliged to lift Mary out of the sleigh and deposit her on a neighboring bank, and then employ all his forces to extricate the horse from his confinement and then tackle him again, all which occupied more than half an hour, at the end of which time he was so exhausted that he had not strength to drive, but determined to turn back toward Newburyport, and the horse ran so furiously that he upset the sleigh, and threw them both

out, their faces on the ground. Mary said that it struck her as so ridiculous that she could not help laughing loud, which noise Sam, mistaking for the voice of distress, called out to know if she was hurt. She replied, "No," and, if he was not, she thought they had both of them better laugh. On Monday, he put Mary into the stage, thinking it would be safer, and drove, himself, the sleigh behind; and, when they came to the same fatal snowdrift, the stage was upset, and Mary thrown out. She said she felt completely sore, and Sam hurt his head in falling, and froze his heels, on Monday, so they had rather a doleful time.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *February* 4

The driving storm of Tuesday morning kept us within doors, and impelled us to be very industrious, but, in the afternoon, it subsided enough for me to run in to Miss Plummer's with my work. I have been there very little of late, which has alienated her affections from me, and now my visits are usually taken up in listening to complaints and innuendoes. She grows more and more unhappy, and I do truly pity her.

I went up to Aunt Tucker's, and found them busily engaged on their dresses for Mrs. Forrester's

ball in the evening. Cousin Nancy was to wear a brocade silk, and pink flowers in her hair, &c., &c.

The next day, Cousin Nancy and Harriet Lee came to see us. They gave us an amusing account of their upsetting in Chestnut Street, the evening before. As the sleigh was going up to Mrs. Lee's door, it turned over. Harriet says the first thing she knew, while she was sitting in the parlor waiting for the carriage, was that a violent ringing was heard at the door, and Cousin Nancy appeared, her comb in her hand, flowers dropping out of her head, dress deranged, and looking as pale as ashes. They were rescued from the carriage, with the assistance of Mr. Lee and the driver, without much inconvenience, but Aunt was so frightened that she went home, and passed the evening quietly in meditating upon her wisdom in getting a new black satin dress merely to be turned over in a snowdrift. Meantime Harriet and Cousin Nancy went to the ball, and say that it was the most brilliant one that ever was seen, — an elegant supper-table, delightful music, flowers and feathers waving, everybody in a new dress, and everything trying to look and appear its very best.

JOURNAL, *Wednesday, March* 9

In the afternoon we decided to go to the theatre, and Laura [Derby] came and dressed my hair. We went at six to see Master Burke perform in "Richard Third." Though only twelve years old, his conception of the character was very fine, his voice extremely melodious, his gestures graceful, and, altogether, he is certainly most wonderful. After the tragedy, he came on the stage in jacket and trousers, with a ruffle in his neck, and his smooth, light hair parted on his forehead, and led the orchestra in the overture to "Tancredi" most exquisitely.

TO ELIZA A. DWIGHT, *October* 27

Aunty and I, between us, have been making up that old brocade which was in *the trunk*. One breadth contained twenty-six pieces, but we think the illusions of candlelight will stand us in good stead. There was only enough, with all this piecing, for a skirt, and I shall wear a white waist with it, which is the height of the fashion.

JOURNAL, *Friday, November* 11

In the evening the singers met here. There were few of them, but we had a very good sing. After

they had gone, Mr. and Mrs. Upham, David Mack, and Mr. Foote remained, and I sang several songs to them.

JOURNAL, *December* 6

It has been my constant endeavor to-day to be patient and cheerful and good-natured, in spite of sore temptations in my way. If it were going to be all smooth sailing through life, we might be satisfied with resting on our oars, — but it is not so, and it requires all the energies of our souls to watch against the hourly temptations that besiege our virtue.

TO MARY T. PEABODY, *December* 8

I shall not try to find anything in the way of news, dear Mary, for I have not been thinking of anything but my own thoughts, and these have not been very cheery. Do not think me desponding, or that I yield to those moods that once had such despotic sway over my mind. If I am grateful for anything, it is for the power I have acquired to resist their influence. But there are too many things in life which are calculated to try and excite us, to make it possible that we should always be quiet and at ease.

1834

To D. A. White, Boston, *January* 7

The evening I spent with Elizabeth Peabody, where I met Charles Emerson and Miss Hoar, and I don't know when I have spent so delightful an evening. He is extremely agreeable and interesting in conversation, even more so than his fascinating brother Waldo, and she is altogether lovely.

To Eliza A. Dwight, Salem, *January* 31

Mr. Phillips has bought Mrs. Pickering Dodge's house for eleven thousand dollars, which is thought a great bargain, as the original cost was twenty-five thousand dollars.

To Mary T. Peabody, *March* 2

I have seen a great deal of Maria and Rebecca this winter, and have been more and more interested in them. It is a standing wonder to me how anybody can live so long in the world, and "think so little evil of it," as Maria. So much unsuspecting simplicity of character I never met with at her age, and it is a great pleasure to me, and yet I can hardly sympathize with it. Not that I do not be-

lieve in the greatest heights of excellence, and feel that there are those in the world who are able to save it, and yet I cannot feel about people *en masse* as Maria does, except when I get up within me the *real Christian* view of the case, view "all men as brethren," and that is a different thing from being blind to their weakness and errors. There are some things that, after you once see, you can never *unsee*, and, when you have once *rubbed your eyes*, and seen things as they are, you can never hope to have that gentle mist come over them again, which shall conceal deformities so gracefully, and throw over them the silvery veil which shall transform them into beauties.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *April* 4

My common dress is a green gingham, of which I enclose a pattern. I take my buff French calico for a morning gown, and shall get a new muslin. I am going to get a new common bonnet for two dollars, and wear my pretty Tuscany another summer for best, trimmed with flowers. So much for *Vanity Fair*.

Did I mention that George Peabody had bought Mr. Forrester's house for eleven thousand dollars? He is well satisfied with his purchase.

To Mary T. Peabody, *August* 1

I was delighted the other day to hear of Elizabeth Jackson's engagement to Charles Putnam. They are, both of them, the excellent of the earth, and peculiarly fitted, I should think, for one another. He has a great deal of heart, and a lovely, generous temper, and, withal, a taste for all good things, and I am sure his wife will be a happy woman, as Elizabeth deserves to be.

To D. A. White, Springfield, *August* 17

Your welcome letter, my dearest Father, reached me last evening, and was read, as all your letters are, with the most animated interest and entire satisfaction. You know I always tell you what beautiful letters you write, and as some "strange comfort every ill attends," I console myself for my frequent separations from you by recollecting that more of your letters will be in existence, in consequence thereof, to be gathered up among your *posthumous* works. So, my dearest Father, never mind your lame finger, but keep on writing for the sake of *posterity* as well as for the immediate enjoyment of your absent children. One of the peculiar felicities of your style is the admirable art with

which, under the garb of soothing flatteries, you convey a little wholesome advice, not to say *reproof*. I will take it all, my dear Father, and try to profit thereby, and try to verify the proverb, "A word to the wise, &c."

To Mrs. Ann Tracy,[1] *December* 31

I have always felt grateful that, from my earliest childhood, "the memory of my mother was to me the heart's religion"; that, from the time I can first remember anything, I used to look up at the sky, and seek among the pure and brilliant white clouds that were floating above me to find some semblance of her form, and fancy her bending from the abodes of light to bless her child. I have never ceased to be grateful that, as I advanced in years, her image was only more closely identified with Heaven, and that, although I never enjoyed the unspeakable blessing of knowing and loving her while on earth, I may be permitted to meet, in a happier state of being, that blessed welcome which, it seems to me, would add a holy fervor even to the joys of heaven.

[1] Mrs. Thomas Tracy, Miss Ann Bromfield before her marriage, was an intimate and devoted friend of my mother's mother, who died in 1811.

1835–1839

1835

JOURNAL, *Thursday, January* 1

The first thought which came into my mind as I awoke upon the New Year was the same which possessed it when I resigned myself to sleep on the last night of the old year. How can I express the sense of gratitude which a recollection of the goodness of my Almighty Preserver and best Friend, forces upon my mind! "When I remember Thee upon my bed, when I meditate on Thee in the night-watches, because Thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice." "How precious also are all Thy thoughts unto me, O God. If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with Thee."

I find that every year I live I am less anxious about events. I have learned that these are secondary to other considerations. I am more anxious to possess that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. "This is found," says Fénelon,

"only in submission, faith, and obedience to the laws of God: it is the result of a pure and holy love for Him. Resign every forbidden joy; *restrain every wish that is not referred to His will;* banish all eager desires, all anxiety. Desire only the will of God, seek Him alone, and you will find peace."

This New Year I commend to God, earnestly entreating Him to crown it with His best blessing — this heavenly peace.

[On Wednesday, January 21, she was engaged to Caleb Foote, editor of the "Salem Gazette." She wrote to her sister about it the next day, and more fully a few days later.]

To Eliza A. Dwight, *Tuesday, January* 27

I cannot wait another day, my beloved Eliza, without telling you what a happy and grateful creature I am. If I could see you, I could pour out to you of the fullness of my heart, and you would realize it all. But I must submit to the only alloy which is mingled with my present happiness, and, when I can once hear from you that your heart is satisfied, I will ask no more. I wrote to you on Thursday, when I was so stunned and paralyzed that I did not *know how I felt.* That state of mind passed off with the day, and it has seemed to me

ever since that I was indeed living in a new world. It is more filled than ever before with the light and hope of another, and everything in existence wears to me a new aspect. How little did I dream that such an affection would ever exist for me! I thought that, in my sympathy for those I love, I had gone the whole round in the experience of human feeling. But never, never did I know how much of heaven could be found on earth. Rejoice with me, my precious Eliza, that my restless and active heart has found a resting-place, rejoice with me that the affection which must form my future happiness can only lead me more directly to the Source of love and joy which we both recognize so humbly and so fervently in this time of our thanksgiving, — and pray for me that these new and tender ties may not draw me down to earth, but may only more closely unite me to heavenly things.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *Tuesday, February* 3

One of the most striking features in his [1] character and manners is his simplicity and ease of feeling, which always prompts to the most natural and agreeable movement of thought, word, and deed. He has a mingling of contrasts in his char-

[1] Mr. Foote's.

acter which is very striking, — a very quick perception of the ludicrous, which always makes him laugh at just the right place, with an extreme tenderness about other people, — a decision of character, and an energy which acts immediately upon the decision, and yet a gentleness of manner and of feeling which dreads giving pain to anything alive, — an insight into character which reminds me of your own, and a charity and forbearance in judging of others which reminds me of my dear minister.

To Eliza A. Dwight, Charlestown
February 28

Mrs. Walker talked to me about matters of economy and domestic management, which, between you and me, I will tell you. Their income is seventeen hundred dollars salary, and the "Christian Examiner." [1] They give two hundred and eighty dollars house-rent, and she says they calculate to spend a hundred for books, as much for riding about, not including long journeys, as much more for fuel, something for wine, and a good deal for company, and they have laid up five hundred dollars every year. Now, you see, I shall cut off the books, half

[1] Rev. James Walker edited the *Christian Examiner* from 1831 to 1839, for which he received nine hundred dollars a year.

the house-rent, more than half the riding about, and all the wine (having the promise from Father of being supplied with books and wine), so that I do feel as if we might get along comfortably on a thousand dollars. I shall try hard, and Mrs. Walker says that if you *try hard enough*, you may be sure of succeeding. She says she could spend much less, and retain every comfort.

[On Wednesday, October 21, she was married to Caleb Foote, and never was there a more happy union.]

To Eliza A. Dwight, Salem, *October* 27

On Monday I *sat up* for calls, and arrayed myself in my best silk and French handkerchief. Martha Derby and Emily spent the evening with me, and came to *sit up* yesterday with me again. All the day is consumed with calls, and, at night, I feel tired of *folks*, and want to be quiet. I dread the wear and tear of constant visiting. To-night we go to Mother's great party, Friday to Harriet Lee's, and next Wednesday, Cousin Nancy gives me a party.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *November* 3

At half-past eight we went up to Mother's party. It was large and handsome, and appeared just like a wedding visit. I wore my white satin and pearls.

To S. C. Higginson, *November* 8

During the last fortnight I have been exposed to incessant company. My list of calls received amounts to a hundred and forty, and you may imagine me slightly wearied of talking about these beautiful autumn days, which would not change even to change my topic of talk, and of telling people "how I liked my situation," and of carrying more familiar friends, who have *happened in* to fill up the chinks of time left by ceremonious visitors, all over my house, expatiating upon its capacities and its inconveniences, &c., &c. All these things are a little fatiguing to flesh and spirit, but not to be enlarged upon.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *November* 11

We all went out to tea at Mrs. Orne's, and each one of us was lulled to sleep by the still and solemn air of the meeting. Every one thought of a funeral, and some few whispered it to their next neighbor. A spell seemed to bind us, and when, at half-past nine, the first one dared to break it by suggesting the idea of departure, the whole party seemed electrified, and went off with a flash.

I went to Miss Putnam's, and engaged my

bonnet, white figured satin lined with pink figured exactly like it, a pink flower, and white ribbon.

1836

To S. C. Higginson, *March* 13

Silent as we have been for so many weeks, I know we have never been and never can be unmindful of each other. My thoughts have often turned to you as for sympathy, and I have felt that they were responded to, though it was in silence. I appreciate so entirely the circumstances of your daily life, that it never enters into my thoughts that it is strange I do not hear from you, and, if I had received a letter from you every week this winter, however much it might have added to my happiness, it could not have increased my confidence in your fidelity and affection. You know I was always *given to trusting*, and, never having been disappointed where I have best loved, I have never learned to question the truth of those upon whom my heart has leaned.

[On Sunday, July 10, a little daughter was born, who was named Eliza Dwight for her aunt. She lived only fourteen months, dying after an illness of a few hours.

My mother wrote a little memorial of her, from which the following extract is taken.]

On Sunday morning, July 10, 1836, I first heard the voice of my precious child, awaking in my heart unspeakable emotions of thankfulness to the Being who had preserved me through the hour of danger, — and of tenderness for the little object of so many anxieties and pains. I felt even in that moment of agitating emotion that my child was a precious gift, — and my spirit rose in devotion to Him who had so richly blessed us.

She was always remarkable for being easily quieted, and for the patience and sweetness with which she bore everything that thwarted her baby wishes. I never felt that she was *ours* very long to enjoy on earth, but that she was given us in trust, for a little while; and I always realized that it was a precious gift, even if it were soon recalled. My only recollections of the first four months of her life are such as I could associate with *the angel in heaven;* and yet I trust that the gracious Being who bestowed upon us this precious treasure may permit us to enjoy her as long as we live, that her spirit, through our efforts, may be trained to holiness and virtue, and that, after she has closed our eyes, she may still live to fulfil our fondest hopes for her, and

to meet us, after the trial and discipline of earth, in our heavenly home, where there shall be no more separation, sorrow, and death, to be the crown of our rejoicing throughout an eternity of happiness.

1837

To Eliza A. Dwight, *February* 9

How much agony of spirit you must have undergone while you felt he was in danger, I can perhaps appreciate as entirely as any one. It is almost impossible to realize, while we hold them in our arms, that *any* Being, even He who *gave them*, can have a tenderer right to them than we. How hard then to give them up even into the hands of their Father and our Father, and to say with the heart, "It is the Lord — let Him do what seemeth to Him right." Much as I have *said* about the uncertainty which, I felt, was attached to my own little darling's life, I never could bring home the thought of putting her from me, and giving up the precious and beautiful *casket* forever, without a thrill of agony which made me feel how little my heart was prepared for the duty of submission. Yet, with every new development of the immortal spirit comes a new source of comfort in the idea of separation, — so much

more easily can you realize that, even if the casket were lost to your sight forever, the priceless *gem* would be still yours, — *yours forever*. Let us pray, my dearest sister, that we may be prepared for any trials which may arise to us out of their life or their death, and that we may hold ourselves ready to resign the treasures at any moment to the One who will do more and better for them than the tenderest earthly affection could suggest.

To S. C. Higginson, *June* 18

Eliza has been much occupied with her afflicted friends, the Beldens, who have lost their only child, the loveliest boy I ever knew. They are entirely resigned, and can even speak with cheerful gratitude of having been blessed in the possession of such a child. This is hard for me to conceive of, and yet how many worse trials are there in life than being called to give back, in all its purity and loveliness, the treasure which we received from the Author of Purity and Love. This is easy to say, and sweet to dwell upon, but I feel every day how dependent I am becoming on the bright but frail link that binds me to this world's future. My sweet precious child is growing more engrossing to me every hour, and I tremble while I so fondly rejoice in her.

[On July 21, my mother went to Springfield for more than two weeks. On August 16, she moved from Liberty Street to Brown Street.]

To Eliza A. Dwight, Salem, *August* 31

Here I am, my dearest sister, sitting in my little sanctum, writing at my pleasant window, with the sweet sense of home and all my blessings round me. I feel as if I owed something more than the spontaneous emotion of gratitude which at all times overflows my heart to the Giver of these tender mercies, and I pray for light and strength to lead me into the path of obedience, and to keep my heart and *my life* faithful to my Saviour and my God. I never felt so much self-reproach as during these last busy weeks when the external arrangements of life have been so prominent in my thoughts and occupations, and during the past

Wednesday evening, September 6

I will continue this sheet, my dearest Eliza, with what feelings you may imagine. You have thought of me and prayed for me since you heard of our stunning calamity. I little thought on Sunday that I should ever be calm again. It seemed to me, as I bent over the cradle of my precious baby and kissed

those cold still lips, that my heart would burst, and that I could not go forward one step in life, but must lie down by her side, and never, never return to the duties of life again. But we have prayed most earnestly for peace and faith, we have tried to forget our own bitter anguish, and to turn our thoughts from the dreary void in life, and raise them to our angel in heaven. We feel already the precious influence which she sheds upon us from her heavenly home. Prayer has a new and a more living reality for us, and at times heaven seems opened to our view. But then come the thronging recollections of her winning ways, her ever ready smile and kiss, her sweet voice calling for us, and we have only her empty cradle, where we saw her breathe her last, — we see her high chair now unoccupied, her box of playthings put up for the last time, — night comes, and no cares for her occupy us, the nurse-lamp is put out, and when day dawns we are not wakened by the shout of joy, or the tender caress which always first sent a tide of joy through our hearts. After she had left us, I saw her little bonnet and cloak thrown over the chair just as it was taken from her the day before, — and it seemed to me more than mortal mother could bear to look upon.

To-morrow, I hope to hear from you. I know you pity us. May it be long before you can know all the bitter anguish which we endured when the blow descended. Eight short hours between a feeling of perfect security and the last breath she drew. Could we be *quite* ready to give up our darling? I pray that *we may be so*. We try to remember only that there is another angel in heaven blessing God for having created her, and that that beatified spirit is the child of our love.

To Elizabeth P. Peabody, *September* 20

Oh, my dear Elizabeth, I can hardly tell you what a joy and light is withdrawn from us. There are times when it seems to me my heart will burst with a sense of the loneliness which is ever about me, instead of the cheerful, animating feeling of sweetest companionship by which I was never deserted while I had her with me. But then again my heart swells with gratitude to our kind and tender Father who permitted us to know the pure and unalloyed delight of possessing the treasure, who preserved her to us until she had developed so strongly her immortal nature, and, when she had left such an image upon our hearts, took her back to Himself. How truly we feel that she has *gone*

home. It is with a feeling of rest and peace that I dwell upon my sweet dove sheltered from all alarms and dangers, safe from sin and sorrow, — forever beyond the reach of discord, disappointment, and death. There are many times when my gratitude is unclouded by one mortal regret, and, if I can fix my thoughts on high, I shall never shed another tear. But my employments and my pleasures have been so identified with her existence on earth that I cannot entirely give up those exquisitely keen sensations of loss and void that encompass my path and sometimes quite overwhelm me. She was so sweet and so loving that, if I turned to her, a tide of delightful feeling rushed through my heart, and every perplexity was annihilated. Then, too, the rapture of witnessing her father's enjoyment in her, and her overflowing affection for him was an ever new source of delight. Every glance of her eye, every tone of her voice, every soft gentle touch of her precious hand made me realize more and more tenderly the privilege of possessing *a daughter.* Oh, what years of delight I have lived in her short life! I cannot realize that she was manifested on earth only *fourteen months* of common time. To us it was an age, and we could hardly remember the time when life contained not this joy. Do not

imagine that we feel that this joy is lost to us, even while we stay on earth without the light of her visible presence. We both realize her nearness to us, and, in our strong efforts to keep our lives pure enough for her ever to encamp about us, we may realize a better blessing than her presence with us on earth could have been.

I love to think of you where you are, my dear Elizabeth, for it seems to me it must be perfect happiness to you to be there. I wish I could see Mrs. Emerson's precious boy.[1] I would not tell her to love him any less. It is the sweetest thing to look back upon, that tender and overflowing love, when the object of it is removed beyond the reach of it, and you are always soothed by remembering that, while the darling was with you, it was in an atmosphere of love.

Everything you say is delightful and precious. We long to see you, and yet we are most happy to think of you where you are. Do remember us to Mr. Emerson, and tell Mrs. E. how much I wish I could meet her. My sympathy with mothers and children is only quickened, and I beg you to kiss that dear baby for me.

[1] Little Waldo, who died in January, 1842, a little over five years old.

MEMORIAL

I had proceeded so far in my account of our darling's infancy, and laid the book aside. Little did I imagine with what feelings I should resume it. Nothing now remains to me but the precious memory of what she has been, and the blessed hope of reunion with her in heaven. I delight to gather up every recollection of her, and shall look back with tender interest to the minutest trace of her progress which I have preserved, — grateful beyond expression that every remembrance of her is so angelic, and never forgetting to bless God for every day that she was permitted to stay with us on earth.

On Wednesday, August 16, we took up our abode in Brown Street. On Saturday evening, Father and William returned from their journey. I was prevented from going to take tea with them by my darling baby's getting something into her eye, as we fancied. She could not open her eye for two hours, and screamed with pain. I kept her in my arms until she quietly fell asleep, and, when she awoke at about seven in the evening, there was no trace of the difficulty. When she opened her bright, soft eyes upon me the next morning, I thanked God

in my inmost heart, that those precious eyes were undimmed. Oh, how little did I imagine how soon their light would be quenched! When I look back upon the hours of agony I have suffered merely because I must witness her uneasiness and pains, and then think how I have been enabled to sustain this overwhelming shock, can I ever forget to bless the gracious Father and Friend who has been an ever-present help?

On Wednesday afternoon, August 30, the Working Party met at our house. Lizzy took her place in the parlor, and willingly went to each in succession. Without meaning to do so, I put her patience and confidence in me to a severe test. I had put my emery bag into my little blue purse to save it from her mouth, and when it was asked for by some one, I took the purse very unceremoniously out of her hands, and carried it across the room, saying as I left her, "I shall give it to you again in a moment." She yielded it without hesitation, and followed me across the room with her dovelike eyes, and, when I returned it to her, took it gently from me with a sweet smile of gratitude. It may seem a trifle to record, — but it was as much of a *surrender* as she could have made, — the purse being the highest object of her ambition, and one she seldom attained.

It is sweet to me to feel how entirely she seemed to comprehend that I could not mean her any unkindness. Sweet little dove, shall I not learn a lesson from you of docile, childlike submission to my tender Father who could never deprive me of my darling treasure but to bestow upon me an infinitely higher good!

To Mrs. Ann Upham, *October* 2

I have often been struck with the feebleness and insufficiency of the consolations offered to us. Some will tell us that we must be comforted by the thought that the sickness was short, and did not produce much suffering. Another will remind us that God, in depriving us of these darling treasures, has still spared to us a more important life, and not taken our earthly all. And these reflections, my dearest Ann, have caused our hearts to swell with gratitude to our tender Father in heaven. But they would not console us for the losses we *have* sustained. This can only be done by feeling that *whatever* our God and Father may appoint, will be right and wise and kind, *because He does it.* We must feel the same undoubting confidence that we should desire our darling children to feel in us, when, for their best good, we have strengthened

ourselves to oppose their wishes, and take away from them what they fancied was essential to their happiness. This perfect faith can alone meet the wants of our aching hearts.

1838

To Eliza A. Dwight, *January* 7

On Friday evening, I was made acquainted with my husband's election to the Governor's Council, which will oblige him to go to Boston on Tuesday, for two or three months. Of course, my plans must be suddenly arranged. If possible we shall board at Susan's for the next six or eight weeks.

To Eliza A. Dwight, Boston, *February* 25

Oh, how I longed to make her feel that in no way could she hope for peace and consolation but by realizing the spiritual existence of her child, and by bringing her life so near to his that they might know no separation. How I longed to tell her that the great object should be not to forget it in other things, but to let it hallow and consecrate the remainder of life, so that her child in heaven may be a greater blessing to her than he could be were he blessing her home on earth. But still more fer-

vently do I long to *realize* all this in my own life. For it is far more easy to know what should be than to attain unto it, and live it perpetually. But to my mind there seems no weight of sorrow so insupportable as that of relinquishing the tender object of your love and care without fully realizing to whom you give it up. I cannot imagine that there should be anything short of *despair.* For oh! it is bitter enough, even when sustained by the most unwavering faith, to part with the delight of your eyes, and know that henceforth you must live without it.

[A son was born on June 2, to whom was given the name of Henry Wilder, the beloved brother of her mother.]

To Eliza A. Dwight, Salem
Saturday evening, November 10

I have seen —— this afternoon, and it is always with pain. I feel that it is a great weakness to dwell upon such subjects of thought, and strive perpetually to rise above it, but I have loved her so tenderly, and have always met such real sister-like sympathy from her, that the change in the character of our intercourse is to me bitterly painful. Her manner is kind and sweet, but there is nothing like confidence, and a very evident feeling of restraint pervades everything that she says. My regrets for Susan are

so much less bitter, for a separation of miles is a very different thing. However, I have tried most earnestly to make a good use of this disappointment and change. Nothing aids you so much as to look upon your friends in an unselfish point of view; not to dwell upon what may wound our self-love, but, looking upon every event and every relation in the light of eternity. We do crave the friendship of sympathy, but, if we are disappointed in our enjoyment of this, we can never be deprived of the opportunity of exercising a less selfish love towards others, and this will *always* "have its reward."

To Eliza A. Dwight, *December* 20

I am thoroughly convinced of one thing, which is that we can find no excuse in *circumstances* or in *temptations:* if the right spirit is within us all these *may* be converted into aids, and, without that spirit, no combination of circumstances can produce the desired result. How often have I felt this when, because all was not right within, the precious hours of leisure and quiet have passed by unimproved, and how often, too, have I, in self-condemnation, gone back to this principle, when I have tried to find an apology for my own errors in the sins and deficiencies of others.

My random thoughts as they have arisen while I was writing, I have thus poured out to you. They have been principally excited at this moment by one of those trifling irritations that I ought not even to feel for a moment; but which I am too sensitive to. They are my cross, and I am well aware that they are not always met in the Christian spirit. Not that they make me angry, but that they ruffle my spirits, and prevent my soul from being the unbroken mirror which should always reflect the image of eternity. *You* would not feel them as I do, because I think you mind much less than I do the having disagreeable things said to you. But if it is an especial trial to me, then there is so much the more reason why I should make it my business to rise above it. Not by bringing myself to regard anybody as insignificant and below my notice, but by remembering that we are all imperfect, and "should love our brother *in* his sins, or we shall not be able to love him at all," as Mr. Walker says, and that "we must really pity every infirmity of temper as we should pity the diseases of a hospital," as Law says. Oh, how this spirit changes the whole aspect of society! It certainly does more than anything else towards making a heaven on earth.

1839

To Eliza A. Dwight, *February* 12

Is anything so sweet as the presence and the care of a loving, happy child? I often feel that it is too great a privilege. Just now my baby is particularly lovely, and I do rejoice in him every moment of the day. He is not going to have the dangerous gift of beauty, it is very evident, yet his winning smiles are very bewitching, and, in everything he learns and does, I see a growing resemblance to my precious Lizzy. This, while it is a dear delight, gives me a fearful sense of the frail tenure by which I hold him — *fearful* it should not be, and is not always. There are times when I look at him thankfully and cheerfully, associating him with heaven as his home, and yielding him up in thought to the Being *Whose he is.* But there are moments of weakness when my heart rebels, and I feel that I pray, too earnestly for the spirit of resignation, that his life, his precious life, may be spared to me.

To S. C. Higginson, *June* 5

Mary B. had the most splendid wedding presents that ever were seen. You know it is the

fashion to vie with all the acquaintances in giving costly gifts, and then exhibiting them at the wedding for people to draw their inferences as to the generosity of the donors. It does not suit my taste exactly.

To S. C. Higginson, *September* 4

Many of the days since you heard from me have been heavily laden with sad and anxious cares, for my precious child has been very ill. One day and night we felt that he was to be taken from us, and, although we thought we had dwelt upon the idea of his frailty so much that it could never come to us with that awful shock of suddenness that it comes to those who look upon their children as if they were not mortal, yet we found it was a bitter agony to look forward to another such parting, and another such dreary void in our home as we had known. For myself, I realized that I should have less power to sustain myself than I had when my first darling was removed from me, and my very spirit sank within me. I could say, "Father! all things are possible unto Thee, take away this cup from me"; but I found it harder to add the petition, "*Not as I will,* but as Thou wilt." Our heavenly Father was indeed merciful. I feel as if I ill-deserved the

precious boon that He bestowed upon me in restoring my treasure. If indeed his life is spared to me, may it be my only aim to lead him to a consecration of his powers to the purposes for which life is given!

1840–1841

1840

To S. C. Higginson, *March* 3

My boy is in the finest health. He is the most exquisite and unalloyed delight to me, and we both pour out the treasure of our love and our delight on him as if we had never learned one lesson of the frailty of human hopes. He now talks quite bewitchingly, perfectly plain, and in a very sweet voice, and has such a sunny, happy nature that he seems like a singing bird in the house.

To S. C. Higginson, *March* 23

You hear from me so much oftener that you can hardly imagine how I feel when I get hold of one of your letters. I never get through one without a rush of tears, but I read it over and over again with more pleasure each time, and feel that I cannot wait until it is answered. This last letter gives me a stronger impression than I have ever received of your solitude.[1] I must say I cannot feel quite resigned to it,

[1] Mrs. Higginson was then living in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

for the thought of what you might make others enjoy almost prompts the feeling that it is not right it should be to so few that your words are granted.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *March* 29

Sunday, I had a delightful letter from Susan. She gives a very striking picture of her solitude when she says no lady has crossed her threshold, with a single exception, since the first of November. She says the glimpses she gets of her friends in dreams are the best substitute she has for social excitement. She still speaks of being perfectly contented, and says that she cannot look back upon six months of greater satisfaction in all her married life. "The quiet and regularity of my external life is very favorable to inward peace." She evidently reads a good deal, and finds in the companionship of her children a delightful resource, and speaks of her husband as well and happy.

Journal, *Tuesday, April* 7

In the morning, I went over to the Peabodys', and spent a most enchanting hour with Elizabeth Hoar, in the room in which Sophia is at work upon the medallion of Charles Emerson. Truly it was a most touching presence, — that inanimate object

called into being almost miraculously from the recollection of a single interview, and that lovely one, whose eyes were resting upon it with unutterable love.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *Tuesday, April* 14

I closed my last letter to you on Wednesday. That evening I spent with Elizabeth Hoar at the Peabodys', and I was more enchanted than ever. She has the clearest head, the soundest common-sense, with the most exquisite fancy, and the most charming way of saying things; the most lovely manners, full of dignity and grace, and she never says anything that is not worth hearing. She sings like a bird, and is skilled in all feminine accomplishments, as well as in all the studies that generally belong to a masculine mind. So you may imagine what a fascinating being she is. The crowning charm is that her life is consecrated, and all her powers, to the great purpose for which life is given. All this with feeble health, and the trial of a nervous temperament.

To S. C. Higginson, *May* 3

My boy is standing by me, dipping a pin into my ink-stand, then seizing my pen-knife, anon

making for my work-basket, and all the while looking with a bewitching smile up in my face, to *look away* everything like disapproval, if he can do it. He is just now full of mischief, but sufficient unto himself for amusement, as he always has been, coming to me for sympathy, but seldom for aid. He has a delightful temperament. He is always full of glee, yet gentle, too, and as tender-hearted as if he were one of our own sex.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *May* 6

This afternoon I have been out, and have enjoyed to the utmost snuffing up the air, which is full of fragrance. It seems a great privilege to live in a world where there is a spring in the year.

To S. C. Higginson, *May* 6

Sophia Peabody is just about going to Boston to take off the cast of Charles Emerson. This medallion is an exquisitely beautiful thing. It brings back the memory of his lofty and glowing countenance, and is a precious remembrance. I shall always prize it as having made me in some degree acquainted with Elizabeth Hoar. I think she gave me a new impression of the extent to which the immortal can triumph over the mortal even while in

this veil of flesh. With an exquisite smile of true heartfelt cheerfulness ever ready, yet she lives constantly in the vivid recollection of what is gone, and in the earnest pursuit of reunion. This seems as real and as supporting to her mind as is the hope of meeting one whom we love at the end of a wearisome journey when we are going home. With this deep, and constantly abiding, recognition of things unseen, there was the most unaffected sympathy with the present, and a cheerfulness which could only result from self-forgetfulness. Everything she said was full of wit and wisdom, and her beautiful countenance was constantly lighting up with an expression you longed to detain that you might look your fill.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *July* 9

We have bought the house in Warren Street, next George Jenks'. The situation is, as you know, very airy, the breezes blowing from the pasture hills, and the rooms are large and pleasant.

To S. C. Higginson, *July* 10

Without any spirit of discontent with her lot, —— has less power of enjoyment than any one I ever knew. Indeed, she thinks it is not right to

give yourself up to anything on this earth enough to enjoy it. I tried very hard to convince her that a buoyant sense of our especial blessings was only our reasonable service, and might be as truly sanctified as any emotion of the heart.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *November* 4

I will turn from my engrossing work-basket, my dearest Eliza, to reply to your interesting letter received yesterday. I should feel ashamed indeed if I could offer to you as an excuse for not writing that I had so much sewing to do, and yet my work has accumulated so much that I should like to devote myself to it for twelve hours at a time. I will not carry it into my letter, however, since your experience probably helps you to imagine flannel waistcoats, drawers, petticoats, &c., &c., for a family, not to speak of gowns to be made over, sets of shirts to be repaired, and stockings to be footed, &c., &c. I quite enjoyed the rainy weather of last week, I got along so well with my work.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *November* 10

I think it is hardly less important to the growth of the intellect than it is to the vitality of the spiritual life to refresh the soul by looking at the things

that are unseen. How the mind does dwindle if kept forcibly among the petty cares and employments that are connected with things that perish in the using!

To Eliza A. Dwight, *December* 20

Miss Burley's removal [to Boston] is an unmingled source of regret, and truly the dearth of all intellectual stimulus in our society is appalling. The older I grow, the more do I feel that it is important to have *our minds* in exercise. At one period of life, the affections and emotions seem most to crave exercise, but, as we grow older, we cannot be insensible to the fact that, if the mind is suffered to go to sleep, or rest in a state of stagnation, the whole nature will be starved.

This week Henry has begun to go to Miss Higginson's school, and his little heart is full of gladness at finding some young companions. I only let him go in the morning, but the happiness lasts all day, and Miss Higginson says that he is perfectly discreet and well-behaved at school. I miss him very much, and am right glad to hear his little feet patting through the entry at twelve o'clock.

1841

JOURNAL, *January* 30

I called on Aunt Ropes and Rebecca Kinsman; after dinner, on Aunt Tucker and Mrs. Ward, and came home in season to see young Mrs. Ben Pierce and Elizabeth. And thus this week has closed. It seems little more than a record of *gadding*, but I hope has borne witness in its flight to many a longing aspiration for heaven and holiness; and I am certain it has awakened in its course many a deep and fervent thanksgiving for the overpowering blessings of my earthly lot.

TO C. FOOTE (IN WASHINGTON), *March* 5

I unfortunately trod upon one of Henry's precious possessions to-day, which caused him to elongate his visage, and express his regret, and when I had gone out of the room, Miss Holt [1] heard him soliloquizing, "Mamma did n't *mean* to broke it. She *tries* to be good."

TO S. C. HIGGINSON, *March* 14

The only event to relate is the absence of my husband during nearly a fortnight of the last month.

[1] The upholsterer.

You will be curious to know what could take him from me at this time, and may well suppose that it was nothing of less interest than our bread and butter. He has had a great desire, and some reasonable hope, of obtaining the Salem Post-Office, and it was thought expedient for him to go on to Washington, which he at last made up his mind to do. The matter is not yet decided, and perhaps will not be for some time, and I suppose that his chance is no more than one in four, yet sometimes I fancy it better. It would be *very* desirable for us as enabling us to lay up a little, and also giving him more leisure and freedom. He would still retain the ownership and entire control of the paper, and have much more time to devote to the editorial part of the matter than he has at present, while he could afford to hire all the drudgery done. But if the pleasant little vision departs, we must be content to plod on, and content ourselves with constantly increasing labor and small gains. I tell you just how the matter stands, because I knew you would want to ask how he was going to manage about the paper in case he succeeded. You shall see the first frank we send, but we shall still have to pay for the pleasure of hearing from each other. I must confess it is a tempting idea to drop a line to you

any day when I felt like it, just as I should send a note into the next house, but I must remember to be grateful that we can have the luxury of a letter safely carried for twenty-five cents, and I am sure I will never complain for the want of a frank.

[On Wednesday, March 31, her heart was rejoiced by the birth of a son to whom the name of her brother, William Orne White, was given. His short life, ending at eighteen months, was marked by unearthly sweetness and loveliness.]

To Eliza A. Dwight, *April* 16

Henry seems completely bound up in him, and is full of anxiety whenever anybody eyes him with any interest. He continually appeals to me, "We want him, don't we, do hold him yourself, Mamma." When I asked him yesterday, "Who is my darling?" instead of replying as he has been accustomed to do, "Henry Wilder," he said, "My dear little brother is your darling, is not he?"

To Eliza A. Dwight, *June* 7

I do not get a feeling of strength, and my eyes trouble me by being weak, so that I have a good-for-nothing feeling that is very oppressive. But I struggle hard against it, and am provoked with

myself if I ever yield. I am just entering upon a period which you have left far behind you in your experience. I am trying to discipline an almost *ungovernable* will, and, at the same time, dividing my attention with the care of a younger child. It is a new effort and trial to me, and though I have an easier time than many, yet you know it is tough work sometimes. My baby is still perfectly good, never fretting or crying; but he sleeps very little. Henry has just now a spell upon him, and seems disposed to try which has the strongest will, his mother or himself. I am striving to enlighten him on this point, and some of our morning conflicts are rather fatiguing to me. But I think I am gaining ground, and he shows such sweetness at times, and such a tenderness of feeling, that I am encouraged to hope that his firmness may be improved into perseverance and energy of purpose, instead of degenerating into obstinacy or self-will. But he developed so little of this inclination to rebel at the earliest period, that I fondly flattered myself that I should not have the trial of contention with him.

To Mrs. Ann Tracy, *August* 4

My baby is the sweetest of children, always well and happy, and Henry, I think, has as little alloy

as I could reasonably expect, although he frequently requires my aid in disciplining a somewhat determined spirit. His overflowing tenderness and affection lead me to hope everything from him, and I pray that we may be guided to the most judicious efforts for him. But every month I live teaches me more impressively that the mother must begin with herself, and that it is vain and presumptuous to expect any virtues from the children which they may not gain from example.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *August* 6

I had a sweet visit from Mrs. Peirson on Monday, and the delight of knowing and loving her is quite an epoch to me in my life, which has been eminently uneventful in the way of such experiences of late years. (I rather mean that it has not been my lot to love any *new* person, I believe, for the last six years.) It gives me a feeling of having grown rich, and what riches are like those of the heart? The delight of loving is one that is always satisfying and ever new.

[In October, she went to visit her sister in Springfield, taking her two children and nurse with her. The following passages are taken from the daily letters which passed between her husband and herself.]

To C. Foote, Springfield, *October* 27

Never was so fortunate a journey from beginning to end. After a time, an old lady entered the car, whose countenance looked so familiar to me, as she was talking to the one next me, that I was impelled to ask her name after she had turned from us, and was told that it was *Miss Mary Emerson.*[1] Immediately I rose from my seat, and went into the other car, and said to her, "You don't know me — I am Mary White." "My child! Do I live to look into your face again!" was her exclamation. "Where are you? Take me with you, and let me see you as long as I can." She went back with me into the Ladies' Saloon, and we sat talking most diligently till we arrived at East Boston. She was interesting as ever. Now, my dear husband, had I been gifted with all the *propriety* or *properness* that you have sometimes in your heart half wished I had, I should have wondered, all my ride, *who it was she looked like*, but, as I should never have asked, I should never have been told.

Just as the lamps were lighted, a little girl about thirteen entered the car, who, I immediately saw, was afflicted with complaint of the spine. She

[1] An intimate friend of my mother's mother.

probably comprehended my look of sympathy, for she immediately came towards me, and asked my assistance in loosening some of her dressings, and seated herself by my side. I had a most interesting conversation with her, and she told me all about her past sufferings, and her separation from her mother to be under Dr. Abby's care at Grove Hall. She was now returning to her mother in Ohio, and was benefitted somewhat. Sweet, lovely child! My heart yearned towards her, and when she parted from me she kissed my cheek most gratefully.

We arrived at Springfield twenty minutes before nine. Everything looked bright and delightfully at Eliza's. I must tell you what sweet enjoyment she appears to take in our baby. She says it is the first thing that has seemed to her like hers back again, and she loves to have him about all the time. I feel as if it would do us all three good, in a physical point of view, to have made the change, and should not regret coming if I were to go right back tomorrow. The thought of return to my happy home makes my heart bound, and this is, of itself, a source of delight to me, and helps me to enjoy a temporary absence from it. I did not tell you what Miss Emerson's criticism upon me was. "Well — you look as if you were the happiest woman in the

world." You will not think it unnatural that I should have given this impression, although I had just parted from what I love best, for you will remember what it is that most contributes to giving my face and my heart its happiness.

C. Foote to Mary W. Foote, Salem
October 28

Blessings on the post-office, my darling, which gives us this daily, pleasant intercourse, and enables us to hold such free communion. As I walk up to dinner I think, now my letter is about to start from Springfield; when I am going to tea I think, now it has reached Boston, — and as I go to breakfast I think, now it is passing through Lynn. These reflexions give me a real pleasure, in addition to the delight of reading again and again the precious missives, when they do come out of the mail.

Your happy face, my sweet darling, which Miss Emerson remarked upon, is an index of your best possession, a contented, grateful mind. I have reason to bless those gifts, I am sure, and to bless God for bestowing them upon you, since they transmute a husband who excels in nothing but love to his dear wife, into a paragon. I desire nothing so much as to be what you think me; but I have no hope of

ever coming up to that standard. Give loving and monitory messages to Henry, and be assured that your image is always deepest in my heart of hearts. God bless you, my most precious.

MARY W. FOOTE TO C. FOOTE, SPRINGFIELD

October 29

This morning I awoke feeling more refreshed, and more as if I had slept than any time since I left my own home. I have a cold and sore throat (probably caught in telling Eliza that I had not been afflicted with one for a year). I feel better in spite of it however, and think I shall throw it off. This morning, Henry awoke most sweetly, and in a tender frame of mind. Before we rose, I read to him your letter which delighted him. "Oh, he is my dear heavenly Father, is not he, Mamma?" said he. "May I not call him by that name?"

1842

To Mrs. Ann Tracy, *February* 20

Little precious Willie, whom you never saw, is the sweetest darling that ever was known. He has really some pretension to beauty, and the most charming expressions of countenance win all hearts. But his power over his mother is, in part, owing to his strong resemblance to our departed little darling, whose image he perpetually calls up afresh in our hearts. He has her deep, dark blue eyes, and long lashes, and precisely her smile of light, and his motions and tones are almost the same. He has always seemed to us almost too ethereal to make his home with us long, yet his health has been most regular and uninterrupted until within three weeks, when he was attacked by a violent cough which threatened lung-fever. For two days I was very anxious about him, but he is now quite well again.

To S. C. Higginson, *March* 3

My lovely Willie grows more sweet to me every day. He is certainly an angelic little being, and this

first year of his life has been an unalloyed blessing. He is a child of great animal spirits, full of all the motions and sounds that betoken gaiety and fun, yet as gentle as a lamb, and so docile that he obeys a word. Henry is another kind of person, and gives me a good deal of trouble, but his quick mind, and warm and tender affections, give me a great deal to hope from him when the season has come for him to control himself. They are, both of them, very near the core of my heart, and I often think why have we the power of loving so much objects that we hold by so slight a tenure. Every year of a child's life seems to strengthen our dependence, yet *we know* that they *are not ours.*

My husband and I do enjoy our cozy evenings. He never was better or happier, notwithstanding the Western banks have *gone smash,* which (*entre nous*) leaves us pretty poor. However, we are only taught to pray for "our daily bread," and with thankful and not anxious hearts should we break and eat it.

[On March 20, her fourth child, and second daughter, was born, and was named Martha West. She was most tenderly welcomed and cherished, but was destined to gladden the mother's heart for only eight weeks.]

To Mrs. Ann Tracy, *April* 7

My husband and I have been so touched and impressed by the gift of this precious daughter, that all our blessings have seemed more dear. I am sorry to disappoint you in the name. It seemed, indeed, natural that my sainted mother's beloved name should be given, and it would have been, but that there was another of equal claim. For my husband, too, lost his mother in his early childhood, and his tender interest in her memory has never been less than that with which I have always clung to everything associated with mine. She was lovely and beloved, and left him behind her, her only representative, the only being through whom her name would be perpetuated; and you will not be surprised that it should be a gratification to my feelings to bestow upon this little being, her only female descendant, a name that ought not to be forgotten. So we call her Martha, and can ask nothing more for her than that the piety and loveliness of her for whom she is named may descend upon our precious child, and make her life a blessing to herself and others, even though she may as early be called to exchange it for an immortal existence.

To Sophia A. Peabody [*on receiving the announcement of her engagement to Nathaniel Hawthorne, which had existed for three years*], *April* 23

Having paid your letter the tribute of a wakeful night, my dear Sophia, I seat myself, the first thing this morning, to tell you of my affectionate sympathy. And, first of all, let me assure you that, *now you have explained*, I have nothing "to forgive." It has sometimes seemed strange to me that you have been so profoundly silent, and that our intercourse seemed at an end; and I have missed that full and free expression of sympathy which, for so many years, met me at every turn in my domestic experiences, and was relied upon as a sure dependence. Then I have had thoughts of attempting to rouse you to an expression of what I could not but believe you still felt. But I was held back by an instinctive apprehension of the fact that you had your own good reasons. I am glad to find I was right.

And now let me put myself aside, and congratulate you, as I do from my heart, upon the life upon which you entered three years ago. It would, indeed, be interesting to me to hear all you may feel disposed to communicate, but I think I can

imagine something of what you must have experienced. It is a joy which is allowed not often to be the portion of mortals, to behold "the visible reality of their ideal," and to claim it forever. When one is thus privileged, well may it be felt that there is a brightness imparted to all things around, that makes the glories of sun and moon and stars grow dim in comparison, and that an overflowing fountain of blessedness and love is opened that makes life green and fresh through all seasons and all time. I assure you that you know not yet the happiness that belongs to an entire union of hearts, and cannot know it all until *as one* you enjoy and suffer and act together for time as well as for eternity. Seven years ago, I thought that life could yield me nothing more, and feared any change lest the beautiful illusion should fade. But I never knew, until now, how happy I could be, and this experience of life and love fits me to sympathize with such a state of feeling as yours, most perfectly. Happy, indeed, are you, my dear Sophia, and I love to imagine it.

My husband would send a most affectionate greeting to you. It has always been a peculiar pleasure to us that we have sympathized in our enthusiasm about everything that Mr. Hawthorne

has written, and you know, too, how much it has added to my happiness to find how he immediately adopted my friends as his own. So, you may well feel this to be an expression of our united sympathy and interest.

[Early in May, my mother was seized with a severe attack of sore throat and fever. A few days later her nurse was taken sick in the same way, and had to go to her own home, and then her baby was taken ill and died on May 15. This trial was doubly hard to bear because my father was very ill with sore throat and fever at the same time.]

To S. C. Higginson, *Sunday evening, May* 22

You would not have been so long ignorant of what I have suffered the last ten days, my dearest Susan, if it had been *possible* for me to write. But I have not been able to say a word even to Eliza, and it is a painful effort now. I knew you would be grieved for us when you knew that our fond and happy hopes were so suddenly blighted.

Three weeks ago to-day, I was attacked myself with fever and sore throat, and, for four days, was very sick. At this time, my little baby was perfectly well, and so bright and playful that she held up her head, and made those sweet, responsive

sounds that seem so like loving communion. I was able to sit up at the end of the week, and then my nurse was taken sick, and obliged to leave me. The day after her departure, I discovered a swelling in my baby's neck, and showed it to the doctor, never imagining it to be anything serious. He immediately pronounced it to be erysipelas, — not the common form of the disease, but what is properly called erythema. He has since told me that, when he first saw it, he knew it was one of the mightiest diseases with which a little infant would have to contend. This was on Monday evening. My husband came home sick, and, during the week, was sick as I had been. All the week I watched over my darling baby, witnessing her sufferings, which, from heat and from the pain it gave her to be moved, made the care of her completely engrossing, — yet I was obliged to leave her for my husband's sick-room; and Henry, too, had one of his feverish attacks in the midst. My kind friend, Mrs. Peirson, sat with me *four days*, leaving all her family cares. Nobody ever tended a child so exquisitely, and in her lap I could place my darling, and feel at ease.

On Friday, my husband went downstairs, my precious baby seemed relieved, and in my lap she had sweet natural naps, and stretched out her feet

to enjoy the fire, and opened intelligently upon me her large, beautiful eyes. As the day went on, my feeling of confidence in her recovery strengthened, and at night I felt sure that the crisis was past. "Oh!" I thought, "how much dearer will this loved one be than she could have been had I never felt an anxiety for her!" And, in imagination, I was again enjoying the care of her *well* again. I left her at eleven Friday night, under the care of an experienced nurse for a watcher, and, at three, I found her as quiet as when I left her. At five I rose and dressed myself, and she was sweetly sleeping. I sat by her two hours, enjoying exquisite sensations of gratitude. When she stirred, I took her from her cradle to wet her lips, and then I perceived a change. From eight o'clock Saturday morning, through the whole day, we were watching our little darling, slowly but certainly passing away. Mrs. Peirson was with me all day, and, when night came, she would not leave me, but we watched over her together until two o'clock on Sunday morning, when that feeble moan was hushed. The agony in which I bent over her did not seem like submission, but I was exhausted in body and mind, and nature triumphed.

I have not yet enjoyed that sacred rest which

aids one so much in heavenly aspirations. Sunday morning, my husband, who had been watching beside our darling, and sharing all my sufferings, was completely overcome, and went to bed. He was in a high fever, and we soon discovered that he had a sore throat of the very worst kind. For three days and nights, he suffered more than any one I ever knew. I took care of him by night and day, excepting two nights, when Dr. Peirson thought it safer for me to have another person in the room. He is now able to sit up, but still takes very little nourishment. You know the fulness of his tender sympathy, and may imagine my trial in being denied the solace of it at this time. He was in so high a fever that it was necessary for me to appear as usual when attending to him, and I could not even mention to him that we must remove her, but, with Father and Mother alone, I followed her to her lovely resting-place, and returned silently to take my place in the sick-room. This has been a bitter trial — I am exhausted by it. But my husband's state of comparative ease and comfort puts new life into me, and I shall, with the blessing of God, return to my usual state of gratitude and peace. But you cannot tell — for I could never have imagined — what a loss this precious child is to me.

I hung upon the hope of keeping her with me with less of the spirit of submission than I ever knew before. Do not imagine me unreconciled or repining, dearest Susan. I am weak and exhausted, but I feel that heaven will give me strength of body and mind, if I do but seek it.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *May* 24

Oh, my dear sister! this shadow of death should not rest upon our spirits if we *truly believed.* The bursting *life* around me should remind me of *immortality,* instead of calling up sorrowing thoughts of the precious bud that, before its leaves had quite unfolded in the cold and chilling air of this lower world, was safely transplanted to bloom forever in the Paradise of God. I mourn that I could not enjoy its sweetness here, and, in my selfish sorrow, I forget that it may yet be mine forever. I strive and pray that I may be blessed with that peace which I know is the portion of those whose hearts are truly stayed on God. But I will not dwell upon the selfish, *aching* sense that I feel of *something gone,* when I do really have so many thoughts of happy sympathy with you in your return to those blissful cares that we agree in placing the first among all the enjoyments that children bring with them.

Tell me all about how you enjoy your new little treasure. I count up all his weeks, remembering how mine looked and seemed at that age, and I cannot bear to have him pass beyond that tender, precious age of two months without my seeing him.

The last week, dearest, I have been occupied with putting my house in order. Every room has been cleaned, every drawer, shelf, cupboard, and trunk has been emptied and rearranged. Only imagine how I felt when taking all my little darling's wardrobe out of the drawers in which it had been placed, and putting away dresses that she had never worn, and kissing, over and over again, those that I had seen her in, — you know what the employment is. My labors wearied me excessively, but I was anxious to see an end to them before my Willie came back. We both of us feel our broken nights, and I suffer still from the overtaxed state of my body and mind for so many days and nights, but time will cure this.

To S. C. Higginson, *June* 19

I have a pile of unanswered letters in my desk, dearest Susan, but I feel especially impelled to write you a few lines, because I think you must feel a

real desire to know how we are situated, and I am not willing to have you imagine us sick and despondent. We are now all once more enjoying the blessing of health, and freedom from painful anxiety, and, at this enchanting season of the year, all Nature seems full of life and promise, and full of healthful and restoring influences. Yet, my dear friend, I am heavy-hearted, and often sad, and dwell upon what is lost rather than upon what remains. The recollection of what I have passed through still lies heavily upon my spirit. I listen, in the silence of the night, for that suffering moan, and I am again kneeling by the side of that departing darling, and shed over and over again those bitter tears which, for a while, were repressed by the necessity of constant attendance upon the sick hours of my poor husband.

The trial of losing this last tenderly cherished child is different from what it was to give up the first darling of our love. But it has not all the consolations which then so sweetly visited my spirit. Life was then full of associations with her, and memory was filled with her loving and intelligent ways and words, and we could live them over again, while this sweet communion which we had enjoyed on earth helped us to commune with her, and realize her connection with us, after she was translated.

But this darling has passed from our home on earth hardly leaving a trace behind her but in her mother's heart. There is nothing to fasten recollection upon — but that *yearning of the soul,* which made me cling to her after life was gone, and fold her in my arms as if to keep her that she might live longer to bless me. Yet I do not always feel so, my dearest Susan. There are times when my regrets for having lost her are annihilated by my gratitude for having had her lent to us for even so short a season. We have her still, and only think how safely those are guarded from harm and evil that are in heaven.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *August* 9

The last week has been very trying, for the weather has been like living under a blanket, and Willie's troublesome disorder has made everything more burdensome, and Henry has partaken of the general effect of the weather. I never before comprehended so well your states of depression. But, at times, this summer, a heavy weight has rested upon my heart and spirits, that not the most watchful self-discipline could overpower. But of this I need not speak — certainly on paper. This glorious clearing-up has sent a new tide of health and hope through my whole being, and my precious

Willie has brightened. He is a lovely little being to me, and I *feast* on his eyes as I never did on any that belonged to me. Not even my darling Lizzy had to me such a look as I sometimes catch in his eyes. How hard it is to submit to that condition of our existence here, — to live in suspense. He has always seemed to me not destined to remain long in our care, and I check myself when I am inclined to count upon him. But if we can see the day when he is two years old, I shall feel a little more ease. And I do pray to be willing that he should belong to God instead of to me.

[The following letter was written from Danvers, where Willie was taken for a time, in the hope that change of air would restore his health. It was of no avail, however; dysentery set in, and he died September 30.]

To Eliza A. Dwight, Danvers, *September* 11

We think our darling is *rather* better. This morning I am more heavy-hearted than usual, owing to want of sleep, and I can hardly see my way out of my present dark trial. The sickness and suffering of those dear to you, — oh, what a trial! He only who made it can know the pangs of a mother's heart. I did not mean to write sadly, for I really have very cheering hopes of Willie's case. But you

know the sinking of the spirit that is caused by the weight of the tabernacle, and can make allowance.

To Eliza A. Dwight, Salem, *September* 20

Your sweet, precious letter, my dearest sister, was given me on my return home last evening, and was very soothing. It is delightful to me to remember that you always cherished my lovely Willie with especial tenderness. He was indeed formed to be loved, and I have always felt that his life, if he were spared, would be a peculiar blessing. It is hard to give him up, and the struggle between hope and fear has almost exhausted my strength. Yesterday I was completely prostrated, and could not rise above my feelings of mortal anguish, but to-day I feel again calm and strong. He suffers nothing, and it is even sweet to sit by him as he lies in his cradle, or hold him on a pillow on my lap, and kiss him, and see that placid face unmoved by any passing expression of suffering. His exquisite eyes are closed, but his long lashes resting on his cheek look like his accustomed sleep.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *October* 3

It is selfish in me to remain longer silent, my beloved Eliza, when you are sick, and would love to

see my handwriting. Yet the painful effort would be longer deferred if it were not for this strong motive. I have so long been preparing for this desolate condition that I had not thought it would be so hard to bear. I even thought, while I looked upon the feeble strugglings of my darling with life, that I should see him depart gently, with an unmingled feeling of gratitude. But I do feel *so bereft* that I cannot take to my heart the consolations promised to those who truly and unreservedly "stay their hearts" on God. I should like to go over with you all my experiences in connection with this sweet child's departure, but, at present, I feel a sort of pain about it, that makes it like touching a very tender part.

We were watching his every breath, and while doing so, the streaks of light appeared. Oh, what a sunrising was that to us! The darling continued to breathe until half-past seven. Just at the same hour, on such a bright, beautiful morning, did we receive him from the hands of our gracious Father in heaven. Oh, how different were our emotions! Yet it was the same gracious Being that took away, and His love and tender mercy were alike shown in that, as in giving the precious life.

I need not dwell, dearest Eliza, upon the feelings

with which, after hanging over the darling, precious clay, and kissing again and again that sweet brow not yet even chilled, I took him in my arms, and washed and dressed him as usual, and laid him back in his cradle, no more to be disturbed by pain! Oh, that darling child! I feel, as I told you when you were here, that his life was more desirable than that of any child I ever had. Every month of his existence revealed to me the unusual loveliness of his nature, and, every day, we said to each other in words (and thought many more times than we said), that we could not have believed that such a child could have lived if we had not known it from our own experience. Can I be grateful enough for this last four months of constant intercourse with him! It is sweet to remember him clinging to me as Lizzy always did. For the four weeks of his sickness I never left his sight, excepting to take my hurried meals, and, occasionally, to be relieved at night, and it seemed so strange to me to have nothing more to do for him.

He died on the anniversary of his christening, and five hours after he had breathed his last, our dear William was returned to us.[1] How much I had

[1] He had been away for two years, travelling in the East, and in Europe.

thought of showing his little namesake to him, but never dreamed of his seeing him as he did. Friday afternoon, at five o'clock, we followed the little darling, or rather, we carried him in our arms to the grave. His father and I placed him in his coffin, and took him on our lap, and it seemed some comfort to look at his sweet, sad face till it was really shut from all sight. He was laid, for the present, by the side of my little dove, who was taken from my arms only four months before. We returned, and you remember how desolate is such a return, to the empty cradle, and to a silent house. Henry, who had gone to pass the day with Abigail, came into the house a few moments after we did, and his merry shout of gladness at the sight of us made us bless God that we were not altogether childless. He says, "Was not my heavenly Father very good to leave me with you when He took Willie away, so you should have some little boy to love you?" He talks and thinks much of our little departed delight, though thoughts and words of merriment follow in quick succession.

To Rev. W. B. O. Peabody, *October* 17

During the past ten days, we have had a multitude drawn here by the great Camp Meeting,

which was made more exciting by the preaching of Miller's doctrines. Cousin Margaret will tell you how picturesque the scene was, and how interesting were the glimpses we got of a serious and heartfelt conviction of the realities of a faith which, however obscured by ignorance, and confused by discordant elements, was yet a soul-satisfying conviction to many. Our ministers have been earnestly preaching against them, but it seems to me it were better to wait till there were *fewer sins* to preach against.

To S. C. Higginson, *October* 18

Four weeks by day and night I was busy with cares for him, and you may well suppose that when these cares were over, I felt as if I had nothing more to do. Oh, that dread of coming back to the common routine of life's cares and duties, you can hardly imagine. I look in vain around me for anything so beautiful and lovely, but never shall I see it again till my eyes are permitted again to behold that celestial countenance in heaven. We did not love him more than the others, but we could not help knowing that he was the most beautiful of all our children, and his loveliness, which was uninterrupted through his whole life by one fretful or

passionate cry, often induced, even from strangers, the remark that the child would never grow up here. How many times it has been said to me, and my own heart was constantly reminding me of it. His blessed mission is accomplished, and he has gone to join those two darling ones who were there before him.

Do not imagine me desponding, my dearest Susan. Our little Willie, while he lived, kept us in a continual state of thanksgiving for him, and, now that we do not have him in our care, we still feel our path encompassed and blessed by his gentle and loving spirit. Our darling Lizzy, too, has been more than ever restored to us in Willie's beautiful life, which was so like hers in its gentle and happy influence. Yet, dearest Susan, I can never express, and never wish to, the yearning for my lost darlings which, at times, makes me feel as if this life had lost all its charm.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *December* 22

What a year of change this has been to me! As I recall my position last New Year's Day, in view of the year, and think how little my hopes have been fulfilled, it seems to me that I can never look forward again. This season brings back my precious Willie with especial vividness. For, all the fore-

noons, and all the long twilights, he was my constant companion, and, when I am sitting alone at my work, or watching the firelight in silence, I sometimes feel as if he must be bodily present with me, so distinct is his image. I cannot recall any fretful uneasiness, not even at that darkening hour of day when most children feel overshadowed by a cloud. But those fond, sweet eyes always looked back a smile into my face, and when his cheek was laid on mine, it was always as if he tried to show he loved me.

To S. C. Higginson, *December* 30

I saw —— in Springfield, who has some warm friends there. To me, not even her music could ever make her attractive. But, in that land, I kept my opinions to myself. When people are finding out for themselves a new person, I like not to throw cold water on any warm fancies, although they may not seem well-based. Do, for pity's sake, have as many people liked in this world as can be. We cannot fancy whom we will, but we can love to have other people fancy them, and cherish an honest pleasure in their having friends.

Henry is, indeed, a darling little companion. He now reads so as to enjoy it, and his mind and heart

have unfolded to the comprehension of many subjects upon which we hold converse sweet. He is too engrossing to me, but I try to remember the lessons I have been taught, and we do earnestly strive not to set our hearts too anxiously upon him. All the irritability from which he suffers in hot weather has disappeared, and he is as gentle, and docile, and loving as I could ask, and often seems to pity my bereft condition, as he remembers the time when "we had Willie."

1843–1846

1843

To Eliza A. Dwight, *March* 8

After dinner on Friday, Rebecca Kinsman came with her work to sit with me, and talk over her plans. Her husband has had an offer to go to Canton for four years, as partner in the house of Wetmore & Co. He would take all his family with him, and I have very little doubt they will go. This will be a great loss to me, for my affection for Rebecca and my pleasure in seeing her, have been constantly increasing for the last eight years, and no one could go from Salem whom I should, on the whole, so much regret to lose. But her husband's affairs will not permit him to live at home, and I do not wonder she prefers this to his going without her.

To Emily R. Morison, *July* 27

Mr. and Mrs. George Ward have been here, as you know, and, oh, such dinners as have been cooked for them to eat you and I will never taste of! Poor Aunt Ropes was "took" sick soon after hers, and

is now confined to her bed. I had some of Mother's gooseberry tarts, and Mrs. Orne's custards (for she dined them!), but the boiled salmon did not swim up our way, and of the cocoa-nut puddings there was just a sample.

Dearest E., behold what trifles I am left to record. I *could* speak of many thoughts that we should both love to exchange. But what we are both most interested in it is as well to imagine as to express.

[On Sunday, August 20, her fifth child, and third daughter, was born, and she gave her the name of Mary Wilder, her mother's name, and her own.]

To Eliza A. Dwight, *September* 1

Do you ask if I am able to look with any feeling of sanguine hope upon the promise of my sweet baby's life? I have suffered many pangs, as I have remembered the buoyant delight with which I welcomed my last treasure, so soon to be taken from me, and it has made me look with more of apprehension than of confidence upon this precious little being. But, as I grow stronger, I find that I can summon a more healthful feeling, and I will pray that I may enjoy her rightly. I find myself urging a petition that her life may be spared to us, but I would seek only to ask that the gift of her exist-

ence may be a blessing to us. God's will be done! Henry is completely engrossed by her, and is too happy for words.

To Mrs. Sophia Hawthorne, *September* 8

Could I show you my little sleeping angel, you would be enchanted, and survey all her tiny beauties and wonders with interest.

Henry feels even more about her than I dared to hope, and gives her the most devoted tenderness. He was explaining to me the other day, that he must leave me at some future day, to take care of himself, and then he must take little Mary with him to be his wife. I told him that brothers did not take their sister to be their wife. "Why," said he, "you don't mean that you will ever give her to any man but me to be her husband! Promise me that, if you ever let her go out of your house to live, it shall be to my house!" Everything like a toy or a book that he most values he reserves for her future needs, and she seems the most interesting element in his future hopes and plans. He is now shedding tears over "Simple Susan" and "Lazy Lawrence," and, the other day, I found him sobbing aloud over the dog of Ulysses. I would not "wind him up to be a mere machine of pity," yet I love to see his sympathy

with all the generous and noble movements of humanity, and I enjoy over again with him all that I felt and enjoyed myself at five years old.

To S. C. Higginson, *September* 17

My sweet baby I shall not begin to describe, because I am accused of not being a suitable person for the office, looking at her with such *couleur de rose* glasses. She is a gentle-looking little being, reminding me of Willie, and of my first darling. I gaze upon her with a feeling of overpowering gratitude and delight.

Henry is entirely taken captive by her appeals to his tenderness and loving care, and is never weary of planning his future movements to promote her comfort and convenience. He has grown a very good boy, and is a pure comfort to me, and my *only boy* I would not give up. As you know my feelings about a daughter, I need not speak of the blessedness of possessing one. And yet, my dearest Susan, I have felt no elation of spirits since her birth. She came to us in the quiet of a Sabbath morning as her two sisters had. They were recalled on the same day, and the association was painful. I sought to dismiss everything like a *presentiment* of evil, but I could not look upon her, as she lay by my side, without tears; and I cannot yet feel sufficiently

sanguine to enjoy her in a natural and healthful way. I would wish only to say "God's will be done," but I find a prayer rising in my heart that this precious life may be spared.

[On October 3, her beloved Cousin Amelia, the wife of Rev. William B. O. Peabody of Springfield, died of typhoid fever.]

To Eliza A. Dwight, *October* 9

Of all those whom I loved it seems harder to think of our dear Cousin Amelia as no longer in this world than of any one. I feel a continual sense of loss which I cannot divest myself of, even in the thought of her infinite gain. And then, too, her keen and animated enjoyment of everything good and pure on earth, and the delight she felt from the exercise of her happy, loving, generous nature, make you feel that life, even in this world, was a greater blessing to her than to most others. How often I have thought with gratitude of the happiness she enjoyed during the last few years. Two years ago, when she was staying with me, she said to me that she almost reproached herself because it seemed to her she was living *only to enjoy*. Blessed creature! how happy is the thought that, in future, she can live only to be supremely blest.

I have been reading over her letters this week, and such a record of sweet sympathies and warm affections it is delightful to preserve. It has recalled that bitter period in my life when we first parted with her, and felt as if we were bereft of our dearest friend. And was ever truer friendship than hers through life? I yearn for one more of her *welcomes*. Oh, may God grant that we may receive one from her, if we are permitted to join her in her heavenly home! But, how sad to think it will be no more on earth! My thoughts do sometimes follow her with such faith and blissful hope, that all sadness is lost. But there are so many tender regrets that draw down the heart to earth.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *November* 9

I have been reading, during the past week, a book which I advise you to get, "The Interior Life," written by Thomas C. Upham, Professor in Bowdoin College. It has been very stimulating to me. Why should not we, as he says, propose to ourselves holiness as something attainable by men here below, instead of regarding it as only to belong to saints and angels? Could not each day be made a perfect day, if it was entered upon, and carried through, solely with reference to the will of God?

And does not He promise His Spirit *without measure* to those who seek it? I put to you the questions which I have been asking myself in deep humility.

1844

To Eliza A. Dwight, *January* 25

My baby has been a pure delight all the time, and I enjoy her *fearfully*. She is exquisite to me now, and is as gentle and winning, and as spirited, as Lizzy was. She reminds me constantly of her, and brings back, with the most lifelike reality, her sweet infancy. I really strive and pray not to live too much in this darling, but I find that she fills more of my thoughts every day, and the idea of losing her from my sight gives me such a pang as I dare not dwell upon. God, in His tender mercy, may see fit to deprive me of her, but it is not His will that I should anticipate the trial before it is appointed, and I will hope that a grateful enjoyment of her existence while it is granted me may not unfit me to give her up if she is *to go home*.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *February* 13

I have the care of Molly all these mornings. I cannot express to you my exquisite enjoyment

of her. She is sweeter than violets. I might rather compare her to a fresh pond-lily, and I snuff her up all the time, and tell her that never was a baby so beloved as she. Then she will carol forth some of her bird-like sounds, or ring out a shout of merry laughter, and then again, for ten minutes, she will fix her eyes on some object, and be lost in thought.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *March* 16

Sunday afternoon, I was at home with the darling children, and I have a perpetual feast in witnessing their lovely ways together. Mary sounds a merry shout when he appears in sight, and Henry is as devoted, and gentle, and as unwearied in his caresses, and in picking up her dropped playthings, as if he always realized she might not long be with us. He shed many tears the other day, because in some of their plays he was reminded of Willie, and of his taking things away from him, and exclaimed: "Never will I do *anything* to Mary that does not make her happy! She shall love me better than anybody in the world, — even *you*, Mother!" His affections develop very sweetly. He has been enjoying "Paul and Virginia" for the first time, this week, and wept as bitter tears over it as I always do when I touch the book.

To S. C. Higginson, *March* 29

Until the past month I have been in such health as I never expected to enjoy, and never did enjoy before. I am now more *like myself*, a little tired all the time.

To Rebecca C. Kinsman, *August* 4

Old Mr. —— has departed this life, and, like all who have gone before him, has left his worldly goods behind him, however much it might be against his will.

As to dear little Rebecca's reading, I should never feel any desire to hurry the matter. So far as my experience with Henry goes, I have found it a convenience at the time to have him lost in his book, but I think his eyes have suffered, perhaps permanently, and I very much doubt whether it has been better for him intellectually. The first six years of life, it seems to me, it is only desirable to cultivate the kind affections, the love of truth, and good habits, and all the other matters will be done full justice to bye-and-bye.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *August* 16

I have been far from strong, but my little excursion yesterday did me good. Hearing that Mrs.

Tracy was more feeble than usual, I determined to see her, and apprising her of my intention, I went yesterday morning [to Newburyport], and spent a most interesting day. We talked of our sainted mother, and a lady called there who said that she was nine years old when our mother came to Newburyport, and she thought her so *angelic* that once, when nobody was looking, she approached and *touched* her gown, that she might feel she had actually come near to what seemed like an angel. Truly, "the good die first." I could not but think how strange it was that I should have been born at such a cost, and my life should have been preserved and cared for, while this sainted being was removed from earth!

My day with Mrs. Tracy was very refreshing and stimulating, and I am resolved while I live and she lives, that we will oftener meet.

To Rebecca C. Kinsman, *September* 29

I had nearly forgotten to tell you that Tyler has completed the sum of his iniquities by turning my husband out of office. It was a sad disappointment to me, and it is a sober thing to see him again working like a slave, and to spend all my evenings alone. But I am grateful that we had three years of com-

fort, and that they have enabled us *in part* to clear off our debts. In the dark days, when the office came to us, it was truly a God-send, and we will remember to be grateful for what is given.

To Rebecca C. Kinsman, *November* 12

I have often thought of your husband during these groaning and anxious times. He has been spared many a fit of dyspepsia, for how could a body help having it who thought one day that Clay was elected, and, the next, found that Polk was President! It has been a bitter pill to swallow, and must have choked us, had it not been helped down by our triumphant State Election, which secures us our good Whig Governor, Representative, and Senator.

I have been lately to see Annie. She is much occupied with her cares, — too much so, — but is ever interesting from her fresh simplicity and genuineness. I wish I could *diffuse* her a little. But we must take people as we find them, and love them *as they are*, if we would have friends in this imperfect state of being.

To S. C. Higginson, *December* 26

I have lately been reading a very exquisite book which I long to share with you, — "Lady Wil-

loughby's Diary," written in the year 1640.[1] It is the sweetest sketch of a mother's joys that was ever penned, and the tenderest record of a mother's sorrows. It is a very rare book, and in order to share it with my friends, I mean to copy some of it for the paper; so, when you see it, I beg you to read it. I am now reading Lady Fanshawe's "Memoirs," written thirty years afterwards, which are curious and interesting, although totally different in character. In reading Lady Willoughby, you feel as if you had stolen into her closet, and were reading a record of the most true-hearted woman, which was meant for no eye. You can seldom feel such an intimacy with your nearest friend as this gives you with her. Can there be any harm in this, when she has been an inhabitant of the other world so long as to look upon her earthly history with only an angel's feelings? I think not, and am grateful for the chance that has made me acquainted with the lovely vision. You know I am not fastidious about such records after those who left them are dead, and have left none behind them to feel wounded. I love to believe that, when we have passed into that world of clearer vision, so much of self will be annihilated, that we shall wonder at many of our exclusive

[1] It was, in reality, a work of fiction.

feelings that now seem almost essential to self-preservation.

1845

To Rebecca C. Kinsman, *January* 22

I have not filled my sheet as usual with my own baby talk, yet I could tell very pleasant stories of both my darlings. Henry develops very sweetly to us, and, though still one of the "sinning and repenting," yet he is a very hopeful subject of discipline. Perhaps it is *his mother* who has improved. For, my dear Rebecca, I feel as if we made great mistakes whenever we suffered ourselves to be discouraged by an appearance of self-will, or an act of disobedience, or a troublesome habit. Time and experience teach us that our children outgrow certain faults as they do their garments, and that particular *moral* states, as we have fancied them, are only *physical* states, and the naughty boy is only the sick one. Meanwhile love and faith and patience may safely go on, dropping the good seed, and future harvests will show it was not all lost by the wayside, nor on the barren rock. Henry is now much bent upon being a good boy, and he and I have a great deal of sympathy in his failures and in his successes.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *February* 11

I am, at present, enjoying feelings nearly akin to hilarity, having yesterday walked down to the dentist's and got rid of two ulcerated teeth at one sitting. I think it gives you an inspiring feeling to realize that no *bodily* torture is so great as your imagination makes it, and to taste the reality which we are apt to lose sight of in our mundane lives, that spirit can triumph over matter. But, enough of my departed teeth. Loving sympathy as I do, it would have required an effort to withhold from my tender friends this communication. I should probably have been lost sight of, and winged my way up among the birds before now, if I was not looking forward to having some teeth filled tomorrow. When I have survived that operation, I shall, probably, be inclined to write such a glowing exhortation to cheerfulness as Mr. —— did, the week after Mr. P. left him ten thousand dollars.

To S. C. Higginson, *March* 2

You speak with more sympathy than I have ever felt about the Brook Farm Association. Admiration I do, indeed, feel for those who can sacrifice

themselves to an idea, but the whole affair appears to me to be a grand mistake. That Sophia Ripley should get worn out washing anybody's clothes but her husband's, does not seem to me *her work*, and, unless the person for whom she washes up floors can do what *she* might do for the intellectual development of the race, I must think it a loss that Mrs. Ripley should be the *washer of floors*. Do let such right-hearted, true, and sensible people retain their place in the social system as it is, and aim to infuse more elevated views into those around them. How much we need elevating influences in society! Why should they be banished to Brook Farm, and Boston be bereft of them?

To Eliza A. Dwight, *April* 6

Dear Father has been to Methuen this week, and has sold the old farm, and Grandmother's old home, to that Lawrence Company, who are going to build up another Lowell there. It made me feel sad to think of the very place being no more.

To Rebecca C. Kinsman, *June* 7

Mary grows very witching, and has sweet tones and ways, and is a child to take pure, unmingled comfort in. I hope I am grateful for the period of

unalloyed delight I have known since she was mine. Henry is a good boy, and in perfect health, and, as he says, "Here we are, a happy family united in the tender bands of love."

To Rebecca C. Kinsman, *August* 15

Old Mrs. —— died a month ago, and, by her will, divided her property equally between Mr. D.'s daughters and Mrs. O. Tom has nothing left him, and S. only three hundred dollars. Tom is very wrathy, and obliged his wife to strip off the decent filial mourning which she had worn to the funeral, and appear the next Sunday in a yellow bonnet. Their young daughter, who will make her *début* this winter, is rejoicing that *now* the event will not keep her out of company.

Since I wrote you, I made a delightful visit to Annie. She enjoys the changes in her house very much. I sometimes wish she were not quite so limited in her enjoyments, for such social powers and affections as hers ought to delight more people. We do live in this world for one another as well as for ourselves, and the older I grow the more I feel the importance of being as much as we can be to all with whom Providence connects us, and not to regard this number as restricted to our immediate

relatives. I never see Annie without a feeling of regret that she should be so little known.

To S. C. Higginson, *November* 2

One pleasure I have had since I wrote to you has been a visit from Mrs. David Mack. Through her I learned the history of Community life, which is deplorable enough. The little faith I ever had in it has departed, and it must be made out of different elements from our Yankee washwomen and laborers before it proves a sphere for the development of brotherly love. She has the most self-denying, beautiful spirit, and nearly killed herself with her labors. She says that those who had always been accustomed to hard work would say, "I like to see *ladies* wash — it is time they did — we have done enough of it." The graphic sketches she gave of their life and conversation there were quite entertaining, and I don't know when I have been so much interested. If you ever come near Mrs. Mack, do get acquainted with her, and I promise you that her gentle dignity and truthfulness of character will make her a favorite.

On running my eye over this ill-looking sheet, I am tempted to throw it into the fire. You will give me credit for humility in sending it. Let it go with

one correction. I have given you a wrong impression of my views as to what a Community *might be*. I doubt not there is something in the system which may serve the best interests of humanity; but I think the sordid Yankee spirit is not fit yet to be *put upon honor*, as it seems to me Community members are.

1846

To S. C. Higginson, *July* 11

How much I think of you all, and live over again every day of my visit.[1] I can, at any time, call up your mountain before me, and see its curling mists and chasing shadows, and its beautiful rainbow, and I have your roses blooming in perpetual fragrance, and see your soft hazy light on all the landscape, and listen to the music of your waterfall, and all these delights, which seemed transient as they passed, are forever fixed in my memory, and can never escape me. So, I do not limit my view to neighbor Fuller's garden, or the little Quaker meeting-house yard, which *might* seem contracted by contrast, but I have all your landscape and my own, too, and sit here abundantly content in my little sanctum.

[1] In Brattleboro, Vermont.

To Henry Orne White,[1] *December* 28

I always fancy I am telling you exactly what the others tell, and yet I know they would quite resent the idea of telling so much gossip. But I always remember the beginning of one of Marianne Silsbee's letters from Washington: "I hope nobody will take the trouble again to tell me that Mr. J. V. B. is engaged to Miss M. H., for I know neither of the parties, and every letter I have received for a fortnight has begun with this announcement, while it has carefully avoided mentioning anybody I cared to know about."

[On December 19, Henry was ill with measles. Mary, who came down with it on the 29th, was seriously ill for two days.]

[1] Her brother, born December 6, 1824, then studying medicine in Paris.

1847–1849

1847

JOURNAL, *Friday, January* 1

I saw this morning dawn while I was watching my precious Mary, who, after so much pain and fever, was sleeping quietly by my side. As the thought first came to me that the old year had just departed, the feeling of gratitude entirely filled my heart as I thought of the blessings it had showered upon me. I looked around me and saw that every wish of my heart had been granted. My husband's influence, as ever, the crowning blessing of my life, my darling children being an almost unalloyed source of delight, my dear Father being more than ever a source of happiness, peace and love and harmony in all relations, and my own home seeming to me a heaven upon earth. With these sweet recollections thronging upon me, I mused away the opening hours of the New Year till, amidst the solemn stillness and darkness of those hours, sterner questionings arose, and I could not but ask myself of the past, how my sense of the Divine Goodness

had been manifested, how far I had *lived* in accordance with the will of Him who had been so gracious to me! A sad conviction forced itself upon me that I had been an unprofitable servant. I remembered my wasted time and opportunities, my sluggish, selfish indulgences, and my thousand shortcomings. I turned from this painful survey of the past, and looked into the future with many a prayer and vow.

I feel that the longer I live, the more do I turn from all that is simply external to what is within, the more earnestly do I feel that the fountain must be pure. Let me fill my heart with love, and I shall not be obliged to guard against offences of the tongue. Give me a constant near sense of the presence of my Heavenly Father, and I shall need no other restraint. Let me, then, as I stand on the threshold of this New Year, supplicate most earnestly the blessing of my Father, to aid me in drawing nearer to Himself, and in filling my heart with the spirit of my Saviour.

With regard to my children, I will seek more resolutely than I have ever done before to follow out a consistent plan, always having reference to their best habits. May I never suffer my own indolence, or even my own ill-health, to interfere with my earnest prosecution of what is *best for them.*

Caleb Foote

Above all, may no feeling of weariness or irritability ever cloud my intercourse with them so that they may suffer from it. May I never correct them in anger, and never do or say anything in their presence that I should not wish them to remember.

To Rebecca C. Kinsman, *March* 31

Henry gives us those occasional interruptions of comfort which an uneven temper always introduces into a family circle, but, with him, the good ever predominates, and he is so warm-hearted and true that he can never long offend, and, on the whole, I do enjoy him exceedingly. Mary is made only to be enjoyed. I should as soon think of disciplining a humming-bird. She glances about, gathering honey, and bringing always a gleam of sunshine, and seeming always to be in her own place and utterly incapable of being a trouble, a little darling as ever blessed a home! She has now some glimpses into the spiritual world, and often hopes her little sisters and brother will know her, and come and meet her, when God sends for her to go up into heaven! It sometimes gives me a thrill of anguish to think of what her words would bring up before me. But God's will be done! And may He give me strength to bear and do His whole will with regard to this tenderly

beloved child, whose existence here is unspeakably delightful to me.

[In the month of March, Rev. Octavius Brooks Frothingham was ordained minister of the North Church, and he and his wife became friends of my mother most dearly loved and highly valued.]

To Rebecca C. Kinsman, *May* 30

By the last steamer, my beloved friend, I received your sweet and deeply touching letter. How many tears I have shed with you, and it is now my turn to claim your sympathy. I am to-day weeping over the truest, dearest friend I have ever possessed out of my own household. My dear Mr. Peabody, who has loved me and cared for me from my earliest childhood, who seemed nearer to me than any human friend but my husband and my father — he is gone, and I am sorrowing that I shall see his face on earth no more. I looked to him always for light and strength, and always for the tenderest sympathy, and it seems so strange that he is not in the world! I could not be quite prepared to give him up, and I cannot be calm, and I feel utterly unfit to write with a raging headache, and eyes which are almost extinguished. Our friendship began when I was eleven years old, full of enthusiasm and affection.

He has written to me ever since that period, and, ever since Cousin Amelia's death, he has turned to me with a feeling as if I were half way between a sister and daughter, and the thought of him and his sorrows has always been resting on my heart. One touching circumstance to me is that I was expecting a visit from him, and last evening was the time he was to arrive; at the same hour came the tidings of his departure. And this Sunday on which I was to have listened to his voice! It has passed in my own little room while I have been striving and praying to be calm and resigned.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *June* 30

I had a sweet letter from Susan yesterday. She says: "I know all you must feel and suffer about the loss of so cherished a friend. I trust it has lost its bitterness now, and that the presence of the spirit you have loved is very near to you. To me it seems but a very thin veil that conceals from us those lovely forms of light that watch our existences, pity our trials, and are permitted, perhaps, to aid every faithful endeavor." In a former letter she says — But I find I have mislaid the letter, and will copy for you an extract from a letter Sarah Sullivan wrote to Mary Peabody: "Every day, if I do or feel wrong,

it seems to me I am sadly unfaithful to my trust; as if the glimpse of heaven which was opened to me when her pure spirit sought its rest, should forever shed light upon my path; as if my blessed sister could still remember the devotedness of my love. In the hope of reunion it seems to me as if she held for me the prize of my high calling. When I think of the intenseness of my love for those who have gone, my heart is bewildered in its grief; when I dwell upon their holy hopes and aims and wishes for others, my selfishness is subdued, and my soul is exalted. I would constantly say to myself, '*What, cannot ye watch one hour?' and in that hour concentrate my strength.*" How touching to think that all these blessed ones are rejoicing in reunion! How difficult to feel that we, with our darkness and infirmities, can ever be admitted to the privilege of meeting again in heaven the sainted ones whom we have had the bliss of living with on earth!

To Miss Lucy Osgood, *July* 10

William's engagement to Miss Margaret Harding, of Springfield, is not yet declared, but he anticipates the public proclamation of it, and wishes me to tell you of it in advance. Were I to state my impressions of her character as they have grown

up during the last fifteen years, you might think me extravagant, or, at any rate, might be tempted to call her one of *my swans*. But, if you want the most eloquent testimony to her worth, you must go to those who know her most familiarly, to all those with whom she has come most closely in contact, to the sick and sorrowful to whom she has ministered, or to the children who love to gather about her. Wherever she is best known, and has been most thoroughly tested, there she is the most loved and confided in.

To S. C. Higginson, *September* 1

Have you not felt for my poor friend, Rebecca Kinsman? Her husband died on the 30th of April, leaving her in that strange land, just one year from the day on which her darling little Rebecca embarked.[1] Her husband's disease was found to have probably existed ten or twelve years, not to have been induced by the climate, and this is a great comfort; and the greatest of all is that she did not yield to her longing desire to come with her sick child, and thus have left him to die without her.

[1] The little girl died on the voyage to this country from China.

To Margaret E. Harding, *September* 8

I can tell you of little but my thoughts, for I have not seen anybody but the children, and I have been mending and thinking all alone. I dreamed last night of Mr. Peabody. I was preparing to set out on a journey, and he stood by me, and looked with his mild and affectionate smile upon me, bidding me take care of myself. He came up to me, and took leave of me as usual, and, when I woke up, I felt as if I had just parted from my dear, dear friend. All was so fresh and lifelike. It was a sweet illusion, and yet it deepened my sadness. This is the anniversary of their wedding-day, and I have been living it all over. Oh, my dear Meggie! I can never have and can never lose such friends again. They were the guardian angels of my growing years, and looked upon me with a partial affection, such as I can never hope to inspire again. And since they are at home in heaven, it does seem a great deal nearer and more real. Nothing ever so deepened my sense of immortality as their departure. For I feel as sure as of my own existence that they live and love me still.

1848

To Mrs. George G. Ingersoll, *January* 17

The children beg me to thank you again for your gifts. The checker-board is an unfailing source of amusement to Harry. He is perfectly fascinated by "Dombey and Son," and I am treated to the racy passages twenty times a day, so that even little Mary has caught them and says, "Wickham says it is not polite to eat all the toast and mutton-chops."

To Eliza A. Dwight, *March* 30

I feel as you do, busy with spring sewing and arrangements, and my eyes being almost put out. But all these petty hindrances, and all the sad thoughts which the spring brings with it, cannot quench the bubbling feelings of delight with which I see the first greening of the brown grass, and hear the songs of birds.

Journal, *April* 1

I have often thought that it would be deeply interesting to me to look back upon some record of my experiences in connection with my children. The

angel blossoms that have been transplanted, no more to know my care, and to bloom untouched by human blight, unwithered by mortal neglect, are safe with God. "Had they been longer granted me, how slowly at best could I have taught them, and now, on a sudden, they are shot up from the toys and converse of children to be the companions of saints and angels, in the companionship and blessedness of heaven." But these darling two are spared to us. We are praying and striving to train them up and fit them for a reunion with those who are in heaven — that the family may be unbroken. I shall try to persevere in my attempt to preserve something like a connected account of them, and I may gain encouragement from the record.

Henry now wants only two months of being ten years old. Mary, in less than five months, will be five years old; and, at this period, I think I can see something of their future character. I may judge them with a parent's partial heart, but I think I see them as they are. My boy has some very marked intellectual traits. His keenness of observation, and discrimination, are quite beyond his years, and his power of language still more uncommon. His conversational gifts, I think, are very remarkable. From having been an omnivorous reader, he has

acquired a great deal of information, with which he continually surprises us. He is absorbed in a book, and never needs any other amusement; yet he is equally fond of Nature's page, and his happiest moments are those spent with his father in the open air. He is curiously compounded of qualities most endearing, and faults which annoy and weary. He is so sympathetic, imaginative, and affectionate that he is really *a friend*, and you feel about him as you do about mature friends; and yet he is so easily thrown off his balance by a trifling inconvenience or disappointment that he vexes you not a little. His evil tendencies are immediately obvious to any one who regards him with attention. There is danger that he will lack the power to concentrate his forces, and pursue the great object of life manfully and consistently; and, if he does not control it, this fretful manner of meeting obstacles and inconveniences will not only retard his progress, but alienate from him the affection of his friends. And yet, when I remember his *perfect* truthfulness, his warm affections, his quick sympathy with everything good and high, I cannot but repose upon these elements of character, and hope everything from him.

I never saw a child or any person of quicker per-

ceptions. When he was about eight years old, his father having occasion to communicate something to me that he did not choose to speak of before the children, expressed himself in French. Henry's eye flashed with a look of complete understanding of the case as he said, "which is (being interpreted), 'Little pitchers have long ears.'" He is as *trustworthy* as he is quick to apprehend, and never by look or word betrays anything which he has accidentally become acquainted with. We have treated him *with perfect confidence*. During my own childhood, I suffered acutely from a want of perfect confidence in those with whom I was placed, and my first effort as a mother has been to break down every barrier between my child's heart and my own. I believe I can *look into* Henry's heart, and that he loves to have me do so. The only time he ever attempted to deceive me was when he was five years old. He concealed something from me, and, though he did not "tell a lie," he allowed me to be deceived. With the utmost tenderness, I explained to him his fault, and told him how unhappy it made me. He was deeply moved by my sorrow, and would repeatedly ask me to pray to God that He would forgive him, and that he might never deceive me again. Since then, he has never appeared

to be *tempted* to deceive me, and speaks of a careless accident, or a thing which he knows he has done that is wrong, as naturally to me as he would tell me any piece of news. I thank God for this hold upon him, and I resolve to watch myself lest anything in me should ever diminish this feeling of perfect confidence. Oh, how fervently do I commend this darling child to God! I do believe that I desire most earnestly for him the best gifts, and will cheerfully leave to our merciful Father the disposal of his *earthly* lot. But God grant that my dear boy may be truly *a child of God*, a follower of Jesus!

To Margaret E. Harding, *April* 2

Do you know that I have queried a good many times how far it is right to analyze character so much as I am tempted to do by the bent of my mind, especially as the result is often an intense disappointment in those from whom you have hoped the most? I have tried to break up the habit, and to turn my faculties to account by a critical investigation of my own motives and bearings. But the exquisite delight that I have taken in some characters has convinced me that I could not enjoy them so much if I could not analyze their superiority to those about them.

To Henry Orne White, *April* 4

Do find out if you cannot cure my eyes when you come home. My doctor promises to cure them in six months, if I will not use them for anything either night or day, but I want a cheaper process. They have been growing worse, and now I see quite as many specks as letters on the sheet, or else a large speck follows me all over the page as fast as I write, covering the word I last wrote. I never see a face or a landscape, a book, or a sheet of paper without this blur, and it is doubled or blackened by fatigue or indisposition, so that when, as now, I am not well, I can hardly see at all. I really begin to feel troubled, and, if I had not anything better to do than to nurse up my troubles, I should wend my way to some New York quack, and spend a fortune. Do be careful of your eyes! I would give more for good ones than for any other possession, except a clean conscience.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *April* 11

Within two or three days we have had a rather engrossing subject of thought, which I mention to you, asking you not to speak of it, but I should like to talk it over with you. An offer has been made

us of four thousand dollars for our house, which, we think, may enable us to put in execution a *dream* rather than a *plan* of many years, — to build a compact house with parlor, dining-room, and kitchen on a floor, and small chambers for children on the floor with our own.

To S. C. Higginson, *May* 13

This has been somewhat an engrossing matter for three weeks, but now that we have decided on our lot, and principally decided upon our plan, it has become one of the daily and familiar subjects of thought, taking no more than its share of attention. But, in a few weeks, I shall be entirely occupied, for the care of packing and stowing is no slight one. At Mrs. Ward's we shall have many of the privileges of a home, and shall be entirely comfortable, but I shall doubtless be rejoiced to be again at housekeeping.

We hear from Henry [White], who has enjoyed being in Paris at this time. But there seems no resting-place for the dove in all the waste of waters! What a troubled, stormy, doubtful time! What an idea it gives one of her *littleness* that she can possibly feel as much interested in moving out of an old house and building a new one as in Louis Philippe's

being driven out of France, &c., &c. It makes us feel as if we were only the ants creeping over an ant-hill.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *August* 27

[After the death of Rev. Oliver W. B. Peabody.]

How completely those two brothers are associated with our whole life! How would our lives have been impoverished had we never known them! How much less wisdom, and loveliness, and nobleness, there now seems in the world since they have gone! When I first heard of the translation of this dear saint, it seemed to me beautiful and welcome, the summons that called him from life's wearing duties; but more selfish feelings have since made me mourn that I shall see his face no more, and that such a link as he seemed, between the heavenly company and the journeyers on earth, was broken. It is impossible to speak of him without using language which sounds like extravagance, for it was perfect purity, and truth, and love that marked every word he uttered, and no one can remember a word or act which is not in harmony with the angel's life upon which he has entered.

To C. Foote, Springfield, *August* 27

William B. passed yesterday here, and was very pleasant. The hereditary ego is a great drawback, but when you remember the pit whence he was digged, you feel at least like being lenient in your judgments.

To S. C. Higginson, *September* 4

I brought home from Springfield the "Memoir," [1] and other papers, and I cannot tell you with what a feeling of impotence I shrink from my task. It seems sacrilege to alter or add to what is left in Mr. Oliver Peabody's handwriting, and yet it was evidently not intended to be published as it is. There is no one willing to touch it, and I have before me the labor of copying and arranging it all. So, my dearest, you will not expect to hear from me, for my eyes ought not to be taxed more than five hours a day, and they are in a great hurry to have it done. Do pity me, for I never felt such a burthen.

To S. C. Higginson, *December* 28

And now we are closing this year I am anxious to secure more intercourse with you in the year that

[1] Of Rev. W. B. O. Peabody, left unfinished by his brother.

is opening before us. Will you *try* to accede to my proposal to write, if it is only *one* page, *once a month?* Let me write on the first, and you on the fifteenth of every month. If the time comes, and you are pressed and driven, only say a few words, but let me see your handwriting. I will promise to do it as regularly as for a steamer. I know this is the only way to avoid delays. Don't think me presumptuous to ask thus much of you, but do indulge me.

And now I must tell you of a dream which I had at the time my eyes were at the worst. I awoke one night in violent agitation, and tears, having received a letter from Lucy, telling me that you were no longer living, and adding, "For many weeks, she had been saying that she wished she could once more hear from you." Had it been possible for me to see to do it, I should have poured out my first feelings on awaking to you. But I could only think of you, and resolve that, when I could write again, I would beg and entreat of you not to let these awful periods of silence, almost like that of *death*, take place again.

A short time ago I was dreaming of my departed friends, and awoke with a glow of happiness, for I had been just saying to Cousin Amelia: "Now

that you have come back again, I am determined to tell you, in so many words, how much I love you. While you were living here before, it does not seem to me that I ever made you realize it, and now I am so glad that I can say it to you." And then I thought of you, the dearest friend that remains to me out of my own household, and I felt that, while we both lived, I would do all that I might do, to spare myself those bitter regrets that always attend the thought that we have not done what we could for the happiness of those we best love.

1849

To S. C. Higginson, *January* 14

We had quite a treat this week in reading a book which would delight you. It is "Friends in Council," a collection of essays which contain a mine of truth and wisdom. If I am able to, I shall copy some extracts for the paper, and let you see them in that way. Hear what he says, among other wise directions, "On the Art of Living with Others": "Another rule for living happily with others is, *to avoid stock subjects of disputation.* It mostly happens when people live much together that they come to have certain set topics around which, from frequent dis-

pute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel; and there is a tendency, in all minor disputes, to drift down to it."

To S. C. Higginson, *April* 8

Since I wrote you, Mrs. Ware has "passed on." How the departure of these sainted beings does strengthen our feeling of immortality. Much as I feel they did, when here below, to enrich my life and give it interest, I think they do infinitely more now. The tie that binds us can never now be broken. "They live and love us, and the God we serve to both is true." As I recall Mrs. Ware's life of love, and as her bright smile beams upon me, I seem to feel that she is much nearer than ever. But, to those most nearly bound to her, there must be, for a time, a sense of *heavy* separation.

To S. C. Higginson, *May* 30

We moved into our new house on the first day of May, and, although we have been tolerably settled ever since, there are so many last things to be put in order that I have not sat down till I was far too tired to write. My eyes sympathized in the

general fatigue, and altogether I have felt run down, and yet rejoice to have escaped positive illness. The house exceeds my expectations, and now I am quietly triumphant, as I find all the Sadducees applauding my sagacity in knowing *what* I wanted and how it could be got. Henry is so delighted with his garden and his chamber that he hardly can contain himself, and we are about as happy people as need be.

I have just returned from my first visit to Brookline.[1] It was very interesting to me to visit those scenes so embalmed in holy recollections. We drove all about, lingered by your grandfather's, and Oakwood. Eliza's house is exactly opposite Beech Grove, where we passed two happy years, and, in that part of Brookline, there is so little change that it seemed like reviving the past. Their place is beautiful, but I came home from their immense establishment with a *bounding* feeling of gratitude that my own was so much more limited. My little dove's nest looked peculiarly dear and charming, although the beautiful country all around was very enchanting in Brookline.

The scarlet fever is very violent this spring and

[1] Her sister, Mrs. Dwight, had recently removed there from Springfield.

very fatal, and, if I ever allowed myself to dwell upon such distressing apprehensions, I should tremble for my children. But we can be kept in peace by placing them in God's hands. He will do with them as is best both for them and for us.

To Emily R. Morison, *August* 16
Thursday evening

Last Sunday was Mrs. Sanders's eighty-seventh birthday, and they gave her a beautiful surprise. It was a dark and rainy tea-time, and she supposed she should see none of the absent children, but they decoyed her into the back parlor, and kept her there while they lighted up the front room brilliantly, and she walked in to find there all her children and grandchildren assembled. A very sweet piece of poetry was read to her, addressed to her by Marianne Silsbee, and she was welcomed to a beautiful stuffed chair. Then an exquisite basket filled with fruit, and tastefully woven about with flowers and buds, was given by Eliza Rogers, in the name of her little Dudley, with some lines of real poetry which were as charming as anything I have seen for a long while. Then, to the surprise of *all* the company, they were invited out into the supper-room, where a superb supper was provided and arranged, un-

known to anybody, by the domestics. Ducks, chickens, quails, &c., ice-cream, frozen pudding, and every delicacy, made by the cook's own hand, the poultry all cooked *at night*, and kept down cellar; magnificent bouquets purchased and arranged by them. Was not this a beautiful tribute to that kind and gracious old age?

To Emily R. Morison, *November* 25

In the daytime I always make sure of seeing some *one* person out of the house, because I think that is a necessary condiment to life's daily food. It helps us to right feeling, and stimulates thoughts which else might linger too fondly among the details of the kitchen or the seamstress.

To Sarah P. Rogers, *December* 5

I never heard of such splendid parties as were given for her [Mrs. Winthrop]. Mrs. Frank Lowell's dinner-party of twenty-four courses was something hitherto unknown in Boston, the dinner being partly cooked in New York.

To Miss Lucy Osgood, *December* 26

While in my room I had "Vanity Fair" sent to me, and, long as it looked, I entered upon it, and it does

seem to me a remarkable book. The people are so real that you cannot shake them off, but they stick to you after you close the book like some other people whom you have known better than you have liked them, but who cannot be forgotten. They do happen to be a little worse than the people they remind you of, and yet they are not caricatures. When I see you I hope I shall find out that you have read it, and liked it just as much as I did.

1850–1851

1850

To Emily R. Morison, *January* 17

Although I do *not* owe you a letter, and do owe every correspondent I have got, one, dearest Emily, yet with the perversity of human nature, I select you to address to-day. I have been through a severe trial in my husband's repeated illnesses, not because at any one time I have thought him *very* sick, but because I felt as if it might be the beginning of inroads upon his constitution, and the bitterest part of my trial has been the conviction that he is, and has always been, working beyond his strength. At times these thoughts come heavily over me, and shut out all glad and buoyant feelings; but when he rapidly gets well, and speaks, as he always does, brightly and gladly, I feel as if, with all his privations and hardships, he is the happiest being I know, and I cannot but rejoice, and accept with gratitude the joyful fact that my lot is bound up with his. But it does seem strange that a person who has toiled and striven for thirty years, undergoing all

self-denial and painful effort, should see no lessening of his burden as life goes on. It is a teaching thing to see him address himself to the humblest drudgery, not merely with an *unwearied* spirit, but with an ever hoping heart, rejoicing over everything that brightens the path of others, and never, for one instant, even *questioning* his lot, but ever affirming that life is full of blessedness, and that he, above all, is compassed about with joys and delights. His heart and eyes are wide open to enjoy every beam of sunshine, and every kind word and look, and, when he is so happy, I surely might cease ever to repine. Forgive my venting myself in this way. I have been shut up, thinking it over, and, though I do have some downhearted misgivings and fears, I always come out of them with a serene and grateful spirit which I catch from him.

I suppose you have not attempted Mr. Ticknor's big book. It does not look dull to me, but as if it would not be "nutritive" to me, as Mr. Brazer used to say. I shall not try to read it. I cannot imagine how I should make its stores available.

To S. C. Higginson, *February* 12

It is a subject we *never discuss*. And why should we? — unless to give pain. It may be a momentary

gratification of our feelings to "speak our mind," but it is dearly paid for by a loss of confidence, and a feeling of separation, which we cannot undo.

William and Meggie passed last Sunday with us. You have heard of his leaving West Newton. This involves the breaking up of their little home, but they carry their home with them in their happy, trusting hearts. I wish William would never preach again, so firmly do I believe that he can never regain his health with the anxieties of a parish and the care of pulpit preparation upon his mind, but he does not feel so. He means to begin in the spring, and confidently believes that three months' rest will entirely restore him.[1] Meggie is just as cheerful and inspiring to him as if everything were bright before them. I never did know such a divine spirit as hers. I look upon her with admiration and envy. She reminds me of my dearest Amelia Peabody in her total unselfishness and largeness of heart, and in the genial, fusing effect she has upon incongruous materials. Everybody loves and trusts her.

I have been lately reading over Amelia's journals. These sacred pages which her dear eyes rested on

[1] Rev. William O. White was the minister of the parish in Keene from 1851 to 1878, and lived to be ninety years of age.

are full of quickening power to my soul, and I can almost feel her loving and strengthening presence; and my dear Mr. Peabody's guardian care is as real to me now as when he looked upon me with earnest and partial affection in my childish days. Such friends cannot be replaced, but neither *can* they be lost. Heaven and earth are not far apart, and we need not be cut off from the society of our loved ones because they no longer live in our visible presence.

> "Sure, Heaven must needs thy love,
> As well as other qualities, improve,"

says the old poet, and I never, for an instant, have that dreary fear of being forgotten.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *February* 19

Aunt Smith's quiet presence was very pleasant. Speaking, one day, of her state of mind when she thought she was going to die, she said she found she was willing to go, but, if she had her choice, she would get well.[1] "I thought," said she, "I should like to *help along* a little longer." Such a spirit of humility and self-sacrifice I never saw, combined as it is with energy and good sense, and real, thorough piety.

[1] She lived till 1878, when she died at the age of ninety-three.

To Margaret E. White, *April* 12

Have you read the "Scarlet Letter"? Do tell me just what you think of it, for I never knew a book draw forth such variety of criticism. It is to me a wonderfully beautiful book, all full of genius and thrilling power. There is not an appreciation of the *highest* moral power in it, yet the moral of it seemed to me good, — others differ. I think it was a lesson burned into the very essence of the book that there is no repentance without *truth;* that a sinner must not only be sincere with himself, but *with others,* to gain any peace or make any progress. Still, with all these praises, I must say that it is a very painful book.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *June* 14

You have been shocked by hearing of Miss Burley's death, for it seemed so sad and so sudden. Lucy was saying of her yesterday that she could not imagine any of her habitual thoughts and subjects of interest interrupted, for she lived in the contemplation of the highest objects, and she lived for duty exclusively. She was even ascetic, and almost scrupulously avoided mere pleasure and every outward form of self-indulgence. Her personal disin-

terestedness was perfect, and she had a martyr's spirit of endurance.

To S. C. Higginson, *June* 14

I feel that I have lost the most partial and unwearied friend [Miss Burley], and I hardly realized how dear and how important she was till she was taken. She was one of the most remarkable beings I have ever known, and it quickens one's hope and faith in immortality to follow her earnest and searching mind, as we fancy its entrance into that world where we shall no longer "see through a glass darkly," but "shall know even as we are known."

To Eliza A. Dwight, *July* 26

I really felt as if I should like to be in Cambridge on Commencement Day. I love Cambridge most heartily, and no spot on earth is so much associated with enjoyment; even the dusty level of the roads is glorified for me with remembrances. But, when the body cannot refresh itself with visiting scenes that are loved, the spirit can go more swiftly and happily than in an omnibus, and, doubtless, find things more fair and delightful than mortal visitors can ever find. How happy that, when

seated by our pleasant, quiet window, we can not only look out on the blue sky and green earth beyond, but can take flight for distant regions, and rejoice in such scenes and such companions as we most love to choose. Some, alas! we can see only in this way, and at times we may do it without a tinge of sadness, so very real does their presence become.

How I have scratched on without remembering that this is not the stuff for a letter! But, dear, I have, like the old scissors-grinder, "No story to tell, sir." I have been perfectly stationary, and so is everybody else. I have accomplished heaps of sewing, and read a little, and looked out, and thanked God with a full, overflowing heart for this beautiful world. I never saw it half so beautiful as this summer, and every day has seemed to demand a new song of praise. Was there ever so delightful a season? We have all escaped even the slightest illness, and the children are as happy, and as uninterrupted in their health and freedom, as the birds in the trees. Their clothes, to be sure, give more trouble than the birds' mothers have, but then, *their* mother, I do believe, enjoys them more. I sometimes think that my children do not give me trouble enough; but will be thankful for my easy, joyful lot. I have

wanted no variety this summer but to sit with my book or work, after my morning's work, and watch for the children and their father.

To Sarah P. Rogers, *August* 24

Henry is studying well at the Latin School, and enjoys his school, and stands well there. In character he is really more satisfactory to me than I ever imagined a *boy* could be. He is delicate and generous in his attentions to all of us in the family, and faithful to all that is required of him, and, as yet, he thinks his father and mother the two most agreeable people in the world. Yet he loves play, and is very popular with his companions, who are always trooping at his heels. His temper, which was once hasty, now is never ruffled, and altogether, he gives me *clear comfort.*

Perhaps you think I foolishly dwell on my children, but we live in them very much, and we often say to each other, "Perhaps they never will give us so much delight and so little anxiety as now." And so I would raise a pillar of gratitude at this stage of our journey, and never forget the present bright period of peace and joy. But, if I know my own heart, my dearest Sarah, I do not unhesitatingly ask for their *life.* I do earnestly pray that

they may be God's true and faithful children, and followers of their Saviour, and that the *spiritual life* may never decay in them. If this can only be ensured by their removal from this world, I can only say, "God's will be done," and still say, "Blessed be His name for giving and for taking away." But, if the trial were appointed me of seeing them grow worldly and selfish, devoted to folly, and dead to the interests of the soul, I do not know how I could bear it. I *must pray* to be delivered from this trial.

To S. C. Higginson, *September* 21

What do you think has been my employment during a confinement to my room of a few days, dearest Susan, but reading over your old letters! How many memories have wakened at the touch! Your letters, with my associations with them, form the most glowing history of a part of my life, and I smile at my little foolish, ardent, enthusiastic self of sixteen, when I remember how wretched I was when a letter did not come, and how blest I was made by the Cambridge post-mark. And then, how, with a lover's jealousy, I grudged to Eliza (who lived in a region of coolness that seemed to me utter indifference), such expressions as these, —

"I can never remember which I am writing to, for you are never disunited in my thoughts." All this was good discipline for me, and exercised me so sovereignly that a kind Providence never appointed me for trial any jealousy of later years. Well, dear, time passes! But love and faith do not; and, at forty, we can trust and rely upon each other more happily than at sixteen. But, can any later friends ever seem like the friends of our youth? Much as I suffered from the amount of feeling I bestowed on my youthful attachments, I would willingly see my daughter running the same risk for the chance of knowing the solid, permanent delights and satisfactions of an abiding friendship of twenty-five years' standing.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *November* 10

You don't know how often I have thought of our interesting conversations when I was with you. How often I have been led to trace the Providence of God *in a conversation.* When it quickens you to self-examination, and stimulates your faltering resolutions, it seems surely to be God's voice, whether it come to you in the experiences of a friend, or in the whispers of conscience.

To S. C. Higginson, *December* 25

The fact is, to get the real comfort out of people, you must live in the same town with them. Yet Fate, with unmistakable perversity, does fix it so that those whom you would most choose to live near, are planted either in Vermont, or some unattainable place, — farther off, as it sometimes seems, than heaven.

1851

Journal, *January* 1

Never before did life seem so full and rich to me as now. I feel unusual hope and spirit in beginning this New Year, a new vigor of resolution and cheerfulness of confidence. In the year that has passed, I have learned some new, deep lessons. I trust they have not been sent me in vain. Every new experience brings us nearer to the Source of life and strength, and the more we feel the need of God's grace, the more do we realize the blessedness and support of *prayer*. This brings the sense of union with God, which, if we could always attain to, there would be no more days of trial. Never did our merciful Father, the God of Love, seem so interwoven with

all my daily experiences; and, through whatever discipline I may have reached this support, I must bless it. Without one anxiety or dread for the future, I can look forward and look up with absolute peace and trust. Gracious Father! Do with me and those dearest to me as seemeth to Thee best! But train us all, through the discipline of this coming year, for Thy more perfect service! May we live here only to know and love Thee, to serve one another, and to do Thy holy will!

JOURNAL, *Friday, January* 17

I have been pleased to-night with my dear children. They became offended with one another, both being in the wrong. Mary undressed in silence, joined with me in her little prayer with a faltering voice, and then gently whispered to me to tell Henry she was sorry. It is so delightful to see good and right feelings get the upper hand, and to see, too, that our blessed Saviour, with His teachings of love, is speaking to these young hearts His "Peace — be still!" How can any one think to train an immortal spirit without His aid! Henry was deeply affected, and longed to do something to assure Mary that he was entirely at fault; and so these dear children closed their eyes full of love and trust in one another.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *January* 20

I know and understand your multiplied cares and employments, and really thank you for doing justice to mine. I am so in the habit of being regarded as a person of unbounded leisure that, sometimes, I get "the blues," as Wilder says, because I do not bring more to pass, and yet I *drive on* from morning to night. I never did so much work of all kinds, but never worked with so much relish. I don't know why, but I have felt unusually bright and like mental exertion the last month, and have read and copied a good deal. You must read the extracts in Friday's and Tuesday's "Gazettes," from Taylor's "Notes from Life," which I copied.[1] This week, I have been reading the "Life of James Perkins," and have written a notice of it for the paper. The newspaper is a perpetual drain upon my leisure moments, and I intend, in future, to cut out my book-notices and paste them in a book, so as to realize that I have done something, as much as if they were a pile of pillow-cases. My husband insists upon it that I ought to consider it saving money to hire sewing and help him, but I am still

[1] The *Salem Gazette* was issued on Tuesdays and Fridays, and, on Wednesdays, the *Essex Mercury*, containing most of the reading matter in the two preceding numbers of the *Gazette*.

trying to solve the problem how I can make all the shirts and nightgowns, and do the writing too.

JOURNAL, *Monday, February* 10

After dinner, I had a letter from ——, and much inward query how far it is *safe* in friendship to express your whole mind; where *sincerity* ends, and want of consideration begins.

To S. C. HIGGINSON, *May* 27

At this season of the year, I am touchingly reminded of the most constant and devoted friend I ever lost, and his love and care for me, which began in my childhood, never seemed more visibly extended over me, though it is exactly four years since he ascended. He never seemed more real and near, and, as for my dearest Amelia, I almost feel her visible presence, and *far* more sure of her constant sympathy than of most earthly friends. *Life may divide — Death can never.*

I *had* heard of Louisa's change of faith, and with not much surprise. In these days of ceaseless questionings, when everything is under discussion and there seems nothing fixed, I am always expecting those who long for a *rock* to turn to the arms of Mother Church. I can imagine that one who

has been exposed to some of the influences around Louisa should do it, and doubt not she may be happier. But *how it is done* is the mystery to me, and I never felt less the need of such a refuge than now. *My* difficulties are not in faith, but in duty, and I cannot sympathize with these upturnings from any personal experiences. Still, I do feel great sympathy for a restless heart and mind, and rejoice when they are settled anyhow. The difficulty with me is how to tread the path of life with consistent reference to the only true objects of life; how to make life to ourselves and to others what it ought to be! I would pray to be a Catholic, if I thought that in that school I could best learn these great lessons of life, but it seems to me that I have not yet practised half I have learned, and that, *when I have*, more light will break forth to me.

To Mrs. Ann Tracy, *May* 27

Ever since my last day with you, my dearest friend, I have been impelled to write to you, and have contented myself with confiding to you many loving thoughts, and fancying that you were conscious of them; but this morning it has come over me that something more *definite* would give more assurance, and so I have thrown aside my work and

taken up the pleasanter business of talking with you.

First, I must speak of this gushing, full, melodious, beautiful spring! As I sit at my window, the birds seem to be talking about it to one another in delighted tones, and all the world seems overflowing with music, fragrance, and gladness. It is a happy thought to me that every year finds me more ready to enter into the harmonies of creation, and that, whatever else may fade, this *wonderful, beautiful* world will always brighten in my eyes. One of my hopes is that, when we enter upon another stage of being, this keen love of Nature may be fed by scenes which shall fill with delight and satisfaction our spiritual life as this wondrous creation of love and beauty ministers to the strength and peace of our mortal life.

But, my dear friend, this was not what I meant to write about when I began. I might speak of many household cares which this busy season brings with it; for, in reality, these are very absorbing, and the stitches that I must take sometimes give me a hurried, and perplexed feeling, that drives out of my head these peaceful, beautiful images. Yet, there is a very real pleasure in this constant demand upon industry, skill, and care, and it is a training which

I need especially. And, if I ever were tempted to regret some of the privations and exertions that must attend straitened resources, I have only to turn to the trials and cares that seem to *besiege* the homes of my rich friends to make me feel more than satisfied, — yes — grateful beyond measure for what I *have not* as well as for what I have.

JOURNAL, *June* 23

A dull day, outwardly and inwardly. A weight upon the brain which produced a corresponding weight upon the spirits. The remedy for this, *not* self-discipline, but constant and varied employment, and forgetfulness of self.

TO EMILY R. MORISON, *June* 23

Eliza has just returned from West Point, as you have heard, with her heart warming towards the South, having passed three weeks delightfully with some from that portion of the country who, you know, are far more hearty and heart-opening than our Northern race. I wish Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker could fall in love with a Southern girl, or be sufficiently identified with that part of the country in sympathy to realize that the slaveholder might raise his hands with the supplicating

cry, "Am I not a man and a brother!" (such as ornamented the Anti-Slavery pincushions). If we all *thoroughly* wished one another well, I will never believe that love would not help to solve this fearful problem that now is dividing us. Well, these exciting topics make it an interesting time to live in, but I sometimes wish my lines had fallen in a different time and age, for it seems to me there never was a period when it was harder for all men to love one another. However, the human heart is ever the same, and it is well that it should be taught in any way that passion and self-love must be annihilated before we can know love or peace in fullest measure.

JOURNAL, *June* 24

A dull day, but I rode down to the cars, and went to Newburyport with Father. Met the kindest, gladdest welcome from Mrs. Tracy. A weight was on my spirits, because my dear Father was called upon to go through a bitter trial: his first Probate Court without his old Register, who, for thirty-six years, has been associated with him, relieving him from every care and responsibility. After dinner, I went to see Miss Guild, and sat an hour or two, and then went up to the dear lonely grave. I picked

some grasses from it, and brought home; and, as I rested on the head-stone, I anew consecrated myself and my life to the highest and noblest objects.

To Mrs. Ann Tracy, *June* 29

This is the anniversary of my mother's death, to me always a touching day. I look back forty years, and seem to see that feeble infant struggling for life — left alone in its forlornness to taste the bitter cup of life in this world *without a mother!* Had I been asked, "Should it live, or would not a merciful Father permit it to go to rest on her bosom?" I should have said, "How much kinder to take the child with the mother!" And yet, *how rich* has life been to that poor child! How infinite the depths of love and bliss which she has been spared to know, and how precious have been the experiences of sorrow and trial that have at times pressed upon her! God has surely been very good to me, — and I *must* thank Him for the boon of this earthly existence. I have arranged those precious grasses, and placed them in a glass beneath the picture of my grandmother's house in Concord, and I love to look at them. It always draws me nearer to the *dear imagination* of a Mother to stand by her grave, and I should have been grieved not to do it.

JOURNAL, *Sunday, July* 20

I must tell an anecdote of Molly to-day. Our poor cat was sick, and she proposed sending to Mr. Driver's [a neighbor], to see if we could beg some catnip for him. Henry exclaimed that he did not know what Mr. Driver would say, if we sent *on Sunday*, for catnip to give our cat. "Then he ought to read his Bible," said Molly, "and he would find out that if his sheep fall into a pit on the Sabbath day, he must lay hold on it, and lift it out." Mary's constant reference to Scripture is very striking. She convinces me that it is adapted to children's needs, and its standard is not too high for their comprehension.

JOURNAL, *Sunday, July* 27

I went to Mrs. Howes's, and had a sweet visit to her. She lent me her manuscript recollections of Miss Burley's conversations, and I sat up to read them.

JOURNAL, *Monday, July* 28

A radiant morning. I had a few things to do, it being washing-day, but was forced to read every word of Mrs. Howes's manuscript, about one hundred and fifty pages, and I felt all the morning as

if I were with Miss Burley. My mind has been very active for some days past, stimulated by reading about great men. Randolph's "Life" has greatly interested me, Hugh Miller's "First Impressions of England and the English" gave me vivid pleasure, and Southey's "Life and Correspondence" has enchanted me. I realize that books are the best company. Now, Miss Burley's image confirms my opinion. How she was always stimulated by the best people, living or dead. These recollections of her bring to mind the secret of her wonderful character; her determination to make the most of herself and of others. Hear such words as these, "I think any qualities of mind are attainable but genius." "I am always dissatisfied with myself if I pass a day without learning something."

To Mrs. Ann Tracy, *September* 11

My present amount of cares and perplexities you may guess at. But I never apprehend any difficulties in the future, and therefore escape a good many.

To S. C. Higginson, *September* 23

The last fortnight I have been divided in heart and time between Meggie and my *new cook*, faithful Bridget having abdicated in favor of California.

She is going out to be married, and I have procured one in her place who wants as much teaching as an academy full of girls, and is green as a June meadow. However, she is strong, cheerful, willing to learn, and indefatigable in trying to please, and, if she were only in your hands, I doubt not would be an invaluable aid in a very short time. Bridget will stay here till I get home from Keene, whither I am going next Tuesday to attend the Installation. My thoughts have been much taken up with William and Meggie, and all their preparations for moving, and their affairs have been as interesting to me as my own.[1]

JOURNAL, *October* 6

After breakfast I addressed myself to the business of making tomato catsup, and writing a notice of Carlyle's "Life of Sterling."

TO EMILY R. MORISON, *October* 8

Mother took off the edge of my desire and determination to write to you on my return from Keene, by forestalling my story. And then the busy cares rushed in and trampled down the word before it

[1] Rev. William Orne White was installed over a parish in Keene, October 1.

got utterance. I enjoyed my stay at the Ingersolls'; they are the very *beau idéal* of hospitable hosts. They let you do just what you choose, excepting that they give you too many goodies to eat. They put you into a most comfortable buggy, and drive you about all the time, and let you use your own eyes to admire with, and don't oblige you to say, "How beautiful!" nor feel as if they were slighted if you don't thank them all the time for the prospect.

JOURNAL, *November* 5

I saw old Mr. W.'s funeral. Ninety-five years he has lived here. Who is better for it and who happier? It is an awful question to ask whether he is! He is with our God, who is ever mercifully remembering that we are dust. I made a long call on Hannah R. and really pitied her. When I put Mary to bed, I read to her the story of Transmigration, that was permitted to a man, who had grievously erred, to purify him for future happiness. May we not go through various experiences without *changing our bodies?* Poor Hannah R. is living in a new world, while in her solitary state, and I trust she may be preparing to dwell with her family in heaven, and be a more congenial member of it than she was on earth.

1852–1853

1852

To William O. and Margaret E. White

January 2

Oh, for the minutes and the eyes to give my dearest brother and sister some idea of my love and constant thought of them! I had set my heart upon your getting a letter New Year's Day, but "man proposes," and you know the rest, only I should say "man *dis*poses" also, only it is not the same one that *pro*poses. In other words, I and my time seem sometimes a sort of *foot*-ball for others to kick at, and if occasionally they give me a boost into the upper air, I descend again, and am covered with the *dust*, if not the mud, of this inglorious earth.

Journal, *Sunday, January* 4

A driving storm of mingled snow, sleet, and hail. It made it impossible to go out, which to me is a great disappointment. I sought to redeem the time by serious thought and devout reading, but must make more vigorous effort for consistent employment, or rather, to concentrate my attention on a

plan for my Sunday's work. Let me see if at the end of a year I find I have *acquired* anything, and can well account for my Sundays. They are too apt to pass away I know not how, although they are always dear and welcome days.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *January* 13

The whole household has been afflicted in hearing from California of our dear faithful Bridget's death. There are no letters, and we have only the telegraphic statement, but it is a long time since a death went so near my heart. I packed everything for her, and knew all her doings and feelings as if she were my own, and it seems like losing a relation. And then, how sad for her poor, faithful lover, whose hard earnings had transported her from her home of comfort and safety to the foreign, distant death-bed. It was yesterday a *loud* sorrow in the house, and everybody wept. It is just nine weeks since she left our door, and it was with such an agonizing burst of sorrow at parting that I felt superstitious. She has been a weight on my mind ever since she left us, but she ought to be so no longer, for her devout and faithful spirit must have entered upon larger joys than she could have left behind her, had every earthly satisfaction been granted to her.

To Margaret E. White, *January* 19

You cannot think what a pang Bridget's death has given me. I never felt any event exactly in that way. Every sound in the domestic machinery brings up the thought of her, every article I take in my hand, and every direction I give, reminds me of her active, vivid being. I love to remember that I always appreciated her high-mindedness and her truly generous character, and that I allowed her to feel that she was appreciated and entirely at home. And it was a comfort to me to hear her intimate friend say (since her death) that she had depended upon spending her last night in Salem under our roof, considering it *her home* (instead of with one of her cronies). Every mark of affection exchanged between us it is a comfort to remember, and there now seems something prophetic in the impassioned way in which she threw her arms round my neck at parting (so unlike her quiet, reserved manner). We both lifted up our voices and wept. We have had touching letters from Thomas (her lover's brother). She had been confined but three days to her stateroom by dysentery, and died two days after being on shore, of clear exhaustion. Poor John is distracted with grief. It was a beautiful attach-

ment, and, I trust, is not now entirely broken off. Oh, dearest Meggie, for a steady, assured faith! I always have it in my own trials, and it is only when looking upon other people's that I tremble and doubt. But I will not say more — engrossed as I have been. Bridget had a real attachment to you, and one thing I loved her for was her quick insight into people. She was a remarkable person, and I feel as if eternity were a great thing for her. How some natures seem to *dwindle* in view of it while others expand! And why do the accidents of time seem so much more important to us than that *long life* — the *natural* life of an immortal being?

To Miss Lucy Osgood, *Saturday, March* 6

Thank you, my dear Miss Lucy, for asking me to reply to Father's letter from you. It is most pleasant to communicate with you in any way. Some people say that a letter compared with a talk is like a dried specimen by the side of the living, blooming flower, but all letters are not like dry things that lived once, and yours certainly burst forth with the fragrance and life of the present hour. How rich is life in this time of ours! Its tossing activity, so stimulating and wearying to heart and brain, may sometimes

make you sigh for the unquestioning peace of absolute repose. But this is not a permanent mood, and you rouse yourself to rejoice that you exist at a time when life is so *full*. One of the best and richest blessings of my life has been the free interchange of thought with minds so widely different as many of those with whom I love best to communicate. Miss Mary [Osgood] thinks, as my friend Mr. Phillips once said, that I "carry my toleration almost to the extent of a vice," and it does cut one off from the complete sympathy of the partisan. But how much is gained if we can *love* and *trust* each other although poles apart in opinion and sentiment. It is not much matter even if conservatives call you radical, and fanatics call you compromising, if you meanwhile can "hold fast your integrity," and with that can preserve *love*, which is the "bond of perfectness." It *infinitely* enriches life to learn the experiences of earnest souls, and sympathy is the only key to these. And what I mean to believe, and hold on to, is the faith that *sympathy* is not *agreement*, and that we may be utterly unable to arrive at the same conclusions with one who may yet be our chosen sympathizing friend, and whose very disagreements with us may deepen and enrich our intercourse with each other.

R. W. Emerson lectures for us this week, which will be a great treat. We have had Wendell Phillips, H. W. Beecher, Starr King, and many other interesting people. Then, every fortnight, Quintette Club for the musical. Every week a tea-party at Mrs. N. Silsbee's, consisting of ten ladies permanently, and ten more who vary from week to week, including strangers in town. I am one of the permanencies, and have much enjoyed them. Then some splendid balls and many little tea-fights have made the winter gay.

JOURNAL, *March* 13

After tea, read aloud to Father Professor Park's sermon on Moses Stuart. What a wonderful man! How he shames most mortals as we think *what a difference it made to the world that he lived in it.* That is the question I often ask — Who is wiser or better for my life? That some are happier for it does not prove much in my favor, because their own loving, long-suffering natures "make the virtue they confide in." But one ought not to come into God's world with a particular gift (which every one has), without making a mark there. We should not live in the world, and leave it just as we found it. The legitimate subjects of a woman are her children. Through

them she ought to send forth some impress of herself, but this she cannot do without making herself what she should be. "Alas! that we should so often make these innocent beings copyists of our faults." God pity and help our frailty!

To Eliza A. Dwight, *March* 15

Have not you rejoiced in this spring day? My heart really danced as I walked through the puddles made by the spring showers, and I had a faith that summer would come at last.

Oh, this anxiety about children we must strive to put aside, remembering that they are God's children and that our right to them, and influence over them, must be secondary to His. But there is no possibility of getting rid of a mother's anxious heart. When Lucy T. was speaking of *her* ceaseless anxieties about her three boys, the eldest of whom is not yet four, I could not help thinking that the time would come when the most anxious of her present thoughts would seem like play.

Journal, *March* 26

Oh, if my dear husband could only rest! He has a bad cold, and has felt sick for two days, but goes on just the same, within and without. His serene,

self-forgetful goodness and greatness of spirit so continually help and cheer me, that I may become insensible to them as I do to the love of our heavenly Friend and Father. But, as yet, they only grow more wonderful to me. And why was I singled out to know such blessedness and care! Oh, grant that I may grow in the high and noble virtues that are so familiar to his daily thought; that, like him, I may be always *serving others* and not myself; be patient and hopeful of others, and sternly true and exacting towards myself; that, like him, I may live as always seeing Him who is invisible, and, when the record of my life is handed in, may find it without blot! This, alas! cannot be, for I am slow in learning even from his beautiful life. How calm, and generous, and tender, and loving, how prompt, and energetic, and conscientious in the fulfilment of *common* duties; how tremblingly sensitive at the touch of anything that may threaten danger or suffering to his loved ones, — no one knows but myself! My heart swells with grateful triumph as I think what will be his sentence, when "to every man is rendered according to his works." "Friend, come up higher," will be his welcome, and, in that world of absolute truth, purity, and love, he will be *at home*.

To Margaret E. White, *April* 27

I feel very anxious that, this summer, you should be relieved from care, so that you may enjoy it. Oh, shall not we enjoy it, whatever comes, if we have our *eyes*, *ears*, and *noses* left to us! This dear, blessed, green Mother Earth, and these budding trees waiting to be so bountiful to us, and the millions of flowers all ready to burst forth, — and then the June sunshine, and moonlight, and roses, and sweet south wind! What have we done to deserve birthplace in such a world! I have two glasses of roses just before me, which Marianne Silsbee sent to enrich my room, and one of them does smell so like a real garden Damask that it has filled my fancy with dreams.

Journal, *April* 30

After dinner, Caroline King and her father called, and drove us down to Thisselwood [in Beverly]. The ride was perfectly enchanting, and, when there, we walked about, *drank in our fill* of ocean, air, and sky, picked the first anemones in bud, and enjoyed this beautiful world with intenseness.

To Emily R. Morison, *November* 9

You will think, dearest Em, that I am as much to be dreaded as we used to think Mrs. Wayland would be for a correspondent, since I *fire back* a letter the moment you send one. I should give you a little while longer the *clean record* feeling which is so self-satisfying, and allow you to realize yourself out of debt, but that I feel as if I could not come to Milton this week, and do not like to have you "keep expecting" me.

I cannot go further without expressing my deep sorrow at Mrs. Loring's loss. Those starry eyes! — it seems as if they could not be quenched. Nor indeed are they, — yet how sad for her that she can drink in their precious light no more. How strikingly we are taught that we know nothing of the future. How we have trembled for your frail treasure, and have almost been pained by the sight of such dauntless vigor as that remarkable looking child possessed, — and yet "the wind passed over it, and it was gone." Nobody but a mother who has been through such a furnace of anxiety as I have, can tell all that is felt, and all that is *struggled against*, while watching what appears to be a fading away of health and strength. How tenderly near

comes the God of Love in such dark hours, making us feel that "*It is well* with the child," helping us to feel that we are not only willing but thankful to place our treasure in His hands, and let Him do with it as seemeth to Him good. Without a strength greater than our own how could we live?

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JOURNAL, *Sunday, January* 2

When I raised the curtain, oh, what a glory! The sun was touching the sheathed trees, and they turned into quivering flames, all pointing upward. It seemed to me like God's influence upon the wintry heart, this smile of His upon His outward creation. Yesterday, while the cold sleet was preparing for this gorgeous spectacle beneath the leaden sky, all looked dark and dreary. But one beam from the Source of Light! and the whole world is changed. The silent work of those dark hours is now transfigured, and we are in a universe of brilliant light!

TO MRS. ANN TRACY, *January* 3

Although excessively wearied to-night, so that my eyes almost close, I must take time to tell you and Miss Guild what a treat you have in store

in reading the "Life of Mrs. Henry Ware." I never felt so all in a glow as in reading the history of her daily life of faithful duty, illuminated as it was by the constant presence of the noblest purposes. Few persons know how to be mindful of the claims of the *absent* and the *near*. But she was the most thorough housekeeper, and the most minutely attentive as a mother to the physical and moral needs of her children, yet her house and her heart and mind seemed to expand so as to take in all who needed kindness, and the claims of friendship were as sacred as those of home.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *February*

I hold that pain is no evil when it is past, since it converts a passive, negative sort of comfort, by contrast, into a high and exuberant delight.

To Miss Lucy Osgood, *February* 27

I will not believe that charity, that divinest of the Christian graces, need be sacrificed in our gaining a right understanding of those around us, since the Being, whose very name is Love, alone knows all the frailties and sins of His erring, imperfect children; and I suppose, if we do not admit too much of the *personal* element in our judgments of character,

we may avoid the chief danger. But what collector of coins, shells, or paintings, ever so rejoiced over a fine specimen as those of us, who love to put choice people in our cabinet, delight in a *new character* that pleases and surprises us! And what has so enriched and endeared to us this beautiful world as the complete understanding of some lofty and angelic beings whom we have known, and *can confide in*, "though the mountains were removed into the midst of the sea"? I am in a glow of indignation when I hear this enthusiasm about human beings sneered at, and listen to the *chuckling* manner in which some mundane souls delight to say, "Everybody has faults — after all, there is not so much difference in people, when you come to know them thoroughly." It is like saying that the Almighty has left himself without a witness in this grand universe, and that love, truth, justice, and purity are mere abstractions. I thank God that I have been permitted to know and love better people than I have seen painted in works of fiction, and that I have been privileged to understand and appreciate the blessing.

[On Saturday, March 5, her sixth child, and third son, was born, and was named Arthur.]

JOURNAL, *March* 27

It is exquisitely delightful to me again to press a little satin cheek that is all my own, and it seems to me as if the floods of tenderness had accumulated instead of drying up.

To S. C. HIGGINSON, *May* 7

My dear, kind, beloved physician, as the papers have told you, has been killed by that frightful railroad accident.[1]

To MARGARET E. WHITE, *May* 16

You cannot imagine how much he has been to me the past twelve years; with the birth and death of my little darlings he is inseparably associated, and there is not a spot which does not bring him to mind. We had a great consolation in having him returned to us looking so calm, peaceful, divinely tranquil, that it seemed like the face of an angel. His countenance was not merely tranquil, it was transfigured, — and he seemed listening to those words which I delight to believe are his heavenly welcome, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat, naked, and ye

[1] Dr. Abel Lawrence Peirson was killed in a railroad accident at Norwalk, Connecticut. The two following letters, and that of June 26th, refer to him.

clothed me, a stranger, and ye took me in. Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

On Monday, many hundred persons thronged to look upon him once more, and there was lamentation and great mourning as "they lifted up their voices and wept." Old people and little children, mothers who were weeping that "that hand could never help them more." Some very poor Irishmen, — one of them, holding up his little child, "Bridget, look at him! He was your father's best friend. He saved my life, and would not take anything, but *gave* of his money to me." Edward said that nothing moved him like seeing a young man, standing by him, exclaim, "I was wild; he came to me, and talked to me as if I were his son, — I have been a better man since." We knew that he was always caring for those whom he could serve, but we did not even guess the amount of his charities, and we were not prepared to find the company of mourners so large.

To Mary O. Pickering, *May* 19

His home was never, for one moment, chilled or darkened by a *shadow* of unkindness, or even of thoughtlessness. As Mrs. Cornelius said in her

letter, "No amount of care or perplexity ever gave him for an instant the appearance of irritation or asperity, and no degree of personal inconvenience, fatigue, or pain, seemed to concentrate his thoughts upon himself." I do not believe that any one individual within our knowledge has done so much good as he with the same amount of means. It was with him, as it was with Mr. Amos Lawrence, on a larger scale, a *systematic employment* to look after the poor; and then he gave them sympathy, consideration, and the feeling that their lives, and those of their children, were as important as any of God's children.

JOURNAL, *June* 7

My dear father's seventy-seventh birthday. Thirty-eight years ago to-day he held his first Probate Court at Ipswich, and now he is holding his last.

TO ELIZA A. DWIGHT, *June* 7

I sympathize with and pity the struggles of the young. Oh, how bitterly sorry should I be to have to go over them! Not even the buoyant, vague hope of something better than anything we have yet known could compensate to me for the trials that

belong to that period. When he had just attained that age, and was asked, "What is the happiest period of a man's life?" Mr. Channing answered, "Sixty," and I am ready to say, "Forty-two."

To Margaret E. White, *June* 8

I paid a visit of condolence to a poor Irish woman, whose *only* son, a boy of seventeen, was lost overboard since I had seen her. She unlocked her little chest, and took from it her treasures to show me. "He brought me home this daguerreotype of himself, and this pin with his hair in it the morning before he went away, and he had his hair cut, and brought me a paper of it in his waistcoat pocket, and, sure, should not I *have known* he was never to come back to me again?" And over the picture of her tall, straight, sailor boy she dropped many tears, and I blessed daguerreotypes, as I have often done, when I saw how it could light up that humble dwelling as with an angel's presence.

To Miss Lucy Osgood, *June* 26

I must thank you, my dear friend, for your sympathy in a loss which you could not have entered into either through the aid of imagination or memory, as I cannot remember ever speaking to you of

my dear Doctor, and, if you partially knew him, you could not guess how very dear he was to me. He was guileless and transparent as a child, and so incapable of an unkind or evil thought of any one, that he not so much *forgave* injuries as *forgot* them. He *wanted* to love and trust every one, and, if he found out the treachery or cruelty of another forbade it, he would only keep the fact to himself in sadness and disappointment. I think his generosity, in the sense in which that word is commonly used, exceeded that of any one I ever knew. He *could not* keep anything which another person needed, and he served other people with that unsleeping assiduity with which most persons serve themselves.

So, you see, my dear Miss Lucy, through the experiences of the last two months I have been paying the penalty which those must sooner or later pay, who allow other people to become important to them. I thank you for the sympathy which remembered me in connection with these losses, and think you will further sympathize with me by subscribing to my creed that it is best to keep our friendships in repair, and even seek out new ties and objects of love, even though one who lives long must die a thousand deaths in losing those whose being is bound up in our own.

To Eliza A. Guild, *August* 28

I hope you are enjoying the rare beauty of this most exquisite summer. Such a season as May, June, and July I can hardly remember. But I have enjoyed it principally from the open window of my nursery, as I have taken very few rides abroad. But it is my theory that a *single tree* suffices if you cannot see more, and *one* streak of God's beautiful sunlight is enough to light up the heart with thankfulness to the Author of so much grandeur and beauty. I have always found the infancy of my children anything but a period of mental vacuity and indolence, although outwardly one looks lazy to be sitting still with baby in hand, instead of the work-basket or open book. It is a time when my mind and memory seem quickened, and this little precious unconscious companion seems a link between me and the spiritual world, which I lose when he emerges into the responsible use of his moral and intellectual faculties.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *October* 23

My baby has been much worried by coming teeth this week, and is a great *moth* of time and strength, but it is happily put into me to like the creature and *call it fun.*

To Margaret E. White, *December* 6

I have hardly read anything lately but A. J. Downing's "Life," which represents him as the most fascinating of mortals. My first thought was, "How can I be reconciled to his having lived and died without my knowing him?" My next was one of gratitude that beautiful beings like flowers are scattered over God's earth, and that, though I might never behold them, the earth is richer for them, and hereafter the society of heaven will be more blessed thereby. But oh, shall we be there? What are we doing each day we live to fit us for such communion? Yet I have been permitted to know the pure and good on earth, and is not the same beneficent, loving Father on *both sides the grave?*

Journal, *Monday, December* 26

I was alone for an hour in the evening in my sanctum, and felt, as I often do when alone, the presence of the loved ones who have "gone before," with thrilling distinctness. My dearest Amelia, with all the energy of her living self, was before me; Mr. Peabody, with his wise and gentle counsel, and his ever partial fondness, seemed near me; and the

good, dear, faithful friend, whom the last year has taken from our side, fresh and strong as in life. It seems, at times, dreary that so many are gone, but they are only gathering "on the other side," and we will hope to rejoin them before long.

1854–1855

1854

To Mrs. Ann Tracy, *February* 19

Father seems finely this winter, and I, who see him every day, do not see that he grows any older. Yet he cannot escape the universal law, and like the rest of us, *must* grow old. And for myself I do not shrink from this natural and beautiful law. Only let us be *ripening*, and I care not if the hold on life be loosening day by day. I do not like to speak of the ripe fruit as dropping to the ground, for that only reminds me of the mortal part, and I love better to think of the soaring spirit that has broken through its imprisoning shell. Nothing that our tender Father has ordained seems sad or harsh, and I always cling to my faith that neither Age nor Death need be "dark and unlovely."

To Emily R. Morison, *February* 21

I was right glad to get your letter, dearest Emily. You are very good to take it up again as soon as your arm allows. If I ever got off the track it would

take all the steam in the universe to get me at work again. Sometimes I think if I ever "come again" I won't learn to write, yet now and then it's a pleasure; for instance, this stormy day, as I sit by the baby's cradle, and all is still and peaceful, but I have left myself no time, so busy have I been in improving the leisure and retirement, so my letter will not be nice, but it is written with a willing mind. After all, the thing I complain of in connection with letter-writing is not *the doing it*, but the *having it to do*. My conscience has never become callous with regard to such performances, and I have therefore always a *guilty* feeling as I am always scandalously in debt to somebody.

To Margaret E. White, *March* 10

C—— certainly has most taking ways with her, but always puzzles me a little. The fact is, I do not like to trust myself to analyze people so much as my nature tempts me to. I think one has no right to look into people more than to peep into sealed letters, and I often feel my cheeks tingle when I get an insight into somebody that is unsuspected by the person who is watched. It seems mean. But then, as a compensation for all these difficulties of mine, I do have a more intense feeling of delight

when I get hold of a good specimen, than anybody but a *character fancier* could have.

What can I say on that deep, ever-widening subject upon which we both think so much? I never was *troubled* with any doubts, yet I can sympathize with those who have been. To me Christ is God, yet utterly distinct. He speaks with the Father's voice to my soul. It does not trouble me what inconsistencies there may be in the narratives. I hear through them all the same words from heaven.

To Mrs. Ann Tracy, *March* 27

I have often thought it was a special privilege to trace the first footsteps of spring; before its beauty was made manifest to the dullest sense, to see the first faint indications that "the dead is alive again," the first swelling of the buds, the first altered tone in the voice of the wind, and the slightest perfume that it bore us; and, above all, those first notes of the birds, who seem to sing in a faith that is put into their hearts by the Gracious Father, as if through them to speak words of cheer and promise to our unbelieving hearts.

You will rejoice to know that my husband is very much better, walking with scarce any difficulty, and being in every respect better. Father

has had slight touches of cold, but, on the whole, has been in remarkably good health, and I think you will say you never saw him look more finely. He has been interested in settling some points in early [New England] Church history, and I love dearly to have anything come up to set him to work. He is as capable of intellectual effort and employment as he ever was, and I want him to *realize* it. I believe, my dear friend, as I am sure you can do from experience, that we need not know old age in its dreariest and only revolting aspect. The active mind, and, still more, the living heart, shall preserve what we alone plead hard to retain. I do not shrink from the failing limbs and dulled senses, for they may help more gently to disengage me from the work of the world. But I should dread *loving God or man* with less earnestness. "Your heart shall live forever," and I love to think the promise not only embraces eternity, but the longest life in this world.

To Miss Lucy Osgood, *May* 8

I am coming to you most unexpectedly for sympathy in a threatened misfortune in which I am sure of your sympathy. Our beloved minister, whom I have never dared confidently to call ours,

has received an unanimous call to settle with a society lately formed in Jersey City.[1] You know I am old-fashioned in my theology, and, of course, must be aware that I could not assent to his views of Christ's nature. But I never heard the preacher who so aroused my whole spiritual being. I feel buoyed up and braced up for any emergency and experience when under his influence, — and his prayers! I can never express what they have been to me.

Of course nothing is decided, for the call is but just received. As for Carrie, she is the joy of my heart. Nothing but *my own* can ever be so dear to me as she. To have known such a being for seven years is a privilege which will last me my lifetime — But to give her up! I cannot possibly speak of it, and could only write on the subject to one of whose sympathy I was assured.

I am trying to imagine how Salem will seem when they are gone! It has brought back to me an experience of my childhood when, for a while, I had daily sight and knowledge of a family who then seemed, and have ever since been, my ideal of all that one may hope to meet in a higher state of

[1] He did not go to Jersey City then, but did so the following year.

being. If you have known Mrs. Richard Sullivan and her family,[1] or have ever known any one who remembers them, you will feel what it has been to me to have revived this early vision of my childhood as it has been in the home of the Frothinghams.

To Emily R. Morison, *May* 9

In the afternoon Eliza carried me over [from Brookline] to see Aunt Smith. We found her alone, in bed, and looking very much altered. She said she was getting well fast. You never saw anything more beautiful than her look of love and peace. It was something different from her usual cheery, genial heartsomeness. It seemed like a reflection from the abodes of peace. She spoke of the happiness she had experienced while lying there, and the *love* she had felt for everybody. "I loved my friends best, but I seemed to love everybody."

To S. C. Higginson, *May* 22

A week ago, poor dreary Miss Plummer was let out of her cage, and I truly believe she has found a better home on the other side of the grave. Poor sorrowful soul! her life was a tragedy, and when I

[1] Of Oakwood, Brookline.

stood in the sweet spring sunshine by her open grave, and saw her weary body laid by the side of those she so passionately loved and pined for, I looked upward, thankful that the good Being whom I worship as my Father in Heaven, as a tender Father would pity His child, and not, as a stern Judge, require of her the faith which she could not have while still in the flesh. I feel that His gracious hand has removed the veil, and that she now *worships* and *enjoys*.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *May* 23

Cousin Nancy is very busy arranging Miss Plummer's effects. I miss Miss Plummer, and remember with pleasure all her good qualities. She was perfectly truthful, honest, and never even wished to appear other or better than she was. I believe she never willingly violated her idea of duty, but her eyes seemed "holden that she should not see" some of the highest claims and dearest privileges of our nature.

To C. Foote,[1] *June* 3

It is reported that poor E. D.'s engagement is broken off. What a different world this is at the

[1] He had gone on a journey to the West.

same moment to different souls! I am sure there needs not any external drapery or surroundings to make heaven or hell of the same landscape. Peace, love, religious thankfulness make all creation bloom and smile. Alienation, bitterness, and emptiness of heart and hope turn all things into blank despair.

To Margaret E. White, *June* 20

My husband has really got home, alive and well. He is very thin, and has undergone great fatigue and exposure to health, but expects to feel the good effects of his journey bye-and-bye. He enjoyed Niagara to the full, and now I am the only member of the family who has not seen it. I often remember Cousin Amelia's words, "Well, perhaps you and I will look at it together, and we should both enjoy that more than we could do seeing it apart." She never saw it with her mortal eyes, and if I may share her immortal privileges, I am content to wait. But alas! fears come between me and that inspiring hope. How differently we are living day by day! She is ever growing in love, faithfulness, and strength, and I grow faint and weary by the way.

I am at times weary of thinking and striving, and

should love to fly away from myself. But how to do it! Just now I am thinking much about what I must do about Harry, and sympathizing intensely with his thronging hopes and fears.[1]

To Margaret E. White, *June* 25

I have had many inward intellectual and spiritual trials the last six months, and some of another sort; yet outwardly my life has been like a summer sea; never so free from perplexity and painful effort. How strange it seems! At first view, we are ready to accuse ourselves of ingenuity in *imagining* trials when real ones do not exist, but a deeper view convinces me that these inward trials are ordered for discipline as much as pain, bereavement, and outward disappointments. I am aiming to gain from them a freer hold upon the real spiritual life, to emancipate myself from egotism and selfishness, and to live for what service I may render to the Gracious Being who placed me here, without reference to the gratification of the affections; to welcome even coldness and unmindfulness on the part of others, if we can be thrown without reserve into a disinterested service.

[1] He was going to Harvard College in the autumn.

To Henry W. Foote, *September* 1

It is said, dearest Harry, that a mother always loves the child best who is sick; I am equally sure that she loves best the absent one. I have felt all day as if I wanted to do something to comfort and help you, but I must submit, my dear child, to all the pain you must encounter in being away from home, trusting it will be as it is in the natural world, where rain helps as much as sunshine to educate (bring out) the perfect flower.

Now, my darling child, one word of advice from your mother on a subject which I dislike to *preach* to you about, but which is too near my heart to permit me to be silent. In the midst of the engrossing thoughts and occupations of your new life, do not forget that without God's help and blessing, you can do and be nothing. I beg you, if you love me, never to close your eyes at night before you have carefully reviewed the day, and committed yourself in devout thought to the care of your Heavenly Father as confidingly and gratefully as you come to your earthly parents for their good-night kiss and blessing. And I pray you to let your first conscious thoughts ascend in supplication that your steps and your thoughts may be guarded from evil

through the day, that you *may live as in God's sight,* and never voluntarily remove yourself from Him. Every hour I commend you to God's loving care. If I could not do this, I should feel very sad and anxious; but God's love is a surer protection than mine can be.

To Miss Lucy Osgood, *September* 11

Your last letter reached me at a time when I was unusually called upon out of my home, and when my pen was constantly used in the service of others, and I reserved the pleasure of answering it for a time when I should have passed somewhat from out of the shadow of that fearful event which was then so prominent in my thoughts. You knew somewhat of my relation to that bright young friend of mine who so swiftly passed from our sight, and whose death was at the time so appalling.[1] Now that we have dwelt longer upon her in her new home, we have lost that dreadful pang which made it almost painful at first to look in the face the fact that she was really gone, and the dreadful manner of her death begins to be less vividly connected with her image; and her boundless activity and ceaseless energy of thought and action carry us for-

[1] Miss Lucy Howes was killed by a train, at a crossing, when driving in Danvers, her summer home.

ward with them now as they did when she was speaking with us, and we know and feel and realize that she is going on in a wider sphere of activity and happiness. The words which she applied to her Aunt Susan [Burley] equally remind me of her: —

> "And doubtless unto thee is given
> A life that bears immortal fruit
> In such great offices as suit
> The full-grown energies of Heaven."

She was the most gifted young woman I have ever known. She was full of thought and originality and power, and her sunny, genial, childlike spirit made you feel like petting her while you looked up to her. She was far the most stimulating companion I was in the habit of meeting, and came to me constantly to pour out all she had gathered. She would have been after your own heart if you could have known her as I did. Having loved her from her very birth, I of course approached her differently from what a stranger could, and she seemed to me almost like a dear child, or niece.

I was with my afflicted friends several times in July, and during August my time and thoughts were a good deal occupied with my boy. I left him in Cambridge a fortnight ago. He enters with all good hopes and promises fresh in his heart. He loves

study, and he enjoys companionship, and therefore there will be much in college life for him to enjoy, and I trust he may be preserved from the evil that is in the world. Mrs. Walker invited him with real cordiality to take tea there every Sunday evening, and, as he will pass most of his Sundays there, I am glad that, once a week, he should see something like a home.

I spent Friday and Saturday in Milton where I found Emily and her children in fine health and spirits. There, too, I met Meggie's sweet friend Susan Lesley. She is transformed from the fading, drooping invalid into a healthy young mother rejoicing in the cares that well people take. Her pure, unworldly, beautiful nature seems to be of itself an atmosphere of peace and security. If I ever think the good God may be thought a partial Parent, it is not when I see some abound while others are empty of this world's goods, but when I look upon such gifted spirits as Meggie and Susie Lesley as to their *morale*. The elect they surely seem.

To Mrs. Ann Tracy, *September* 12

It has been a deep experience to me to send away from me this child of so many hopes and prayers into a world full of temptation. I have trembled

to think that his standard of right might ever be lower than it now is, and that pure and lofty aspirations might ever be lost in the degrading associations of life. I can pray for him still. But I must be willing unreservedly that God shall do with him as He sees best. Of course, could I choose, I would rather never look upon his dear face again than ever see there the shadow of sin. But I must be resigned even to the possibility of his wrongdoing, and must believe that our gracious Father will only *do good to us*, however inscrutable to us may be the means He shall use for the accomplishment of His wise and kind designs.

To Margaret E. White, *September*

Lately, I have been reading a book which is slow reading, but very superb and eloquent, — the second part of "Modern Painters," by Ruskin. I think it is a very elevating book, and one which would help one's eyes as well as one's heart and mind.

To Henry W. Foote, *September* 24

My dearest Harry, you don't know how much I miss you these still sunny Sunday noons. Your father is in the garden with Arthur in his arms, and Mary trotting by his side. I am thinking of you,

and asking myself, as I often do most earnestly, if I have done all I might have done to build up within you a purpose of resolute devotion to the highest objects in life. I cannot be contented with your being a good scholar, correct in your habits and deportment, and popular with your instructors and companions, but I long to feel that you are living constantly in view of the great end of life; that you are aiming to do what God placed you here to do, and with reference to His will and approval. I believe I would go on any pilgrim penance, and walk barefooted over rough stones, if I could be sure that I was helping you on, in the only path of true progress. I do not want to tire you with preaching, dearest child, but I must constantly think of you and pray for you.

To Henry W. Foote, *October* 9

I never enjoyed you so much in your life as during your visit at home. I feel as if time and the influence of new associations will never wean you from your home, but will only strengthen the influence of it upon your best affections and purposes. My heart overflows with gratitude as I remember how easily I should become anxious and unhappy about you if you gave me cause, and how

tranquil and happy you make me. I pray for you continually, my dearest child, that God's Spirit will descend and dwell within you; not only guarding you from open sin and transgression, but arming you to do His holy work in the world. I want you, as you mature in character and purpose, not to be contented with an *ordinary* virtue, but to aspire to write your name upon the world, and make it somewhat a better place than if you had never lived in it. Many parents would be satisfied merely to keep their children *innocent;* but I am ambitious to have you *actively good;* to have you make your mark upon the circle in which you move; so that *you could not be spared.* This is not because I am ambitious for you in the common meaning of that word, but I want you to be a truly Christian man. If you are so, you will recognize new relations and a still higher aim. You know how different may be the motives with which the same act is performed. If you habitually live as in God's presence, you will never act but from the highest principle of action. But I will not *preach* any more.

To Margaret E. White, *December* 1

Thanksgiving Day, in church, I had a delightful time. First there was the glow of gratitude which

I think you feel through your whole being when you stop to remember what has been done for you in the year that is past. Then comes the pale procession, rising up before you, of the departed. I think of Mr. Peabody and Cousin Amelia, of my own darlings who have been the crown of my Thanksgiving Day, as I have arrayed them to take down to the family meeting, and who passed but *one* Thanksgiving Day upon earth. Then my dear, kind, genial, partial friend, the Doctor, who always loved to shake my hand on every pleasant stopping-place in the journey of life, and whose greeting will never reach me more. Then, yesterday, Lucy's bright image, sparkling and radiant with hope, rose upon my vision, and all these were sweet, hardly sad.

To Margaret E. White, *December* 14

To-day, I have seen for the first time Lucy Howes's picture. It is exquisite, — as she must look in that heavenly world where, though we retain our identity, we shall be *our better selves*. A sweet, thoughtful, earnest looking into eternity is in those deep eyes, and the face rises on my memory as if I had looked upon the dear child in heaven. I did love her, and I miss her cheer and wisdom, as if a

portion of my daily food had been taken. I have found out how much she was to me. I hardly realized it when she was with me. Well, it is better, as our sympathizing "In Memoriam" says, —

> " 'T is better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all."

And there is a tender sweetness about my feeling to Lucy now that I would not part with.

To Margaret E. White, *December* 28

The dear old year! How I love it! I have been deeply happy, yet have known some sharp pangs, heavy anxieties, and disappointments. Yet my *home* life has been so blest and tranquil that I have not known one sting or weight there. But, whether I have been sick more than usual, and therefore have had more time to think, or whether life's lessons are ever growing more deep and precious to me, it seems to me that it has been a year of the deepest spiritual experience I have ever known. I am glad "I live," for it seems to me a noble privilege *to be.* Yet not one thrill of dread or sorrow would come over me if I thought this New Year's Day would be my last in this world. Both worlds, both lives seem encompassed by the loving kindness and protection of God — there is no room for despondency or fear.

1855

To Emily R. Morison, *February* 8

I have had so many aching hearts laid open to me the last year that, at times, I have felt as if there were nothing but misery and anxiety in the world. But still deeper seems the certainty that there is peace and strength, and that they may be ours *if our hearts are stayed on God.* Sudden death and bereavement, however sad may be the effect of such scenes, never give me that worn and *heart-weary* feeling that I have when listening to the story of *living* trials. Yet bereavement does sometimes so change and complicate life and its duties, that it brings all sorts of trials large and small in its train.

To Margaret E. White, *Sunday evening February* 25

I should never have done to be a forefather, dearest Meggie, for our furnace fire has gone out this coldest day in the year, and I feel quite miserable, and, in the midst of my mental and bodily shivers, I have tried to think how I should have behaved on that wintry voyage two hundred and thirty years ago, and I conclude I must have degenerated with

the age, and am fit for nothing but a descendant. Out of the fulness of the heart you know I always write, and just now I am thinking how cold I am, so I will vent my feelings on this subject, and then proceed.

I must tell you of a little characteristic speech of Molly's to-day. I was saying how hard it was to get away from Artie; he would say, "Don't go, Mamma," with such eagerness. "I never tear myself away," said Molly, "but ask him if he does n't want a piece of gingerbread, and play with his blocks, and kiss Mamy before she goes, and so mixing up the ideas, and having the pleasant ones predominate, he quite enjoys it."

To Emily R. Morison, *March*

The nearer I get through life, the more do I feel that there is no such thing as *death*. Everything connected with this busy, noisy scene of things seems to change and grow unreal. But the dead, or rather the departed, always retain the same relation to us. We never get beyond the reach of their large and patient love of us, and the very remembrance of it lifts us out of the sphere of worldly thoughts and aims and wishes.

"Great may be the dangers near,
Greater are the friends beside us."

Dearly as I love and prize my living friends, I think I feel their direct influence less vividly than that of those blessed ones who have gone from my sight.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *April* 29

Yesterday, Mr. Frothingham took leave of us as a people, and his parting prayer and words of farewell were very overpowering to me. On looking back carefully and earnestly, I can find in my recollections of these eight years only causes for gratitude. The doctrines which he has developed have only stimulated me more anxiously and prayerfully to establish my own convictions, and to "*give a reason* for the hope that is in me," while the absolute need of changing the course of our daily life and thought in conformity with our Saviour's life and teachings which he has taught by eloquent exhortation and by private example, have given me a new sense of the requirements laid upon those who profess to love and follow Christ.

I have seldom left the church on Sunday without an absolute and distinct purpose to carry the effect of what I heard into the week. Their departure from among us seems like the gray and leaden coloring which settles down upon the landscape when the purple and gold of sunset fade out.

To Caroline E. Frothingham, *May* 6

You, darling, have only known too well my actual dependence upon you. I will not speak of it now, but assure you that I have gained from this affection a strength which has served me in my hour of need. The thought of you shall be always a blessing. It shall make me accept *duty* instead of *delight*, make me seek to minister rather than be ministered unto. It shall take out the sting from disappointment, anxiety, and discontent, by filling me with peace, patience, and a heavenly trust. And with my sweetest moments of divinest peace and consolation your image will be associated. I am glad you sat down, though but for a moment, in my little sanctum. Oh, how I longed for one quiet hour with you there! But it was perhaps best as it was, and I will no longer cling to your dear presence as I have done, but lift my thoughts of you into a higher and broader sphere, where we may meet and *dwell together* still. God has been very good to me in giving you to me. He would not take away the joy of my heart without meaning to bestow on me, *if I accept it*, even a greater good than He has withdrawn. *In Him* I seek it, and my darling shall never be *a pain* to me, but an ever-

flowing fountain of peace, strength, and celestial comfort.

I went to see —— yesterday, who still has a cold. I have felt very strongly the peculiar emptiness and loneliness of her life, and trust I shall cultivate a true pity and kindness for her. Not that I do not feel the total incapacity which I have to be anything to her, for there is nothing in my nature which can help hers, yet consistent kindness may be better than nothing, if not for her yet for myself. I cannot be satisfied with giving outward kindness, while I deny the only boon which can be of value, and shall feel myself a hypocrite till I can give as you do, true hearty patience and sympathy. So near me, and so alone as she is, she seems an "opportunity," as Miss Sedgwick calls an offered duty. What I do shall be in sincerity, and then it will not come to naught.

Yesterday, my Harry walked down from Cambridge, and was so tired that he was glad to sit by me every moment he was here. He went back at night, leaving behind him a sweet memory of gratefulness and content as I recalled his loving, ingenuous look which gave me assurance that he was still my own, as when he sat in my lap and needed my hourly care long ago. I never felt so deeply as of late how much I have to be thankful for in his inno-

cent tastes, and in the openness of soul he has preserved towards me. How can I be grateful enough for this!

To Caroline E. Frothingham, *Sunday, May* 13

I do not think, my dearest Carrie, that you can realize how much your letter was to me! It seemed too good to be true that I held in my own hand what had so lately been touched by yours. I then felt that it was indeed better to have you *alive in Jersey City* than to think of you at home among the shining ones in those homes of rest and glory whence no pitying word of love and remembrance could ever reach me. I find, however, that my only strength and safety is to seek infinite consolation for what is an infinite loss, and not to delude myself with fancying that *letters* and *glimpses* are going to take the place of my daily joy and delight. It is useless to seek earthly satisfactions in hope of being beguiled into forgetfulness of my loss. If, in singleness of heart, we use the noblest and most effectual consolations which the Infinite Father has provided for us, we shall indeed turn sorrow into a crowning joy, and shall find that even our destitution may enrich us. But it is utterly vain to attempt to be consoled on lower grounds.

Oh, this beautiful world! One need not wait to go to heaven to realize God's presence. If He is not felt now, I think we shall seek Him in vain elsewhere. This wondrous mystery going on around us, as the buds unfold in this sweet sunshine! It is very comforting to me. I know that the Father will never be far from us, and it shall fill me with content and thankfulness.

To Mrs. Ann Tracy, *May*

Few objects are more disheartening to me than people who *feel* very good, loving as they do good books and good talk, and yet who practically disregard the claims of their fellow-creatures, and live a life of selfishness and self-indulgence while they fancy themselves on the mount.

To Henry W. Foote, *August* 31

I felt very homesick as I visited your empty chamber, and missed your long-drawn farewell at my own bedside. I could not think of you with so much tenderness if you did not go away from me sometimes. Parting, even for a season, has in it something like Death. While we are living together we do not think much about each other, but as soon as we are no longer objects of *sight* we become objects

of *thought*, and are brought unspeakably nearer. "I thank God upon every remembrance of you," if I may use Paul's words. And, however I may sometimes criticise and suggest, I am deeply satisfied with your thoughts, aims, and efforts, my dear child, and feel that years will only bind us together in a more strong and loving union.

[On September 30, Rev. Charles Lowe was installed as minister of the North Church. He was obliged to give it up in July, 1857, owing to ill-health, to my mother's great sorrow.]

To Emily R. Morison, *October* 2

I have been wanting, dearest Emily, to send you some account of the Installation, &c., and to thank you for your agreeable letter, but I have been overcome by one of my autumn colds, which makes me feel sick all over, and I could not muster resolution yesterday to say a word. To-day I feel a little better, and hope by quinine to break up the feverish habit which kept me on the sick list last year through October and November. When we can *accept* these miserable feelings, and be *willing* to be inefficient, indifferent, and desponding, I think a great point is gained, and we may *serve* better than when we seem to have all our sails spread, and to be going

before the wind. You know enough of these drawbacks to understand me, and yet I often wish I were knocked right down, instead of appearing well enough to be about. But enough of what sounds like complaining.

To S. C. Higginson, *October* 12

Elizabeth C.'s husband was married last week to a Mrs. A., a pretty woman whom he fell in love with through a hole in his fan across the church.[1]

To Caroline E. Frothingham, *October* 14

I sometimes wish you could know my little Artie as he is growing up. He is a great pet, and a loving little thing. He has a romantic tenderness for his father which is quite bewitching, and when he oversleeps himself in the morning, and is too late to meet him at the breakfast-table, he turns away disgusted even from the pears he has left for a souvenir, and sits looking like a forsaken lover. I always delight in every triumph of mind and soul over the more animal nature, and to see a child love his father more than a Seckel pear is charming.

The longer I live, I feel more and more that the

[1] In those days, palm-leaf fans were in all the pews, and served many uses.

essential part of education is to develop a strong love and taste for the best things, rather than to correct particular faults. If I can make my impetuous and strong-willed little Arthur understand and love the beauty of his father's generous, self-sacrificing, and tender life, I shall feel pretty easy about him. What we love with all our hearts we wish to be; and, if we begin early enough, we may hope to be.

To Margaret E. White, *November* 6

My husband returned before twelve with the confirmation of what he had felt sure of all along, the news that the Know-Nothings were elected. I never felt happy before in his position during an election. It was what he could not help, but for years I have hated to have him forced along to endorse or work for the Whigs. This year I inwardly hoped he would see his way clear to join the Republican Party, but I soon found that he had so thorough a want of confidence in its leaders, that he would never commit himself to it. Then I dreaded lest he should be obliged to fall back upon the rum and pro-slavery Whigs, but he has really succeeded in maintaining an independent position. He resolved that if there were the most remote possibility of his

Caleb Foote

vote's telling, he would vote the Republican ticket, but, as it was, he picked out just the men he thought best of, and voted for them, Rockwell at the head. He says the more he has known of the movements of this new party, the more glad he has been that he did not connect himself with them, but reserved to himself the privilege of being an independent person. This course is never a popular one, and people feel fully at liberty to call it cowardly, inconsistent, treacherous, and every way unsatisfactory. But, as he privately observed to me, "I have suited *one* person, and that has been one whom it has been hard to satisfy in many previous elections — *myself*." I don't know that I have any business to talk about his views and notions, for you know he is in no hurry to vindicate himself, and would rather act independently than talk about it, but I have enjoyed it so much myself that out of the abundance of the heart it has been pleasant to speak.

To Caroline E. Frothingham, *November* 11

I think one comfort in growing old is that we learn to value one kind of excellence in every person, and not expect *all kinds* in the same person. This is indeed the only way fully to enjoy people.

To Margaret E. White, *December* 10

Oh, how I do long to see you, my dearest sister! These long absences are sad breaks, and I feel more and more what it is to dwell apart. It is not so very unlike the separation from those shining ones who have passed behind the veil. It is not alone "the dead," as Alford says, that are "dear and fair," for I think the absent ones are transfigured. But I do long for you near me to enter into my daily life.

1856

To Henry W. Foote, *January* 14

My plan for the next six weeks is to go nowhere where you do not want to go, and to go with you everywhere that you want to go; in other words, to be one of those *unique* mothers who are patterns of the maternal relation. Joking apart, it gives me more happiness than I can possibly express to look forward to our happy hours of real communion together. I trust they will be marred by no shortcomings on the part of either of us. And, since everything is better done and enjoyed when thoroughly prepared for, I think it not amiss to throw out for your consideration, as well as my own, the thought that most faults that grow up between people who love one another proceed more from "want of thought" than want of heart. I do delight to say, my dearest child, that, in all your late visits at home, I have perceived an absence of everything that I wished to alter in these respects. It is unspeakably delightful to me to feel this, because the happiness and peace of life depend upon these little things much more than upon heights of self-sacrifice

or depths of affection, upon which the little calls of every day make no demand. A cheerful, acquiescent spirit, self-controlled and tranquil in the midst of surrounding irritations (such, in fact, as you always see in your dear father), can do more towards making one's home a heaven upon earth than truly great and generous qualities which are marred by habits of selfishness and impatience, and the spirit of petty exaction. I love the better to say all this because I have felt that you have most successfully striven with all the temptations which you find in your natural temperament, and in this way will convert a cross into a crown.

To Emily R. Morison, *January* 27

I heard from Miss Guild, Friday, that Mrs. Tracy particularly wished to see me, and, spite of the cold, I went yesterday morning and passed a long day with her in her sunny little chamber. It always seems like entering into a sphere of love and peace and immortal hope to come into her presence. I never knew anybody so near another world. She must leave us soon, and it will be to me an indescribable loss. I think she is associated with the best moments of my childhood, and often wonder how it would have been without her and Aunt

Bromfield. For years we passed every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon with them in their charming parlor, welcomed with fondness, reproved with tenderness, and listened to with never failing sympathy. They indelibly wrote themselves upon my memory, and with their image come thronging all sweet and pure and healthful associations. If I could ever do as much for a lonely, motherless child, I should be thankful.

To William O. White, *January* 28

It is so rare a pleasure to see your handwriting, my dearest William, that I cannot delay answering your letter, although Monday morning brings its multiplied occupations, and my little Artie, like a fly buzzing in my ear, or a humming-bird darting between my eye and my paper, rather divides with you the possession of my thoughts. He is unfolding very sweetly, and is docile and generous. Saturday morning, a little girl came into the kitchen to ask for charity while he was eating his dinner. He picked up the import of her message, and, jumping down from his high chair, carried to her his plate of rice, saying, "Little girl, take Artie's dinner. Artie is sorry you are cold." He needs, of course, constant drilling, for, with his amount of steam, he would be

forever making inroads upon other people's time and convenience. But he is full of material, and the various elements are sweetly combined in him.

To Margaret E. White, *February* 8

Our town has been very gay this winter, and the young people count up forty parties in succession. They have German meetings here which they seem to enjoy very much. They meet for conversation in German, and have frolics, yet feel that they learn a good deal. Also, a French class meet in the same way, and the ministers have a Greek club who meet, and Mrs. Robinson said they were talking of getting up a party to *talk English*.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *February*

Your letter, received last evening, was intensely interesting to me, dearest Eliza. I think I fully comprehend, at least so far as one can what lies in another's mind, the vitality which doctrines have to you. I have always felt that the doctrine of the Trinity was not found by me in the Gospels, and that our Saviour perpetually recognized a distinction between Himself and the Father, and it has always seemed to me that, in losing this sense of difference, I should *lose* something instead of gaining. I do not

say these things to enter into any controversy. Such a state of mind as yours is an unanswerable proof that *you* have found the living truth. I can only hope and believe that what I find may be the saving truth to me. I know that if prayer and study can open the Scriptures to me, I shall not be left in darkness as to necessary and vital truths. I know no other way but to open my Bible with a prayer that "the Spirit of Truth may guide me into all truth," and to go whithersoever that may lead me. The object of my desire is to "have Christ formed in me." Shall I be suffered to seek in vain?

So far from wishing *you* agreed with *me*, I would not for the world have you in any other condition than you are; and few things have rejoiced my heart more than that you have, so far as you have, the sympathy and coöperation of all your household. I enjoy thinking of your Sabbaths, and hearing about them, and it does not seem to me that even among those who welcome you to a peculiar sympathy in the views they cherish, any friend can be found, who has an intenser joy than I, in sharing and witnessing your blessedness. I am thankful that you so far realize this that you communicate your experiences to me. Nothing compares in interest to me with the real vital experiences of a Christian

soul, and I think we are bound to share those which may stimulate another to a more active and earnest pursuit of truth. I think I must seem to you an enigma, and am willing to have you not understand me, if you believe in me and trust me.

I might speak to you of my own joys which I look at and cherish with trembling gratitude. I ask myself why I should have been permitted to know so much of heaven below, and I am constantly dreading lest I should realize less the power and support of faith. But I feel that I have much to learn, and that I am ever on the verge of sin and error, and I can only repeat the hymn —

> "As a little child relies
> On a care beyond his own,
> Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
> Fears to stir a step alone,
> Let me thus with Thee abide,
> As my Father, Guard, and Guide."

Let us pray for one another, and hold fast to everything which may bind us together.

To Margaret E. White, *February* 18

Lizzie L. is getting ready to be married in April, and will live in one of those wedding-cake boxes in West Street. I mean it is a little box only fit for newly married folks.

To Eliza A. Guild, *March* 6

Let us listen to Him and follow Him, seeking rather to know and love Him than to understand *how* the human and divine met in Him. I can never sympathize with the troubles of doubters. I should expect that the *Infinite* would contain depths which the *finite* could not comprehend, and can reverently wait, rejoicing that enough is revealed to me clearly to enable me to accept Christ as my Teacher, Master, and Saviour.

Journal, *March* 20

In the evening, I went to hear William Endicott's lecture before the Young Men's Union, on "Patriotism." It was a beautiful lecture. I walked home in the bright moonlight with Mr. Leeds, who came in and stayed till ten. From that hour till eleven, I spent in my dear little sanctum, enjoying the thought that it was *this* moon that shone upon our Saviour when, with His disciples, He crossed the brook Cedron, and went into the garden of Gethsemane.

Journal, *April* 23

I was at Mrs. Cole's, and, looking out of the window, saw a cotton umbrella going by which

seemed to belong to a *short* person. Who should be beneath it but my Arthur, followed by a train of little boys and girls! I seized him by the hand, and peremptorily led him home.

To Margaret E. White, *May* 6

I have many sad associations connected with this season of opening life and bloom, but they all give way to the influences that seem to come from the very heart of the God of Love. He is saying audibly every moment to us that He is near us, watching over us, calling into life all things to minister to our happiness and delight.

I think the saddest heart must at least be softened into thanksgiving by the notes of joy and praise that sound forth from all Creation. *Life* — *life* seems promised by this resurrection of Nature. No matter which side of the grave we stand, we shall live forevermore! Every year seems this miracle of Nature more overwhelming to me. We ought to be on our knees worshipping and praising, instead of being immersed in dusty and engrossing cares; but, thank God, —

> "Although the world our *hands* employ,
> Our hearts — (*may be*) wholly Thine."

To me life within and without grows more intensely interesting and beautiful every year. I was amused

the other day at Edward's look of half surprise when I was speaking of some of my happinesses. "Why, you have not lost any of the romance of youth." I desire to *hold on*, for my own comfort, and for the encouragement of those who are told that certain feelings which are life's brightest joy, belong only to youth. I feel as if I were made new every year just as Nature seems.

Our dear father felt much the sudden death of his old friend and classmate, Dr. Warren. How interesting a fact that that stoical old man should have died of grief and anxiety. Truly we know not those whom we judge.

To Caroline E. Frothingham, *June* 1

I found my dear Harry boy at home, and have enjoyed his vacation unspeakably. He is all on fire about the Sumner outrage, and has been reading all the speeches, and I love to see his blood so stirred. How intensely interesting it is to look upon one's own boy, and think *he may be a power in the world for good.* Oh, how I pray that it may be so! And when I listen to his glowing words, I feel as if he had something within him which might prompt him to self-sacrifice, and to a movement in a holy cause. How can life be thought monotonous and common-

place when a mother's heart and hopes are so perpetually embarking in these venturous crafts, and their souls are stirred and their thoughts lifted so earnestly as this untried future is before them, in which their children are to act and to be. I am sure it seems to me all the time that life is *crowded with interest*, that every hour has its story, more thrilling than fiction, and that nothing is repeated, but still a new interest evolved with every passing day.

To Henry W. Foote, *June* 4

I thought of you at the meeting on Monday, and like to have you nurse up your indignation if you do not let it become intolerance. Sometimes "the handsome brother of anger and hatred," as Coleridge calls indignation, grows actually deformed and diabolical, but it surely need not be so.

Journal, *Sunday, June* 15

This has been a sweet, sacred day. I shall not soon forget the evening song of the birds as I was lying alone on the sofa. Oh, this is a beautiful world, and we are blessed to be allowed to live in it, as *one* of the mansions of our Father's house!

To S. C. Higginson, *June* 30

Another week has passed, and brought with it your most welcome letter. Oh, my dearest Susan! you cannot tell how I long to see you, and how your home rises before my mind's eye as a paradise where I find again my youth, and all that made it glowing and beautiful. While I live I must feel differently about you and your home from anything else. As I look back, the history of my young life is bound up with you, and your influence runs through all those years, a golden thread which brightens and secures all the rest. I cannot even *imagine* what my life from fifteen to twenty-five would have been without you. You were a needed discipline for me, as all exaggerated feeling must be. I was so anxious for your affection, and so fearful of losing it, or of not being anything to you that I wanted to be, that at times this devoted feeling made me miserable. And you taught me first the lesson, which we must learn some time or other, that no affection can make us happy, or can make us give happiness to others, which is not free from selfish cravings for return. It must be purged from this corrupting element, or it may become only a torture and a degradation. In loving you as I did, I found a necessity for self-

discipline which a more moderate feeling would never have taught me, and I always associate your image with some of the most valuable teachings of my experience. Why all this came out just now I know not. Only I am all alone in this sweet, quiet twilight hour, and I seem to feel you very near me, and am whispering in your ear my very thought. Yes, dear one, whatever else I lose, I shall never lose the memory of you until I forget the dearest treasures of my youth. And it is another life that I am leading now. How it startles us to find that we are sympathizing with our children, who are standing where we stood twenty years ago! Yet this passing on is not painful, it is beautiful, and we can keep our youth if we dwell constantly in the presence of fresh aspirations, and if we do not lose the memory of all that makes youth precious.

And next week comes my boy's long vacation. He came on Thursday to pass the Fourth, and goes up to-morrow. And he revels in home and sits close to his mother every minute. It is pleasant to see his fresh enjoyment of poetry. He has been putting Tennyson into me this week, and it made me feel old, since there *was* a time when I made him happy with Mother Goose. He is a dear boy, and I should

like to have him know you. He welcomes into his very heart his mother's friends.

I cannot close without speaking of our present position politically. For the first time in my life I am caring intensely about a Presidential election, and it is so inspiring to me to see party fetters broken, that I cannot but find in the present posture of affairs a great deal to encourage me. It is so delightful to feel that it is a sentiment and principle, and not an attachment to party, that organizes the present movement, and to find ourselves working with the right sort of people. You know my husband always clung to the Whig Party, feeling that it could do more than any other for freedom. But when the questions came up which fairly divided and broke it up, you could never doubt where he would be found. Even if our hopes are to be disappointed I shall always be glad of the *movement.*

To Margaret E. White, *July* 2

We are all for

> "Free speech, free press, free soil, free men,
> *Fremont* and victory!"[1]

[1] This was part of the chorus to a campaign song, which was sung to the tune of the *Marseillaise.*

It is the first electioneering campaign that I ever felt like going into, and I do it with my whole heart, and, if we fail, it will not all be emptiness and disappointment, for a good will have been gained, if only that is accomplished which we have already seen, — uniting on a great principle instead of a custom and a habit.

To William O. White, *August* 5

I feel as if some better way of communication *must* open between us, my dearest William, than this mechanical pen-and-ink arrangement. For how can I welcome our baby in this way! I can only receive her with tears of joy and prayers of thanksgiving. This choking feeling of gratitude cannot vent itself in words. And indeed I am not tempted to say much about it. What I do, is in silence to go back to my own recollections of the unutterable bliss of the holy period of joy and hope in which you dear ones are dwelling. You two, and that little silent, unconscious being whose breath seems to you like an utterance of God's especial love and care! What sound ever was like that feeble, fluttering breathing! You hang over it and listen to it hour after hour, you lose yourself in following this new-found being through its never ending life, and you cannot

rest in hope and love, but you are thrown upon *prayer*, — and in that element you live!

Our children are all quite engrossed with their feelings of delight. Artie says, "Is she *kind?* Will she scratch me?" (having lately been exposed to the tender mercies of some *very* young women).

But my words shall be few this time. God bless you, my dearest brother and sister, and bless that precious one whom He has given you! I speak these unsatisfactory words of congratulation in the name of all our sympathizing household, and am ever,

Your loving MARY

To MARGARET E. WHITE, *August* 8

I think it is high time to creep myself into the chamber and lift up the sheet to look at the baby, and sit down quietly beside the mother, and whisper a few words to her. What can I say? One little delightful yawn from the new wonder is worth all my words. Every time she nestles and grunts and stretches and clenches her tiny fist, and draws up her little feet, you would leave off listening to me, in order to look at her; and I am sure you are no true mother if when she opens her eyes full upon you, you do not feel as if a Heaven of Love looked straight into your heart.

Why should we ever borrow anxiety concerning events which are hidden from us, and beyond our control! These are the sorrows which God does not help us to bear. His strength is reserved for those trials which He prepares and offers to us. We will trust Him for these, and we will unreservedly commit ourselves and all who are dear to us to His loving guardianship. When He tells us that "a mother may forget her infant child, but He will not forget us," do we not learn a new lesson of child-like dependence, love, and gratitude?

To MARGARET E. WHITE, *August* 18

I have had so many heartaches in sympathy with mothers that I almost know that to find an easy mind I must go to somebody who is *not* a mother. Yet what a cowardly view of life! One might as well ask to be an oyster as beg off from the experience that comes to us through the most exquisite of all human delights. My present cares are only pleasures, and I ought not to borrow trouble for the future, but I find myself shrinking from the time when Harry will be forced to decide what he will do and be, and still more from all that the future may have in store for my precious daughter. As for the little pet, everything like trial for him seems

in the far-off future, and the present moment brings me rich and absolute content in him. He is a charming child to live with, and the delight of the house.

To Margaret E. White, *August* 20

Do you want to know how I am passing this rainy day? Let me describe the group in the nursery. The "house-mother" is fitting shirts, and busy at her pile of work. Harry sitting with shaded eyes, listening to our Mary who is reading aloud the fascinating "John Halifax," which grows so touching that we take turns to see who can read best for the choking in the throat. On the floor is blessed little Artie, who for hours will rear his block houses, only turning *silently* to us for sympathy with his grand achievements. It has been a happy, cheery day, and now the mother has stolen away from her happy children to speak to her dear sister Meggie, and to kiss the soft cheek of her little Lily. How I should like to watch her, and have half of her first smiles. I almost feel as if she were my own. Nothing on earth is like it. I sometimes wonder whether anything in heaven can correspond to those unutterable joys. *Pure bliss* I call these first few weeks, and then come different degrees of enjoyment which, as they come, we would

not exchange for any we have known before; but I always go back to the memory of that darkened room, and that little quiet breathing, the only sound, as being more like heaven than anything I can remember or imagine. We live in an atmosphere of worship, and are enveloped in love, and our thoughts are prayers. You may think how much I dwell with you there.

To S. C. Higginson, *August*

Mary Mann showed me a brilliant letter from Sophia Hawthorne, glowing all over with rainbow hues. It was written from Blackheath Park, within twenty minutes by rail of London, where they are domiciled for three months for Sophia's health. She is under the care of the most celebrated physician in the world for bronchial affections. He says her lungs are not affected, but prescribes rest "to the mortal mother of three children," as she says — and "a pony phaeton and good living." Sophia seems to have been very intimate with high life in Lisbon, "the wise young king, more good and high-minded than his brilliant, fascinating father, being among my most valued acquaintances." She describes exquisitely her arrival in the port of Liverpool, and the meeting with her husband, and

her delight in "presenting to him his rosy, blooming daughters." "Una is princely looking, and Rose abundantly bewitching." She describes a soirée at Monckton Milnes', where were "Mr. and Mrs. Browning, Macaulay, and dear good Marquis (*somebody* whose name I ought to remember), who paid Mr. Hawthorne most marked attention, forcing him to take precedence on every occasion." Then, too, a charming party at Mrs. S. C. Hall's, where Lover sang some of his inimitable songs, &c., and where Sophia's own dress is described as exquisite, a blue *glacé* silk, with three flounces embroidered with white floss, a head-dress of pearl and blue, and a shawl of beautiful Madeira lace.

To Caroline E. Frothingham, *September* 13

I came home [from Milton], and was met by the news of my dear Mrs. Tracy's death. It was hardly a surprise, hardly even a *regret*, yet it was a tender, solemn experience to think of my near friend as dwelling in a different world. I was scarcely prepared for so much feeling about it, but I find that the thought cleaves to me day by day, and hangs about me at night, and

> "Part of myself seems lapsed away
> From Time into Eternity."

But it is not a feeling of *loss*, rather one of growth and enlargement. She ever loved me without regard to what I was or did, but from her inexhaustible tenderness, and, now that it is without mortal limitations, I feel that her love is more ennobling, and that it may help me more. Never did I know a being more trained for the spiritual life, not merely by good books, good words, and feelings, but by that love and service of others which always led her to deal with her fellow-creatures as if they stood in Christ's stead. She reverenced the highest thing *possible* to all, and, if there were a portion of vitality however small in any human soul, her good seed dropping into the soil, however ill-prepared, often bore most unexpected blossoms and even fruit. I love to remember her gentleness and magnanimity towards offenders, her sweet sincere courtesy to those whom she could not approve, but did not know how to despise, and her loving heart ever responding to any movement of affection; and I glow with gratitude as I attempt in imagination to follow her in her heavenward path. I can see blessedness pouring in upon her through so many avenues. In a world of love, light, progress, and eternal peace, how much she will have to enjoy and to impart! A blessing is such a friend while she

lives, and still more when she passes into the heavens, since our deepest experiences are so widened by a relationship to one who is above all earthly influences.

Yesterday I was grieved to have Harry come home because his eyes gave out. It is a great cause of anxiety to me, but I hope in a few days they may be relieved. *Can* we "take no thought for the morrow?" It is a hard lesson for a mother to learn. It seems to me as if I would give up eyes, and ears, and everything if I could only save the children from physical trials; but a truer feeling is to submit and accept their troubles as we would our own.

To Caroline E. Frothingham, *September* 21

You don't know what a new world it is to feel *such* an interest in electioneering movements. It is rather a vital matter to an editor's wife, and all election talk has been hitherto distasteful. But now I swallow with avidity every morsel of news that makes for our side, sure that it is the right side. It is good to be working with the right sort of people. It is really mountain air after the atmosphere of Ann Street to be breathing in the inspirations of principle rather than catching the zeal of party politics. It is not the part of Christian charity to classify people, and call them goats and sheep,

ourselves placing them on the right side or the left, but one cannot help recognizing, in this division of parties, certain elements which do of themselves classify people.

To Emily R. Morison, *September* 26

My hands just now seem quite full, for Harry is hungry for all my spare moments. I think his eyes have been slowly gaining ever since our doctor took them in hand. The first week they seemed growing worse, and it was very depressing to me. But he has behaved beautifully, mystifying me completely as to his feelings, and confessing to me for the first time, after his anxieties were relieved, how heavily they pressed upon him.

To Margaret E. White, *September* 30

Mother went to Milton Thursday, and came back Friday. Emily seems much interested in their flourishing Kansas sewing-parties. We are all roused up here too, and think of election and Kansas more than it is quite comfortable to do. Such are the mixed motives of common mortals that our interest doubtless is quickened by the felt atmosphere of so many Fillmore men. I know now why family quarrels are said to be the most bitter. I find I am

amiably disposed towards old-fashioned Democrats by the side of these *Whigs* (as, to our good father's indignation, they assume to call themselves). However, I may give a false idea of my mood if I represent myself as savage, for I feel so supremely content with my husband's position that I enter into this election with feelings different from what I ever had before. He has so cast off all party trammels that his independence is understood by all, and his word is as simply and entirely his thought as it would be in conversation. This it is difficult to have in common party times. Unconsciously, much is suppressed that is individual, and the *one* loses, or rather, merges himself in the party. One thing too adds much zest, that I like the company I am in. All the hollow, unprincipled Whigs seem to have been winnowed out of the party by the slavery question. Many good men and true have stayed in the lines of the old party, but very few, it seems to me, act and feel with the Frémont party excepting those who are impelled to do so by a principle and a sentiment.

To Henry W. Foote, *October* 16

My dearest Harry, you have no idea how I miss you. The house seems empty, and, at times, deso-

late. I do believe that nobody ever had so loving a son. And it is especially delightful to me to remember everything that happened during your stay at home, and, most of all, your ready, never-failing sympathy. It is a thought almost too precious for utterance that we grow nearer to each other every year we live. If this nearness increases, or even continues, it seems to me that no separation which Death would cause could be to me very terrible. Yet I will trust that we may long be spared to each other in this dear, happy, beautiful world.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *October* 22

I do think that a good state of the nervous temperament helps us wonderfully to carry burthens which weigh upon the spirit. We may not seek too anxiously to inquire why it is that physical hindrances should be permitted to operate at times almost as *spiritual drawbacks*, but it may be as Law says, "The devout soul is safe in every state, if it makes everything an occasion either of rising up or falling down into the hands of God, and exercising faith and trust and resignation to Him. And therefore the pious soul that eyes only God, that means nothing but being His alone, can have no

stop put to his progress; light and darkness equally assist him: in the light he looks up to God, in the darkness he *lays hold on God*, and so they both do him the same good." Your spiritual experience may be different, but I have found it impossible to realize the Divine presence and blessing at some times as much as others, and if, in an hour of darkness, I could prostrate myself in humility and faith, and wait for a brighter and stronger hour, it has seemed as if the Holy Spirit descended upon me, and turned the darkness into day. Oh, our infinite needs are fully met, and when we once *believe* this, "all things are added unto us." I think your religious experiences have aided my own, and I have sought more prayerfully and unintermittingly the light which only comes to the constant seeker.

JOURNAL, *Tuesday, November* 4

"The great, the eventful day." It rose in tears as if Nature sympathized with us in our approaching disappointment.[1]

JOURNAL, *Wednesday, November* 5

I hated to meet anybody and hear of our defeat.

[1] The election of James Buchanan.

To Margaret E. White, *November* 21

We are a happy set in Warren Street, and my heart is almost oppressed with a sense of our exemption from all dark and perplexing trials. How *can* I show my thankfulness? I ought to be doing more for others! The bountiful Father receives no expression of gratitude so approvingly as a kind deed done to His children for His sake, and I constantly resolve to do more for those less favored than I. "What shall I render to the Lord?" I used to say when I was a little mite of a child. I say it now every hour in the day.

To Caroline E. Frothingham, *Monday December* 1

Friday we had another Thanksgiving dinner, Emily and Mr. Morison and the children all arriving. It was very pleasant, but the day was saddened, or rather it was lifted out of the range of common days, by hearing that our dear Mr. Peabody had passed from our sight.[1] I can remember nothing about him, or my intercourse with him, that I do not love to dwell upon. His attachments

[1] Rev. Ephraim Peabody, minister of King's Chapel from 1846 to 1856.

were very unwavering, and his discernment very unusual. He never committed himself to a friendship without *knowing;* and he never lost or alienated a friend, though he always performed the best office of a friend by "speaking the truth in love." I think I never knew any person who was beloved by so many, and certainly never did any one strive less than he to draw towards himself the tributes and "golden opinions" of others — unconscious as a child, he drew others to him, and kept them among the circle of devoted friends, without ever making one sacrifice of truth or personal independence to retain them. God was very bountiful to him in giving him His best gifts.

To S. C. Higginson, *December* 30

I have indeed known and loved very good beings in this world, and I do not feel that they are lost from "love's shining circle." How they enrich even this earth which they have left! I think that years as they pass deepen their hold upon me, and I bless God that the departed ones are never far from me. I do feel, my dearest Susan, intensely blest in all this life has been and is to me! I know not how to express it! It seems constantly opening into heaven. And I cannot fear any loss, for everything

that is taken from earth seems gained to that other world which we are approaching so surely, so rapidly! My children are an unspeakable delight to me, and in them I have a sympathy I never dreamed of. And, when I think that if we live to "totter down" life's hill together, and the children are all scattered each one to his own, we may find in those still hours a sweet close to a busier and gayer day, old age looks serene and welcoming, and all things seem beautiful in their season.

Harry is supremely blest in his present life. Every moment is golden, no regrets, no fears, only shining hopes and eager aspirations; disappointment, anxiety, unrest, all unknown.

To Margaret E. White, *December* 30

Many experiences of the past year I have been compelled to go through without claiming your sympathy, but my own personal experiences I love, dearest sister, to share with you. And you will rejoice with me if I say to you, in all humility, that I feel that the past year has brought me the richest blessings! I know not why it is that, in my weakness and imperfection, I have been permitted to experience such an increase of the Divine Spirit, but it has been a very marked period to me. Human

interests have been sanctified, and seem to me to have become less engrossing, and it does seem to me that communion with God and the Saviour have become more and more to me the real, abiding interest. I *never* felt so happy, and so deep a conviction that *events* are secondary. I ask with humility whether my faith would sustain me under such trials as others are called to endure. I can only trust God that as my day so shall my strength be. *I know* that, if I am faithful to Him, He will never leave me without the support of His presence and blessing. One great comfort is that I do not feel that *human* aid has been given me, and I lean on no one. If a quickened interest in spiritual things can be traced to the influence of an earthly friend and adviser, we feel that we may be deceived as to the real power that influences us. But with me it has been found where it has been sought, in communion with that Infinite One who is always the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever. I cherish it tremblingly, and look up to Heaven always praying that it may be continued to me. I have known of transient spiritual states, and I shrink with a dread which no other loss or suffering brings me, from losing this surpassing blessing!

"Oh! that the Comforter would come!
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me His constant home,
And *keep possession* of my breast!"

I know not how I have written this to you, dearest Meggie, when I could not do it to any other living soul. I think it must be because I feel a sort of consciousness that you have known my spiritual wants and needs, my inmost struggles and difficulties, and I wanted to give you the comfort of sympathizing with a higher mood than you have known in me. Do not misunderstand me. I do not mean that my experience builds up my spiritual pride, any more than the gift of your angel baby does in you, but I feel as devoutly, tremblingly grateful as you do when you hold her in your arms, and look up to God in prayers of thanksgiving!

Perhaps I have written this partly too because in this, my last letter in the old year, it is natural to review the past. In *my* year, this is the one prominent event! the one blessing to be grateful for just as your baby is to you! And it is a blessing that so deepens other sources of joy, so takes from them their ensnaring power, that it well may be the crowning thought.

To Henry W. Foote, *Wednesday evening December* 31

The last record of the year shall be for you, my dearest boy, for my thoughts are with you to-night. We have had, my dear Harry, a very happy year. It almost makes me tremble as I look round and see *all* my treasures untouched, and think how it would change our home if any one were taken from it. These tender and anxious thoughts would be almost sorrowful if we could not consecrate them by giving up all our hearts' desires to Him who will take better care of us and our dearest interests than we could do with all our watchful love.

Your life is too *outward*, too much taken up with living interests and occupations for you to dwell much in the region of abstract thought, and you can hardly meddle much with the future, so engrossing is your present, but I hope, on the threshold of this New Year, my beloved child, that you pause long enough to offer a prayer of renewed self-consecration, long enough to think what you are *preparing for*, and to ask some of those great questions of your own heart which the coming year shall answer. My dearest child, you have my earnest prayers

to-night that the New Year may bring you the best blessing, a heart filled with purposes of obedience, and a life consecrated to God's service. I will leave *events* in the charge of Infinite Wisdom.

JOURNAL, *Wednesday, December* 31

The evening I passed quietly and alone. It was full of peace and grateful thought. It seems to me that we were never so deeply blessed through any year as through the one which is closing! I constantly pray that I may be willing to suffer if it shall be God's will; but, while I am permitted to rest in such heavenly peace, I will take with gratitude the blessings of to-day, and will not cloud the present by dreading sorrows which may never come.

More than for all external blessings do I thank God for the sense of a nearer union with His blessed Spirit than I have ever known before! This gives me the sweet assurance that, when sorrow comes, my strength shall be as my day. Without one misgiving I look forward, not asking for what most call *blessings*, but simply asking that I may be drawn nearer to God and the Saviour, and that nothing may separate me from Their love. With this prayer for myself I would also ask for my dear-

est ones the same all-comprehending good. Bless them, Infinite Father, by making them one with Thee! Do with them as Thou wilt! but I beseech Thee through all their experiences of life draw them to Thyself!

1857

JOURNAL, *Thursday, January* 1

I was early awake, but I did not wish to be insensible to the thought that a New Year had dawned upon us. It was easy to concentrate my deepest emotions and purposes, and to give a celestial value to the hour. How earnestly I wished and prayed that these, the highest and truest states of the soul, might be the *abiding* ones; that the view which seemed so clear and true in these calmer hours might be the one which should be permanent. I felt peculiarly happy, — not because the outward aspect of my life seems so genial, so safe, so peaceful, and unclouded, but because it seemed to me that I had gained a stronger hold on the eternal life, because I felt a more vital communion with heaven, and a more intimate dependence on the Holy Spirit for guidance and support than I have ever known before. This fills me with an inexpressible thankfulness. I can only breathe it forth to God in humility and gratitude. It takes from me all burden of anxiety about events. I *know* that God will give me everything if He but gives me Himself. My study for this

year shall be to get all the light upon my own heart, and my duties to those around me, which a daily prayerful hour with His sacred Word will give me. That tender, all-pitying Father will never cast out one who earnestly prays for light. I feel that this year is a very important epoch in my life. If I slide back after the deep spiritual experiences of the past year, I feel that I can never again hope to have a faithful, persistent discipleship. Gracious Father! Thou knowest my heart. Thou knowest if I love Thee. I would pray for the New Year only that its joys or its sorrows may lead me to Thee, and keep me close beside Thee. Whom have I in Heaven but Thee? There is none on earth that I desire in comparison with Thee.

To Caroline E. Frothingham, *February* 14

I have little to record of the week that is past. It has not been without its interests and excitements. How rich and full life is to those who love and are loved! No need of novels and poems when human hearts beat round you, and are opened to you. I believe I have been laughed at more than once by people in their sleeves for my power of becoming interested in others. Some may have thought it romantic and ridiculous for a woman of my age,

and others may have felt that a genuinely deep interest would be more concentrated, and that a large stream was only a little stream diluted. But I thank God for the power of love and sympathy; for, although much of the discipline of my life has come in this way, yet there have been exquisite delights which have made the earth green in winter, and have unsealed my ears to the notes of birds, and turned this dull, common, work-a-day world into something like heaven. I feel the inequality of God's gifts when I remember that there are those who hardly know what it is to enter into direct communion with others' hearts, and who pass through life isolated and shut out from this blessed privilege. This would seem to me a harder fate than to be deaf to music or blind to the sunshine.

An undisciplined affection, unvisited by the sweetness of a heavenly peace which can alone come from a freedom from selfishness, must bring its own punishment. But God did not give us these loving hearts to be so embittered, and, if we will bring them to Him, and offer to Him our best and strongest emotions, He will crown them with a satisfying peace which no human love can do.

JOURNAL, *Thursday, February* 19

A miserable day as to the body. My sleeplessness begins to wear upon me. *I must take care of my body.* When this is disordered the spirit is chilled and hindered. But oh, the blessing of *Prayer!* This almost lifts a *physical weight.*

TO CAROLINE E. FROTHINGHAM, *February* 22

This bright, hopeful Sunday morning puts a new spirit within me. My heart dances with joy, as unconscious of *why* as Arthur is when he moves to the music of his brother's whistling. How good it is to keep time with the joyous march of the universe! But we are not always *in step,* and then it jars, this universal harmony without. Query? Am not I happy partly because I slept well? I have been tormented with a series of wakeful nights which have kept my physical vigor at a low ebb, and I seem to emerge into a new existence when I have been bathed in the soft, dewy atmosphere of unconsciousness. Nobody can tell the derangement of the whole being which is brought about by wakefulness. Our friends should judge us charitably.

I can love you as much without seeing you, and indeed, I think, without hearing from you, as if

you were in my daily sight. This makes love and life immortal in our view, and it is necessary to *love deeply* in order to learn this elevating truth. In fact, we must live in every part of our being in order to know its capabilities, and, even if we learn these things through bitter suffering, the lesson is worth all it costs.

Aunt Smith is the quietest person that ever was. You almost feel rebuked for ever caring much about things when you see how her tranquillity helps her to do her daily work. But I long since gave up trying *to be anybody but myself*.

To Henry W. Foote, *February* 27

One line must go to my dearest child to-night, and, although Aunt Smith is sitting by my side, I must take the time to tell how I miss him. I thank God daily and nightly, my dearest child, that I can see you leave my side without one anxious feeling, and that, if no higher Presence encompasses you, the memory of your happy home will ever be about you as "a guard angelic." I cannot *attempt* to tell you what this comfort is to me. I could not know one moment's happiness and peace without it. But now I feel easy in commending you as I do many times a day to the influences of God's Holy Spirit,

which will always meet your aspirations, and aid your every upward thought and movement. I am going to put a beautiful hymn into the next "Mercury." I wish you would learn it to repeat.

Mary misses you as we all do, but I think nobody misses you quite as much as your mother. However, it is a *sweet pain*, "pleasant though mournful to the soul," as Ossian says. You may remember with satisfaction that your visit gave me *unqualified* pleasure, and that every thought of you is a comfort. Let us pray for each other, my darling Harry, and *help each other* on the heavenward way. Your father's love and blessing goes to you with that of

Your loving MOTHER

To CAROLINE E. FROTHINGHAM, *March* 6

You say that my letters sound as if I were well and cheerful. I never was so long without a cold or illness of any sort, and I do have many pleasures and few cares. My own home is peculiarly tranquillizing in its elements. I could not *but* be happy. But there is a constantly pressing sense of shortcoming, of unprofitableness, that is sometimes hard to bear. And then there are woes and anxieties and agonies of others which cannot be shared without suffering, but then too there are joys and hopes

and delights which shed their fragrance on my path, and make me feel that friendship and sympathy *enrich*. Life is anything but dull and commonplace if we see its undercurrent. The surface sometimes looks monotonous, but, if you get below it, there is anything but uniformity and dullness. Sometimes I find myself in a circle apparently quiet, conventional, polite, and comfortable, and I know that there are hearts dancing with joy that is not allowed to shine out at the eyes, and that all life is transfigured to those who sit so demurely there. Then again, I know that beneath the stillness and composure of *almost* cheerfulness, there are unspoken pangs of remembrance or disappointment, and associations that agonize. And I think how tenderly ought we to *step about* in life, how gently we should judge, and how mercifully we should remember each other's *secret* trials which may be soothed or aggravated by our words or tones or looks. Yes, a deeply interesting story, sometimes poem, sometimes tragedy, is this daily life of ours!

To Caroline E. Frothingham, *March* 21

How long these two years are as I look back! They have taught me one lesson, that love makes light of distance and separation, and that "out of

sight" is not "out of mind." *That's good.* The longer I live the more I believe in our being encompassed by eternal, *inevitable* laws, *made inevitable* by Divine Love and Wisdom, not by a stern and iron rule. Affection that is founded, not on blind habit and custom, but on what is divine and imperishable, lives and has dominion over us, trampling over all mere external hindrances. But looser ties, lower attractions, perish, and that *before death.* If we ally ourselves only to the eternal we shall ever live, and those whom we best love shall live with us, whether divided by the narrow stream of Death, or dwelling with us in these mortal abodes. Friendship thus secured is no transient possession to depend upon "where we live," but once ours is ours forever.

To Caroline E. Frothingham, *March* 27

I sometimes question whether I do not spend too much time in writing letters, but then I go back to the first question, — *What is the true use of time?* What do we live here for? What shall we do if we ever "go to Heaven," as the children say? Shall we not live to love and help each other? If so, is it neglecting our true vocation to keep all the chains bright that bind us to one another while on earth? Letters are a great happiness to me.

To Margaret E. White, *March* 29

I feel, as you do, that if we act as seems to us best, it is not simply *unwise*, it is *wicked*, to worry and agitate ourselves with useless anxieties.

To Henry W. Foote, *April* 8

Your dear little boy is very sweet, and very much happified by all the extra work and confusion that I dislike so much. I said to him, Monday, when I was going to Boston, "I am glad, Arthur, to leave you with Miss Holt [the upholsterer]. She says she likes you." "Well, I like myself," was his reply. Beautiful transparency, which, in an adult, would be thought to savor of vain-glory or conceit.

To Margaret E. White, *April* 9

We must *trust* for our friends as for ourselves, and be willing that the Infinite and Merciful Father should do with them what seemeth to Him good!

To Margaret E. White, *May* 25

I have been busy to-day seeing that all my husband's things got through the wash and were packed. Oh, dear Meggie! I feel a little heart-heavy that we should lose this first sweet summer time

and not be together. Yet, if he comes safe home to me, I shall be so thankful as to forget everything else. Oh, how little I deserve such a blessed lot as mine! I sometimes want to cover my face with my hands when I think how many better people go through life stinted for love, weary and worn, with no resting-place for their heart and hope in this world. Well, I do believe that, if the rest and strength of the Eternal Arm can come to us on no other condition than that of our *having none other*, we shall be gainers if we lose all earthly hope and joy. Let us pray, dear Meggie, that so reverently, gratefully, and lovingly we may accept our heavenly Father's *discipline of joy* that He may see that it is safe to lend us such precious treasures as are found in hearts full of love, and homes full of peace. But if not, He is too good to abandon us to ourselves, and He will recall us, even through paths that are lonely and dark, and that wound our bleeding feet, to Himself and His unfailing love! *We will trust ourselves with Him!*

To Caroline E. Frothingham, *June* 7

My husband's two exquisite days at Niagara were worth everything to him. He is an intense lover of Nature, and I have seen his eyes fill with tears

at looking at any, the simplest, form of beauty. I often *feast* upon the thought of what will be his enjoyments and occupations when he enters upon that state of being where character is everything, and surrounds itself with congenial circumstances. How beautiful it is to me to imagine the happiness that will flood his being!

To Sarah P. Rogers, *Sunday, June* 28

I have thought of you a great deal of the time since I parted from you, and yet I have passed through a sad scene which kept me awake last night, and which has agitated me powerfully. The intelligence that my dear friend, Mr. Phillips, was drowned on Friday night in that terrible steamboat disaster on the St. Lawrence, came to us yesterday afternoon. I have passed much time yesterday and to-day with poor Mrs. Phillips. You cannot appreciate the peculiarly aggravating character of the trial without knowing the sad circumstances in detail. But our departed friend was ripe for Heaven. He walked with God, and he *was not,* for *God took Him.* I never knew a more consistent Christian. To such an one even the flame and the ocean can only bring him more swiftly into the presence of his God and Saviour.

To Margaret E. White, *July* 14

The tender Father who gave us the power to love so intensely, and bestowed upon us objects worthy of such love, would never so bereave us as to eternally separate us. If we can love the departed so faithfully, and they can be more present to us than any and all visible objects, they cannot forget us in their home of wider and deeper life, and neither can our errors and imperfections alienate them from us.

"There must be wisdom with great Death,
The dead shall look me through and through."

To Margaret E. White, *July* 29

I think I have a very peculiar feeling about "losing my friends" by death, as people call it when they die. They always seem *sealed* and *safe*, mine forever, all their influence a saving one, no selfishness ever to mar our communion. I think I enjoy as constant a sense of those who are gone as of any living friends; and, if I am to be completely separated from them by earth and time, I lose them far more than when they change their sphere of existence, and pass forever from my sight only to be *forever* near my heart. Still, dear, *please to live* a little longer, for you are not one I shall ever lose while you are in the flesh any more than afterwards.

To Caroline E. Frothingham,[1] *August* 15

I am glad you have been in Burlington this week, my dearest Carrie, I know it must be good for you. I have always found that, in moments of deep spiritual experience, it was a great help to be brought face to face with Nature. We almost seem to be in the felt presence of God. This fresh, ever-springing Creation of His so cared for and adorned, so ready to obey His voice, and burst forth from apparent sleep and death into most vigorous and rejoicing life, how it brings to mind Christ's comforting words, "If God so clothe the grass of the field." Never could a *soul* disappear out of God's universe while all meaner things are so carefully preserved and renewed. But to me the most comforting thought in bereavement has been that God is the very Author and Source of these affections that so bleed when deprived of their object. He gave us this capacity for love. *Can* He *finally* disappoint us? It is from His own infinite fountain of love that our feeble, trickling springs of affection flow forth. Can we not trust Him then in this matter, and believe that His love will never fail us nor our beloved, departed ones? What a sense this gives us of God's

[1] On the death of her sister, Mrs. Van Brunt, in Acapulco.

pity for us! He knows every pang of disappointed affection, for He bestowed upon us the power to love, and He uses this divine power to educate us, and to help us to be born into the spiritual world. Must not our first strong perception of Immortality come from our earnest following after some loved spirit whom we miss from our daily life? Just as you partly lived in that new tropical home of Ellen's, and felt an interest unknown before in all things connected with that region, so now there *must* be a nearer fellowship of interest in her new sphere of love and action. It is no longer a foreign soil where our dear ones abide, for their home must always be in some sort ours. God is very gentle and patient with us, and helps us beginners to understand a new language by steps made easy through affection.

To Caroline E. Frothingham, *September* 1

Yet how gently God leads us through rough places, and how truly He is with us in the Valley of the Shadow of Death as much as in the green pastures and beside the still waters. I think one of the most touching proofs of God's goodness is found in the way He helps us *to go through* what we shrink from. He is with us in the future, and we need never fear what He arranges for us.

To Caroline E. Frothingham, *September* 20

It is, after all, a separation when we say

"My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscovered lands."

And then no voice coming to us out of the far-off country! Our loved ones *silent* towards us, — none of those quick responses which come to us over the waters, and which make so light of time and space! All this must be *lived through*, and, with one hand fast in God's hand, we can trust, and move on steadily, even though we see not where it will lead.

I love to believe that, while we have God for our friend, life can never be empty or miserable. I pray to keep this faith when the evil days come when I can say I have no pleasure in them. But I speak humbly, for I know life's bitterest trials have never been appointed to me. I always find that trial of any sort brings me directly to God — and must not we find *peace* if we shut out all thoughts but of Him? Oh, how many tossed and tired spirits are pouring themselves out to Him, and finding a peace that the world knows not of!

To Eliza A. Dwight, *Tuesday, October* 13

I have been hoping, dear Eliza, that on Saturday I should have the pleasure of seeing you, but Harry,

who has not been well through this term, came home yesterday really sick, and appears threatened with fever. He is very hot, and has pain in his head and restlessness, &c. A day or two will decide whether it is settled fever.

[It proved to be typhoid fever.]

To Margaret E. White, *October* 18

I did not write yesterday afternoon because I could not leave Henry a moment, and because, too, he seemed so feeble that I did not like to tell you of his real state. He had a comfortable night, and looks better this morning. I do not feel that it is reasonable to be discouraged, yet we must be anxious, and I should be *distracted* if I did not believe, with my whole heart, that he is in the hands of One who loves him better even than I do. There I can trust this precious child, and be *at peace*. I am better than the first of the week, and bear my confinement and fatigue wonderfully. You know I *love* to be a nurse.

To Eliza A. Dwight, *October* 18

One line, dearest Eliza, from our sick-room. Henry had a very alarming turn on Saturday afternoon, which made us intensely anxious. That night I thought we must lose him. I do not feel now that

it is reasonable to give up a good deal of hope, but of course it is a season of deepest anxiety. How could we *live* but by faith and prayer! Strange to say, I do not find myself asking for his *life*, precious and desirable as it seems, but that the dear child may in life or death be united to God and Christ, and that we may accept in thankfulness and faith whatever is appointed to us.

To Caroline E. Frothingham, *October* 18

I am writing almost in the dark in his sick-chamber, while he is slumbering deeply. This beautiful morning seems full of the smiles of God's love. We can never doubt Him, even though our hearts may be heavy with anxiety. Strange to say, I am full of an unwonted peace, and I can worship with almost a heart of thanksgiving. God seems never so near us as when, in the darkness, we can *feel* after Him, and can place our hand in His.

Henry is very patient and sweet. I see his lips move, and think he asks for something, but it is only to say, "Dearest, darling Mother." He wants me to sit where he can look at me when he opens his eyes, and to feel my hand on him somewhere. I rub him a great deal, and he thinks I always do the right thing at the right time.

To William O. White, *October* 21

Your sweet, comforting letter was a cordial, though I needed it not to assure me of your sympathy. I only fear trying it too much. Mrs. Colby takes care of him at night, and I through the day, and my strength holds out wonderfully. When I can dismiss my painful anxiety, it is a sweet pleasure to take care of him. And the sick-room has indeed seemed very near the other world, — that world of love, and peace, and divine strength.

To Sarah P. Rogers, *October* 26

I could not bear, my dearest Sarah, to call upon your sympathy, so well did I know how your heart would ache for me in my anxiety. This week has been full of experience. Every *other* day he has been more sick, and then again his symptoms would seem more favorable. These days of hope have seemed a direct gift from heaven to help me along. It was as if I were going up a steep, steep hill, and would come occasionally upon a piece of soft green turf of level ground, when I could rest myself and breathe. The body sinks sometimes in these inward strugglings, and we need refreshment, but it is precisely an experience to teach us *where* to lean.

"Day by day the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs."

I have lived along as a little child does, never asking where my daily bread is coming from, and it has been a sweet season of heavenly experience.

The dear boy is so serene and docile that he is an easy patient. I now feel as if he would get well, but try to keep my mind from dwelling too fondly upon the thought. In any event it *will be well.*

JOURNAL, *Sunday, November* 1

A brilliant and beautiful morning. I thirst for the Sanctuary, but, with the Bible and Prayer Book, enjoyed my early morning devotions.

JOURNAL, *Monday, November* 2

I am unaccountably weary. Past fatigues and anxieties are beginning to wear upon me. I only hope that this deep experience will leave its mark.

JOURNAL, *Thursday, November* 5

I felt depressed and anxious because I felt so sick that I thought I was going to have the fever. I went into my closet, and resolved I would submit myself without reserve to what seemed to me a dreadful calamity. The moment I had made up my mind to

accept whatever trial might come, a strange peace took possession of me which seemed immediately to modify my physical sensations.

To Margaret E. White, *November* 17

I have put off writing to you, my dearest sister, until I could tell you a brighter story about ourselves, and, though I hardly feel able to sit up, I will say a few words by this mail. Ever since last Monday, the 9th, Henry has been much less well. On Friday, the doctor was convinced that he had slight congestion of the lungs. He has lost strength a good deal, and is entirely helpless, and, so far as we can see, no better than he was five weeks ago. In the midst of it I have had an *experience*. Thursday afternoon, I was taken violently ill. I was sure it was the fever, but was relieved when Edward [Dr. Peirson] said it was not typhoid fever, but influenza. I never felt so sick as for thirty-six hours, and could hardly breathe without a groan, but Saturday I was better. Sunday, wrapped up in blankets, I was laid a few minutes by Henry's side, and yesterday and to-day have been freely in and out of his room. I feel *overflowing* with gratitude to know that I am not going to be sick, but am still very feeble — absurdly so.

To Mrs. Laura Winthrop, *November* 22

Many times I have entirely given him up, and even this was not altogether dark, for I could always be thankful for his happy and innocent life, full of good purposes and efforts, and could always *believe* that there would be something better in store for him than the best this life could offer. But I need not say how precious seems the hope that he is still to be ours to enjoy in this world.

Journal, *Tuesday, November* 24

Henry earnestly asked me in the afternoon to read the Bible, saying he had *longed* for it, and mentioned John, fourteenth chapter. I read as far as the twenty-third verse, and he drank it in, and then I stopped, as he was weary. How unspeakably I enjoy these solitary hours with my precious child. This morning he told me how much he loved me, and added, "It is worth being sick to *feel so much love.*" It does indeed make a heaven in the midst of anxiety and pain.

To Emily R. Morison, *November* 24

Sometimes I feel a heart-sinking when I am sitting alone with him, but generally I keep up a feeling

of hopefulness, and, though the dear child grows inexpressibly dearer as every week only brings out the strength of his affection, and the Christian patience of his loving heart, yet I feel willing that he should enter upon a better life if it is God's will. Yet generally, dearest Emily, I *expect* as well as *hope* to enjoy his love and presence in this world. At any rate, all will be right.

To Caroline E. Frothingham, *November* 29

I shall ever remember these weeks of trial with tender gratitude. God has been very near me, and has never left me to unreasonable solicitude, and never for one moment have I doubted His love and wisdom. I have been folded in His protecting arms, and have never felt afraid of anything that might befall me.

[The tender, loving mother was prostrated by illness on Monday, December 7. For some days it did not seem alarming, but about Tuesday, December 15, typhoid symptoms developed, accompanied by violent delirium, until Thursday, December 24, when her spirit returned to God who gave it.]

TRIBUTES TO HER MEMORY

TRIBUTES TO HER MEMORY

In a letter from Mrs. Higginson to Mrs. Dwight, she says: "No one has ever loved us so much, dear Eliza, or felt for us so entirely, blessed by our joys, and wrung by our tears and cares; no one can ever be so generous to our failings, so bountiful in giving love, so unexacting of the return; and we cannot again find that harbor of rest and place of repose to turn to in trial that her affection kept open for us."

Mrs. Emily R. Morison wrote, many years later: "It was the rare gift of putting herself in the place of another that made her so sympathetic, and so rich in friends as she was all her life. There is no virtue so universally appreciated as unselfishness, and she was loved as she deserved to be. Wherever she went, even for a short visit, she left friends behind when she came away."

In a letter to Mrs. Dwight from Miss Mary O. Pickering, from Rome, January 21, 1858, she writes: "If I were near you, how great a solace it would be to speak to each other of the dear departed one, and to dwell on the remembrance of the blessings which

her love shed upon all around her. In the quiet, wakeful hours of the two nights past, my thoughts have gone back to the days when we were all at school together, when we enjoyed so much in each other's homes, and in the unbroken society and mutual friendship of our families; and, as the review of all the succeeding years of my life has passed through my thoughts, there seems to me one unclouded track of brightness and of blessing in the love, and sympathy, and devoted friendship which Mary has given me. I cannot recall now one word, or deed, or look, in the whole course of our friendship, which has ever for a moment cast the slightest shadow between us, — not even in our childish, and most thoughtless, and inconsiderate years."

Her friend, Mrs. Marianne Silsbee, wrote of her in "A Half Century in Salem," p. 105: —

"It is a mingled pleasure and pain to tell of the brilliant women who left their places vacant. . . . Of one it is not easy, for those who best knew her, to speak with measured praise. The clearest head, the most expansive heart, a wonderful insight, that made her judgment of character almost unerring, devotion to her best beloved, a soul filled with religious aspirations, — all these qualities combined in complete harmony to form the character of Mrs.

Mary Wilder Foote; and to this it may be added that a remarkable power of sympathy was perhaps her most delightful trait."

[The following pages are selected from an obituary written by her minister and friend, Rev. Charles Lowe, for the "Salem Gazette" of December 29.]

Her uncommon powers of intellect alone would have sufficed to make her a remarkable woman. Her vigorous imagination, sound judgment, and retentive memory were such as few possess. But it was not her powers of intellect chiefly which so strewed the whole pathway of her life with bright and precious fruits, and that now make her memory so widely cherished and revered, — it was her large and loving heart, and her eminently religious nature. Never were sympathies more ardent, and easily awakened, or more all-embracing than hers. Her heart was full of love. Her whole life was spent in ministering, and all her rare accomplishments and powers were consecrated to the work of love.

It was in the highest offices of administering consolation and counsel in times of affliction or distress that she found her fittest sphere. Entering with intense sympathy into the feelings of the sufferer, she, at once, secured confidence and love, and, so

fitting were her words, that she seemed inspired as a holy messenger of comfort and light to the sorrowing and afflicted heart. Moreover, the ardor of her sympathies did not cloud her judgment, or weaken her sense of duty. The clearness of her judgment, her perfect fairness and candor, and her mingled tenderness and boldness made her invaluable as a counsellor.

But, while this work of giving counsel and consolation was her highest and truest sphere, she was equally ready and efficient in rendering the most menial service of the hands. Whether by little acts of attention such as no one but herself would have remembered, or by something that cost her labor and thought, she availed herself of every possible occasion of giving happiness to her friends. This work of ministering was not done as a conscientious task, or a self-imposed duty, but with the ardor of an intense desire. It was her highest delight to be the means of another's joy, and her constant happiness was in the happiness of those around her.

Early in life a deeply religious spirit developed. With a clear, strong, and unwavering belief in the efficacy of prayer, her closet was her loved and constant resort, and the aroma of devotion was brought forth to breathe over all her outward acts.

Religion was to her something so real and so vital, that its themes were the most easy and natural to her lips. Nor was it only when conversing upon these themes that her religious character appeared. Her brilliant qualities, her keen observation, her vivacity, and her power of vivid description, made her conversation always singularly rich and attractive; yet no one was ever unconscious, while in her society, that he was in the presence of a devout Christian woman.

To no one could life be more rich and full. No one ever enjoyed more truly and keenly. Her temperament was such that she was capable of exquisite suffering and exquisite joy. In sympathizing with the misfortunes or afflictions of others she suffered often the keenest anguish — sleepless nights and anxious days. But she was just as intense in her feeling of happiness. Happiness was her prevailing mood. The smallest things afforded her delight, while her strong nature prevented her from ever being cast down. In the midst of her own troubles her cheerfulness never forsook her. No personal sorrow or loss could quite shut her out from sources of joy. To her life never could have palled. So long as one heart was left her here to love, or one being on whom she could lavish her ministering, we feel

that earth would have afforded her happiness and delight. But the same qualities which made her so eminently fitted to live, made her also ready to die. And while we feel that we can so hardly spare her from her earthly work, we feel also that she was indeed ripe for heaven.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CALEB FOOTE

BORN IN 1803 DIED IN 1894

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CALEB FOOTE

This little story of a life has been written in hasty snatches at distant intervals, and I find, in looking it over, that it is sadly lacking in continuity, with awkward leaps backward and forward, and undesirable repetitions; but I have neither time nor inclination to rewrite it, trusting that my children will make all due allowance for its imperfections, and accept it as it stands, as a token of affection.

My dear Children, —

I should feel greater satisfaction in yielding to your urgency for some reminiscences of my life, if I had anything remarkable to record; but my history has really been common and uneventful. It is the short and simple story of early orphanage, poverty, and lack of education, followed by a life of moderate industry, perseverance, and economy, and, by their natural result, a degree of success, which, without any great stroke of fortune or remarkable capacity, brought me in my old age to an ample competency. Every village in Massachusetts has similar histories

to record. But not all, and I fear but few, have equalled the crowning blessing of my life, in winning the companionship of the dear mother of my children, of whom it might be said, as truly as it ever was of any one, that to have lived with her was a liberal education; and to the influence of whose inheritable mental and moral attributes, — although the blessing of her living teachings was so early lost to them, — I owe the second great blessing of my life, the qualities which have made my children a constant source of love and satisfaction.

On the 3d day of January, 1802, my father, Caleb Foote, then twenty-four years of age, married Martha [1] West, then in her twenty-first year, the daughter of Samuel Massey West, who was master of one of the small vessels of that day, engaged in trading voyages to Virginia, in one of which he died; and, as what little property he possessed was in his vessel, and none of it ever found its way back to his family, they were left in poverty, having nothing but the portion of the house in which they lived (at the corner of North and Lynde Streets), which was built, I understand, by my great-grandfather, Samuel West, and apportioned among his children at his decease.

[1] Usually called Patty.

I presume that my great-grandfather and my grandfather West were not unprosperous for that day of small things, as long as they were in active life, as both their names appear in the list of original subscribers for the building of the North Church, in 1772. But the death of my grandfather left his family with nothing but a shelter for their heads.

About the year 1800 the Baptists had come to Salem; and their fiery zeal and pretensions to a purer Christianity had carried away my grandmother's family, all of whom were baptized. Their sabbatarian ideas were severe and sharply inculcated, and I was taken to meeting with them at a very childish age. I do not remember that I ever whistled on Sunday, but I well remember the fearful joy with which I snatched the opportunity, in a secret place, to whistle on a Fast Day. I also remember the horrors with which the constant preaching of the torments of hell-fire, and the terrors of the Judgment Day, filled my imagination and disturbed my sleep, and the plan of safety for myself, which on my pillow I had devised, — which was, at the first sound of the last trumpet, and the first sight of the dreadful blazes, as they were beginning to burst forth, to flee to the neighboring house of Dr. Bolles, the minister, and, catching

hold of the tail of his coat, to ascend with him to the region of the blest.

There is a noteworthy coincidence in the fact that my great-grandfather, Captain William Dedman, like my grandfather West, and my own father, sailed from home, never to return, and all leaving unprotected orphans to the hardships of poverty. Captain Dedman was in his own vessel, bound for Cuba, and had with him his only son, William. They were both seized with yellow fever, of which they died, and, as frequently happened in those days, no portion of their property ever came back to the remaining members of the family, who were thereby left destitute, in which condition my grandmother Foote remained as long as she lived, with but little interruption even during the life of her husband (Caleb Foote), whose exposures in the army under Washington at Cambridge, afterward in the privateering service, and in the confinement of an English prison, brought him nothing but a broken constitution, ending in his long and fatal sickness. How they lived through it all I cannot imagine.

I know of no record or tradition as to the personality or condition of any of my paternal progenitors between Pasco (if he was the first here), and Enoch,

my great-grandfather, who was a small farmer in Andover. Those mousing genealogists, Savage and Farmer, state that the first settlers of the name of Foote were three brothers who settled at Watertown in 1635, — Caleb, Pasco, and Nathaniel. Caleb, they say, was a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and that is the last I can find about him. Pasco came to Salem, and was engaged in the fishing business and trade, was a member of the First Church, and had children baptized there; Nathaniel settled in Connecticut, and founded a leading family in that Commonwealth.

Enoch died comparatively young, leaving, among other children, Caleb, my grandfather, who obviously was a man of fair capacity, as he raised himself from his poor orphanage to be master of a vessel. And his patriotic spirit must have been like that which swept so many of our young men, at the beginning of the Rebellion, into the Union army ranks. He served as a soldier under Washington at Cambridge, and as a sailor in the privateer service, being selected as the prizemaster to bring in a British prize, in the capture of which he had participated.

I do not know with certainty at what stage of his nautical service he was captured by a British ship

and carried to Forton Prison, at Forton, England, from which he finally escaped, making his way to France, and subsequently home. He brought with him a broken constitution and the seeds of consumption, brought on by the exposures and hardships of his service by land and sea, and died May 19, 1787, at the age of thirty-seven years. His widow, my grandmother, used to speak of him as one of the most lovable of men, and my uncle, Rev. John Foote, a Calvinistic minister of the straitest sect, speaks of him, in a letter to me, as "a pious man." His name is on the church record as buried at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, in Salem, and therefore I conclude that he was a member thereof.

It is perhaps worth noting, with these military reminiscences, that my great-uncle, Benjamin West, was lieutenant of the Salem Company at Bunker Hill, and was the only Salem man killed in that encounter.

My grandmother Foote's maiden name was Mary Dedman. Her father, Captain William Dedman, was in such easy circumstances that he gave his three daughters the best education obtainable at the time, sending them to a school in Boston for a finish — of which I have the evidence in several old samplers worked by them. Her elder sister married

Captain Jonathan Haraden, one of the most daring and distinguished privateer commanders of the Revolutionary War. Another sister married a Mr. Johnson, owner of the rocky and unprofitable farm — Nahant.

I was born on the 28th of February, 1803. A second child, Samuel, was born June 1, 1805, and died the 22d of September, the same year. My mother died of consumption, December 28, 1805. My father married Nancy West, a younger sister of his first wife, and she died June 17, 1808, aged twenty-one. He sailed from New London in command of the vessel which he had navigated in from sea, and, as he was never heard of afterward, it is supposed his vessel must have been sunk in some terrible weather which occurred about that time, January 19, 1810, his age being then thirty-two years, the age at which I was married.

I have but few recollections of my father, as I was not quite seven years old when he died, and almost all my life he had been absent at sea. Two little incidents, however, are fresh in my memory. One is that of being with him at one of the little neighborhood picnics which were common at that day, at the beach at Orne's Point, where he gave me a ride on his back while he swam about. The other was a

punishment which I remember with great satisfaction, as having perhaps done something to prevent my acquiring the odious habit of profane swearing. I was living, as I suppose I had always done after the death of my second mother, with my grandmother West, in the Lynde Street house. It was winter or spring, and the yard had a light covering of snow. I had probably heard the boys or men in the neighborhood slipping out the bad words, which remained in my memory as something nice, and, proud to display my new accomplishment, as I chased the cat around the yard, I exclaimed, "Damn the cat." My father heard the words, and immediately took me into the house, and, after suitable admonitions, gave me a spanking with a bunch of quills (then the only implements for writing) which made a prodigious rattling, and left such an impression on my mind that I have never since damned a cat, or any other creature or thing. The blows inflicted no greater pain than a slight tingle, while the noisy rattle of the quills struck a terror as if blows from the knout were falling. The impression of his character left on my mind is pleasant, as it indicates that notwithstanding the latitude usually allowed to his profession, he was not a man of profane habits, and that he was anxious that his child

should not grow up in wicked or disagreeable ways. From all I can learn of my father I judge that he was rather below the medium height, not stout, but well-formed, athletic, and neat. That he was of a lively and humorous disposition I infer from a remark which I sometimes heard, when I happened to be in exuberant spirits, "Mother's looks and father's actions." Of the earlier part of my father's life I had not the forethought to inquire during the life of my grandmother Foote; but, as she had been left destitute through the mischances of war, it was necessary that her children should as early as possible earn their own support, and I have some reason to believe that my father was early set to work in a shoe-shop, as I know his younger brother, afterward Rev. John Foote, was in a tailor's shop. At what time my father entered upon a seafaring life I have no ground for conjecture; but, on his last voyage before the fatal one, he was mate of the vessel on which he sailed. They came, I don't know where, upon a vessel in distress, having lost her only navigator, the master. My father was authorized by his captain to take command of her and carry her to her proper port, which, I believe, was New London. Her owners were so well satisfied with him that they gave him the command for another voyage, on which

he started on the 19th of January, 1810, and, as I have said before, nothing was ever heard of the vessel afterward.

If my father had been able to accumulate any little property, it was probably all with him on his last voyage, and irreparably lost. I was therefore left a burden upon the poverty of my grandmother West, who was at that time, and all the rest of her life, a great sufferer from two painful diseases, asthma and crippling rheumatism. She and her daughter Mary were able to earn a little by dyeing ribbons and silks, and I was useful in running to the druggist's, for logwood, indigo, and turmeric. Her sons, Samuel and John, boarded with her, and so the table was supported; but all were poor, and no doubt all felt me to be an unwelcome burden, and I had none of the petting which is the happy lot of all my grandchildren in their homes. Under this repressive influence, I probably did not often exhibit the engaging ways of encouraged childhood, and so there was a mutual repulsion. I do not think my faults can ever have been of an active, aggressive, or sullen character, for I do not remember ever to have had that class of feelings, but I no doubt had all other faults, deficiencies, and disagreeabilities of childhood. There must have been some unpleasant

streak about me, or I should have won some affection. I think nature made me as plastic and pliable as is common; but the circumstances of my orphanhood, which threw me early upon the world, and made my life one of solitary struggle, gave me a habit of self-dependence and reserve, never since overcome, I fear, which doubtless sometimes seemed obstinate.

My first recollections of school life are with "Madam Breed," a stout, elderly woman, who kept a dame school (I presume free), in a house in Church Street. I think I was in petticoats at the time. There I learned the letters. I have a vague memory of being shut up in a closet by her, and solacing myself with some gingerbread I found there. She kept a long stick standing by her chair, but I do not recollect ever feeling its weight. Three of my neighbor boys were at the school, and, as they were all from one to two or three years older than I, they used to scare me with dogs, and otherwise to hector me uncomfortably.

When I was six years old, I was sent to a boys' school in the neighborhood. The master was a terror to all the boys below the first class, in which were two of his own sons, and which he specially favored. There were five or six classes in the school, with per-

haps twenty boys in a class, and each class used to recite aloud, all together, and the curious din of twenty or more boys spelling the same word, or reciting the same multiplication table or rule in arithmetic, may be imagined. The master gave no teaching except in writing, in which he himself excelled, and which he taught well to those who showed an aptitude for it. The inkstands were little leaden receptacles stuck into holes prepared for them in the desks, and were always half filled with cotton wool, on which the ink was poured. No pen but the quill was known then, and nearly the whole time of the master was employed in mending the pens, and answering the appeals, "M' I drink, sir?" and so forth.

He was a harsh disciplinarian, and always kept conspicuously on his desk a cowskin and a ferule. Beyond doubt, he took pleasure in using these implements. He was lynx-eyed in detecting a breach of order, and it was fun for all the rest of the boys to see him silently creeping toward a couple of boys whispering together, or perhaps swapping marbles, and, seizing their heads, knock them together with an audible shock. At other times, it would be a single culprit who was misemploying himself, and whose outcry and whimpering when the cowskin

came down on his back gave the master obvious pleasure. His ferule also he kept in constant use, and the wails of the smaller boys were often heard; but with the older boys it was sometimes a contest between obstinate sulkiness and a determination to get a sign of surrender. I think I remember at least one taste of that ferule.

I think I never got beyond "strokes and O's" in writing at this school, from which I was transferred within a year to Master Dodge's, in North Salem. My new master was of a much more gentle nature than the other. I do not remember ever receiving a punishment from him. He was a religious man, and always opened the school with prayer. He was a military man also, commanding one of the militia companies of that day, and used to parade the boys at recess time, teaching them to form platoons, to march, and other simple manœuvres. I stayed here till I was over ten years old; but I had not learned much when I left. I was still in one of the lower classes, and was writing "joining hand," but do not remember that I had learned the multiplication table, and certainly had never taken a lesson in grammar, history, or any of the studies now considered indispensable.

The War of 1812 with Great Britain had then

commenced, and as all business connected with fitting out trading ships had ceased, the employment of my uncle John West, a journeyman sailmaker, was at an end. His brother-in-law, John Brown, was a wholesale and retail grocer, and, I suppose, furnished him with a stock of goods for opening a small grocery in North Street, and I was taken from school to attend it as a shop-boy. All groceries were then groggeries, and one of my employments was to draw liquor by the glass for those who came in for their grog. Here I learned no good, and feel that it was almost a miracle that I escaped becoming a drunkard. I did sink so far as to learn the use of tobacco (child as I was), both in smoking and chewing, and both I retained for some years, till I became ashamed of them as noxious and vulgar. The surroundings were all evil. The small boys of the neighborhood were not bad; but there was no form of filth with which they were unacquainted by name and conversation. Next door to our shop was a rendezvous for the recruiting of soldiers for the army, who were mostly the castaways of society, and their evening songs, stories, and games were of the most vulgar character, of all of which we boys had the full benefit by sight and hearing.

In these years of my childhood, I had, or thought

I had, some narrow escapes from drowning, in "pottering" on the ice-cakes in the river when the ice broke up in the spring, and in stepping into mudholes, when wading, before I could swim. And I remember thinking, after I had learned to swim, and while I was in Boston, that I saved the life of a boy who was sinking in a mudhole. And this reminds me of another incident which may serve to show how reticent and self-contained I had felt obliged to be by the lack of sympathy in which I had grown up. By treading on a piece of glass, while bathing in the front of the then unoccupied extension of Charles Street (in Boston), I had cut a long, deep gash in one of my heels, and, when I got home, I borrowed from the kitchen girl a needle and thread, and took several stitches in the gaping wound, without speaking of it to my aunt. I remember nothing more about it.

John West's grocery continued a number of months, but was eventually given up, for reasons which I did not at that time understand, but which doubtless had their origin in the habit of hard drinking, which he had unfortunately acquired.

Mr. John Brown had married my aunt Abigail West. He kept a wholesale and retail grocery in an old and spacious building next north of the corner

of Lynde and North Streets, which had been used for the same purpose from a period long previous to the Revolution. There was a great country trade. All the supplies of fuel and of food, excepting flour, came by that store, by the way of North and Federal Streets, from a sweep of country extending from Ipswich, Topsfield, Methuen, Haverhill, Reading, and beyond, and Danvers, Middleton, and Lynnfield, — nearly all of which places now consume their own products, and more too. The drivers of all the loads of hay and wood, of butter, milk, and so forth, would stop at least for a glass of grog before and after disposing of their loads, and would take in return their family supplies of groceries, including in many, perhaps most, cases, a small jug or wooden keg of rum. In winter, when there was good sleighing, sled-loads of carcasses of sheep and hogs, butter and cheese, came into town over the same streets, from Vermont and New Hampshire, and carried back their supplies for the year of foreign goods. I have many times seen whole sled-loads of mutton carcasses piled almost like a load of wood, and offered, I am quite confident, at from one and a half to two or three cents a pound. The return in foreign goods, coffee, tea, sugar, salt, and rum, must have been small enough at war prices. This great trade

continued through the war, and Mr. Brown, being a capable and enterprising man, succeeded in accumulating a fair capital for those days. He had also acquired, but not then to an obviously ruinous degree, the habit of drinking, which was at that time sapping the best elements of our New England life.

The period of which I am now speaking was one of great poverty and distress through all the maritime parts of the country. The Jeffersonian policy of embargoes and war had destroyed the fisheries and commerce, and there were no important manufacturing pursuits then existing, to which the compulsory idlers could turn their hands. Many of the sailors found employment in the privateers, but the bulk of working people were left in a very helpless condition. The common food was rye-and-Indian bread, and the breakfast drink rye or pea coffee. All farm produce was very cheap, and all the farmers bought was very dear. Companies of men used to hire the right to dig in certain peat meadows in the neighborhood, to procure their supply of winter fuel. It was used in my grandmother West's family, and I can testify that it made an excellent hot fire, which kept well through the night.

There was much that was exciting to me through the war. Our seacoast was defenceless, and British

ships were all the time cruising up and down as near the shore as they could safely get. Every little while they landed somewhere, or chased a coaster or fisherman, or made a pretence of intending to bombard some town. Merchants who had stocks of goods on hand moved them into the country. Many families that were able took themselves away. The whole community was in a state of terror and agitation, and every male capable of bearing arms, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, was organized by law into active militia service. In addition to these there were volunteer companies of persons exempted by age or physical disabilities. The Essex Guards were composed almost entirely of seamen. The Salem Light Infantry had a company of volunteer artillery, with two cannon, attached to the regular corps. But the most remarkable company, to my youthful eyes, was the Sea Fencibles, an artillery company, composed of the most incongruous materials, many gray-haired and venerable by age, and all the very opposite of the alert, active, vigorous fellows who composed the mass of the companies organized by law. I particularly remember the contrast of the gigantic Gamaliel Hodges, the smart little Captain Waters, and the short, paunchy, bald, Rev. Dr. Bentley. But their hearts

were in the cause, and they would have died at their posts rather than have flinched from any duty to which their worn bodies were equal.

The marches of the recruiting parties for the regular army were very interesting to me. They were generally led by a sergeant, and consisted of a drummer, fifer, and fiddler, and half a dozen poor rapscallions lured, or driven by poverty, into the service; for this was not a war which roused the active feeling of patriotism, like that of the Revolution. There was a strong feeling of anger against the insolent aggressions of Great Britain; and all the enthusiasm of a people preparing to fight for their homes, but a strong feeling, with at least one half the people, that everything on our side had been shamefully mismanaged.

The British ships kept our whole coast in a constant state of alarm. It seemed to be their policy to harass and worry rather than to destroy; but there was no feeling of security anywhere. Piles of combustibles for beacon-fires were arranged along the hilltops from town to town, and signals to concentrate forces wherever an invasion might take place. I think three different night-alarms were given in Salem. I cannot particularize the dates, but I well remember the terrors of those gloomy

nights; and I can recall the eager haste with which the male portion of the community rushed to what they thought the coming fray. The cry ran through the streets, "An alarm! An alarm! The British are coming!" The bells rang as for fire. The drums beat, and the rapid steps and hoarse voices of men, rushing to their appointed rendezvous, added to the agitation which pervaded every household. My grandmother's house was at the corner of Lynde Street; Captain (Master) Dodge's militia company assembled in Federal Street near North, close by. In an incredibly short space of time, they had formed, and were marching by my window. The scene was awe-inspiring to the non-combatants. The solid, heavy tread of from fifty to a hundred men, rapidly marching to the tap of a single drum, through the darkness, the poor light of a single candle from a window faintly glittering upon some musket-barrels as they passed, the firebells meanwhile clanging from every steeple, and the harsh "alarm" cries of the larger boys and men as they rushed from their houses and along the streets, made a combination which left upon my memory an indelible impression. I was carried away by the excitement of the moment, and cried bitterly because I was not permitted to take an old cutlass of my

father's, or my grandfather's, which was in the house, and go out to take my part in the war.

These alarms all originated in slight causes, which were soon explained, but they had the effect of keeping the mind of the community in a very sensitive condition. I think I have ever since had a fuller realization of the terrors which accompany an invading army, from my remembrance of these scenes.

A less terrible, but still exciting, interest of the day was the preparation for defending the harbor. Every able-bodied citizen took his turn at digging the earthworks. Arrangements were made so that everybody (excepting, of course, the aged and infirm) should do his share of the labor; and each morning, the requisite number of men met at their appointed places, and marched off in ranks, under the order of the persons appointed to engineer the work. It was then the "horny-handed sons of toil" had the advantage. Men who had never held a shovel for an hour together came home with bending backs and torn hands. But I do not remember hearing that anybody flinched from the work.

I think I had not much playtime in those days, being kept in the shop; but my greatest pleasure, when I had a chance, was to go to the wharves, where the privateers were coming and going and

the dismantled merchant ships were lying at rest. The curiosity of a little boy left nothing unexplored on board either class of these vessels.

Without being very stout or very strong as a boy, I was healthy and moderately active and athletic; few could easily beat me in the running games of boys, and I was very fond of climbing. The wharves were lined with vessels through the war, and my greatest pleasure was to climb their rigging to the topmasts, scorning at any time to "creep through the lubber-holes." In connection with this habit of climbing I remember a misadventure in Boston which might have cost me a limb. There was a two-story brick barn, under repair, in the rear of our house. At the foot of a ladder was a load of sand for mixing into mortar. I climbed the ladder, and from the staging at the edge of the roof I jumped into the heap of sand. Unluckily, my feet did not strike with perfect fairness, and I suffered a good deal of pain from the sprain. Another danger I used to encounter without thought, but which I now look back upon with a feeling of terror. The store where my business was, on India Street, was four stories high, and I used to take opportunities to creep about the steep slated roof, where a sudden gust of wind or the slipping of a slate might have sent me headlong

forty feet to the pavement below. I had a habit, also, when left alone at the dinner hour, of ascending to the fourth story where were a large wheel and pulley for hoisting and lowering goods from garret to cellar, and *vice versa*. This pulley I used to grasp with my hands, and my weight carried me rapidly down through all the scuttles to the cellar, whence I climbed up "hand over hand," one or more stories.

The articles of peace were signed at Ghent, December 24, 1814, but in the slow travel of those days the news was not received here till February 13, 1815, the battle of New Orleans, January 8, having been fought after the signing of the treaty, but before the news was received in this country. It was the lifting of a great weight. People went crazy with joy. At the public celebration in Salem, on Washington's Birthday, February 22, it was said there was not a man in the town who was not more or less intoxicated before the day was out.

Not long after the close of the war, Mr. John Brown, the husband of my aunt Abigail West, formed a copartnership with Messrs. Joseph Baker and George A. Hodges, to carry on a commission business in Boston. Mr. Baker was a very respectable man of middle age or beyond, and Mr. Hodges was a young man, fresh from college. The com-

merce of Salem was reviving in a great measure, and the cargoes of the Salem merchants afforded the basis of a large business for commission merchants in Boston; and the business of Baker, Brown, and Hodges flourished for a time, but the downward progress of Brown's habits became so unmistakable that a dissolution of the firm took place, and Baker carried a large part of the business away with him.

I may mention, as an illustration of my unobservant nature, that I do not remember taking any particular notice of the growing bad habits of either John West or John Brown, even when I knew that the latter was spending a great deal of time at a grog-shop in Exchange Place, where I went to find him one day when one of the owners of his goods wanted to see him. He was annoyed and mortified, and I got a good scolding for my pains.

I think I fully earned my living in Boston [from twelve to fourteen years of age]. I was both kitchen-boy and shop-boy. My duties were to get up early in the morning, and proceed from the house, 5 Hancock Street, to the store, No. 40 India Street, a mile, — sweep out the counting-room, make a fire, and clear up. Then, returning to breakfast, do the household errands, and anything else I was set about. It was not then the custom for retailers to

send any goods home, and the errand-boy had to lug everything. I carried the basket down to Faneuil Hall Market, and took home the meat and vegetables for dinner. Then down again to the store, remaining there till a clerk returned from dinner, when I went home to mine, and down again to the store, where I remained till it closed for the day. All my meals were taken in the kitchen, and I never joined the family in the parlor. My employment rendered it inconvenient or impossible for me to take my meals with the family, but, if I had been a more engaging child, I think I should have been treated more as a near relation.

I do not recollect when I first became a reader; but, before I was fourteen, I thought I had read through the Bible three or four times, — which meant that my eyes had run more or less over every page, but with very little understanding perusal, — but the historical and anecdotical parts I, no doubt, read with interest, especially the Apocrypha. I certainly got very little reading in John West's shop [when from ten to twelve years of age]; but I got there a little practice in arithmetic, by making change to customers. In my unoccupied hours I made a good deal of use of a penknife, cutting out boats and wooden shoes, both with sliding covers,

for snuff-boxes, and puzzles from broad shingles, cut into a dozen pieces, more or less, so bevelled that they could all be clasped into each other, and held up edgewise as a single piece. I also cast leaden cannon, pouring the molten lead into a paper mould, with a wooden core to form the bore, making a complete copy of the larger instrument of warfare. At a later period, I manufactured torpedoes — then an absolute novelty, sold by the shop-keepers at a cent apiece.

I had the greedy appetite of a healthy boy, and, in winter, when I was alone, used to cut a slice of fat pork from the barrel, lay it on the coals to broil, and eat it with bread, sandwich fashion. Its appetizing relish remains in my memory to this day. I had the privilege of selling gingerbread (bought by the sheet, and sold to children by the cake, at an advance), but I never gained a cent by it, always eating every part of the net profit. I believe, however, that I practised a sufficient self-denial to keep my original capital, of a quarter of a dollar or so, good.

I think it was before I left the West shop that I began to attempt some self-education by the help of an old book, which had been the companion of my father's sea-voyages, and probably his self-educator. It had a very long title, as "The Instructor; or,

American Young Man's Best Companion. Containing instruction in reading, spelling, writing, and arithmetic; forms of letters, and bookkeeping, mensurating, gauging, etc.; to which is added, the Family's Best Companion, and a Compendium of the Sciences of Geography and Astronomy." The book was printed in 1794, but the money exercises were in pounds, shillings, and pence, which makes it probable that it was mainly a reprint from an English work.[1] From this book I learned, without outside help, the multiplication table, and almost everything that I know resembling school-teaching.

When I left Master Dodge's school I was ten years old, and my school education ended then. Whatever intellectual culture I brought from childhood I obtained from a very few books, which my love of reading led me to pore over a great deal. I cheered the dulness of Sunday by reading the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," and a Baptist missionary magazine. Under the age of fifteen I had read, with more or less understanding, Plutarch's "Lives," Flavius Josephus, "Paradise Lost," Gill's "Baptist Commentary," Addison's, Johnson's, Steele's, and Cumberland's periodical essays, Shakespeare some-

[1] The ninth edition of this work was printed by Benjamin Franklin, in Philadelphia, in 1748.

what, and a lot of the plays of the last century. The tales of Miss Edgeworth and Hannah More were my best instructors in morals. Between the ages of twelve and fourteen, I spent all the little perquisites that came to me at Callender's Library, in School Street, Boston. I do not remember making any struggles with Latin in the shop, but in Boston I had an old Latin grammar, and a little book entitled "Corderii Colloquiorum," which had belonged to my uncle John Foote. These I used to pore over; but probably not more remained to me than Charles Francis Adams says he retained of the Greek he got at Harvard College. I had certain habits which looked almost scholarly, but I never had the true instincts of a scholar, which overleap all impediments, and fix the scholar for life.

My outdoor amusements were rather scanty. In my first winter in Boston I had no skates, but contrived substitutes for them by tying beef rib-bones to my feet, and sliding down the slippery sidewalks. In this way I got the habit of balancing myself, and the next winter I obtained somehow a pair of skates and learned to use them on the Frog Pond.

About this time I developed a sort of schoolmasterish propensity, probably arising from a small vanity of my small though hard-won acquisitions.

It was after my aunt had moved from 5 Hancock Street to the head of Belknap (now Joy) Street. The opposite neighbor was a Mr. Bacon, who had a kitchen-boy of my own age, named John. He was at first my only companion. He had never had any schooling; and how it commenced I have no recollection, but it came to pass that I gave him, as long as we remained neighbors, regular lessons in reading, spelling, and arithmetic, and I remember that I was, at that time, master of the multiplication table. Our house was next the southwest corner of Belknap Street and Mt. Vernon Street, and the opposite corner was occupied by a school-teacher named Leverett, who had two boys near my age with whom I became acquainted, and we used, evenings, to sit on their doorsteps, where I entertained them with stories made up of fragments of the books I had been reading. My sole pecuniary receipts were from a perquisite I had of stripping the mats from the bolts of Russia duck we sold, and selling them at a small price. About all of this went to Callender's. My reading had been confined to any book I could get hold of; but, when I got the use of the library, I think it was almost exclusively of the popular novels of the day, and some of them were the earliest of the Scott novels, which interested me very greatly.

I mastered the stories, and retailed them under the Leverett windows, and learned afterward that the family had been entertained by listening to them.

The bad habits of Mr. Brown soon obtained such mastery over him that his business entirely deserted him, and he was thrown at once into idleness and poverty. My memory is singularly at fault as to dates and events in the two or three years about this time. I was sent back to Salem, where my uncle Samuel West had a small bookstore and bindery. I was taken as shop-boy, to wait upon customers, and to fold the sheets of books which were to be bound in another room. I had none of the habits of mind which, without guidance, make the masterful student, but I dearly loved the amusement of desultory reading, and I ran my eyes over a great many pages, often, I fear, to the neglect of my proper work. My uncle was not a specially kind and indulgent master, had an irritable temper, and no affection for me. I suppose I had tried his patience far more than I suspected at the time. At last, on coming in, and finding the work I had been set to do had been neglected, he gave me a severe scolding, calling me a lazy blockhead, and a liar, and boxing my ears. I do not recollect the circumstances ex-

actly, but I fear I may have lied to him by denying that I had been reading when I should have been working. I think he did not turn me out of doors, but I left the shop on the instant to seek my fortune as I could. My aunt Mary West occupied two rooms in the old West house, which belonged in common to her and to me (as the heir of my mother). She alone had always treated me with affection, and gave me shelter at this time and such entertainment as her very humble means afforded. I retained a very hard feeling toward my uncle for a great many years, but, as I have grown old, and he has been long in his grave, I have come to the conclusion that, although I cannot justify the harshness of his rebuke and punishment, there is at least something to be said in extenuation of it, — especially as I now know that his business was running behindhand, with no encouragement to suppose that it would ever be better.

I proceeded industriously to attempt to find an opening to obtain a living as a mechanic's apprentice, but nobody seemed to be wanting such help at that time. At last, in despair of getting a situation on land, I hunted the wharves to get a berth as a sailor. I found a Captain Upton, who was picking up a crew for a sealing voyage, a very hazardous

and unpleasant business in Arctic regions. He was in want of a cabin-boy, and, after some talk with him, I considered myself at last engaged for the voyage, and agreed to go down in the afternoon to sign the ship's papers; but, when I went on board, the captain informed me that he had taken another boy, whom he thought better fitted for his purpose than I was. This was a terrible disappointment to me, but in fact it was probably very fortunate, for the compensation was to be upon shares, and the voyage proved a failure, and either physically or morally I might have been ruined.

Fortunately, also, in the height of my distress, in 1817, my uncle sold his bookstore to Mr. Henry Whipple, another bookseller in the town. Mr. Whipple bought it with the intention of placing in it a clerk of his named Wilson; and he (Mr. Whipple) applied to me, as one acquainted with the stock, to go into the store to assist as salesman till Wilson should have had time to master the business. My board was given to me in the family of Mr. Whipple, and both he and Mrs. Whipple treated me with the utmost kindness and consideration, not sending me into the kitchen for my food. I had, of course, to stay in the shop until Wilson returned from dinner; but, when I got to the house, although it was not till

after the family had dined, I found the table always cleanly and freshly arranged, with no appearance of my being set to feed upon the leavings.

On learning that an apprentice was wanted at the "Salem Gazette" office, I applied for the situation, and was accepted. I should gladly have taken any permanent occupation which I could find, but I consider that I was very fortunate in falling into the printing business, which, although I did not know it at the time, was particularly suited to my tastes, and favorable to a certain amount of mental cultivation, giving to me, besides, in time, a social position, a most happy family connection, and a degree of prosperity which had never entered into my plans or expectations.

Mr. Cushing had three sons, all of whom he had brought up to the trade of printing. The eldest, John, had recently married, and his father had set him up in a little book-printing office, in a building which sat in the place now occupied by the eastern side of Washington Street, corner of Essex Street. My function was to do the boy's drudgery of the office, and to set the types for an edition of Walsh's Arithmetic, which they were then printing. My success was instantaneous. In the first week they could hardly be made to believe, and I do not know

that they ever believed, that I had not previously been trained in a printing office.

I was transferred to the "Gazette" office, where I still had the boy's work to do, and that part of my duty, as I now look back upon it, was a very disagreeable drudgery, but I do not remember that I ever repined at it; I am sure that I never complained. It took a very short time to give me an important position in the office, while I was still "youngest apprentice." Mr. William Ives, the foreman of the newspaper work, was an excellent man, a quick and industrious workman, but with a very limited capacity for literature. He immediately became attached to me, and grew to be an admiring friend, greatly overvaluing my poor little acquirements, and so continuing to the end of his life, and I have often heard of his citing me as a model to the young people whom he employed in the successful prosecution of his business to an advanced age.

It had not been the fortune of Mr. Ives to have any boy in the office, before me, who preferred reading to idling or playing. It seemed to him, therefore, phenomenal to have a boy who occupied his brief intervals of leisure in reading through such books, for instance, as Hume's "History of England," and the best poetry and fiction of the day. Mr. John

Pickering, one of the most eminent schclars of that period, was in the habit of coming occasionally into the office, and to him Mr. Ives communicated the wonder, and Mr. Pickering was kind enough to offer to him to loan me any books I might wish to study; but I fear I never had a mind to study — only to read.

A slight accident strengthened the impression I had made. Mr. Cushing was not in the habit of spending time in the printing office. His occupation was in the bookstore under the office; but he generally came up for a little while in the morning. One winter morning when there had been one of those storms of thaw and rain and freeze, which leave every twig and bud in a diamond casing, Mr. Cushing and Mr. Pickering were speaking of the beauty of the scene, as I was sweeping near their table; Mr. Pickering mentioned that there was a beautiful little poem by one of the minor English poets, describing just such a phenomenon. Both wished they could find it, and, without thinking of any impertinence in mingling in the conversation, I modestly said that it was the Epistle from Phillips to the Earl of Dorset, dated at Copenhagen, in 1709, and could be found in such a volume of the "Tatler." It is doubtful if there was anything else in the "Tatler"

to which I could have referred with equal confidence, and it might well have seemed queer that such a chap as I should have been so familiar as I seemed with that class of English literature, then growing obsolete. The simple fact was, that in my lack of proper children's books I had at some time got hold of an old and torn volume of the "Tatler," and read it through, with little recollection of its contents, excepting that particular portion which came in then so aptly.

Mr. Cushing's health gave way entirely at an age of little over sixty years, and he withdrew from business, leaving it with his son, Caleb Cushing, and his wife's nephew, Ferdinand Andrews, in 1823. Caleb Cushing was a weak and dreamy creature, not vicious, but inefficient to the last degree. Ferdinand Andrews I then, and to the end of his life, considered greatly my superior in every natural endowment. He had great mechanical ingenuity, and was an admirable printer, and although he had little taste for books, and was not an habitual reader, his clear, strong sense and ready mind made him a vigorous and acceptable writer. His hot and impatient temper was not suited long to bear such a load, and he got rid of Cushing somehow.

He carried on the business alone for some months

after getting rid of Caleb Cushing; but he was restless, uneasy, and ambitious of a larger sphere than Salem afforded. I had been, from the time he became the head of the office, his right-hand man. He had not let me know his intention of getting away entirely from the concern, but offered to me the sale of one half for the sum of fifteen hundred dollars in 1825. Until January 1, 1823, my only wages had been my board and very inexpensive clothing. From that time I had received six dollars a week till I was twenty-one, and, after that, seven dollars. I boarded with Andrews's mother, and had to pay three dollars and a half a week. My clothing continued poor and inexpensive, and my only extravagance was the payment of fifty cents a lesson to M. Louvrier, a professional teacher of French, who used to rob me of nearly half my hour's lesson in detailing to me the symptoms and pains of his ailments. I had previously acquired some small knowledge of the language. I still found some time for reading, and Andrews and I, who occupied the same chamber, undertook to read aloud regularly five evenings in the week, from nine to ten o'clock at night. We were reading Rollin's "Ancient History" when he became engaged to Miss Elizabeth Derby, who became his wife after a few months. His engaged

period was not very favorable to a punctual attendance on our hours of reading. We changed the time from nine to ten, but even that did not insure punctuality, and, after a while, we gave up the attempt. I never finished Rollin, which left such an impression of dulness that I have never opened a volume of it since. Among the books which I remember going over, more or less superficially, at that time, were Stewart's "Philosophy," Good's "Book of Nature," Lawrence's "Lectures," Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and George and Andrew Combe's writings. I became much impressed with the physiological views of the latter, and commenced at that time the practice of daily ablution with cold water, which I have continued to this day, when I take my daily morning plunge in the bathtub, my dressing-room being made comfortably warm in the cooler seasons.

When the offer to sell half the establishment for fifteen hundred dollars was made to me, I had, notwithstanding my frugality, succeeded in saving less than five hundred dollars. There were, however, several gentlemen of property who had kindly noticed me, and, on consultation with them, I prepared a joint and several note which they signed, and which bound them to pay one or two hundred

dollars apiece, in case of my default. The money was obtained from the Exchange Bank, where some of them were directors, and I had the pleasure of paying it up in two or three years, a hundred dollars at a time. The profits of half the business were then only about seven hundred dollars a year.

In October, 1826, Andrews sold the other half of the concern to William Brown for twelve hundred dollars, and soon after left Salem, carrying his uncommon capabilities into various enterprises, and not making a pecuniary success in any of them.

William Brown, my new partner, was a man of good capacity and very pleasant qualities. He had learned the printer's trade in the "Register" office, and been a fellow-workman with me a year or two in the "Gazette" office. He was a fine singer, and had, I think, the very best bass voice I have ever heard. It is natural that a person possessing an attractive gift should enjoy the exercise and display of it; and Brown's musical engagements were not always compatible with what I thought his business duties. We had never a rupture nor a break in our personal relations, but I fear I may have made my lack of entire satisfaction too apparent. At any rate, he offered his share to me for a thousand dollars, which I paid him, January 1, 1833, and he

entered into business as partner, first in a shoe-store, and then in an apothecary shop, but nothing like success followed either arrangement, and some years afterward he came back to the "Gazette" office as a journeyman with me. Better success attended him afterwards, however, when he attained positions in the Salem Custom-House, and in the Adjutant General's office in Boston.

Andrews's mother died while I was boarding with her, and her daughter carried on the house till he married. I then went to board with the mother of William Brown, and stayed with her a year or two. I then went to board with Oliver Parsons and his wife, at the low price of two dollars and a half a week. They were an elderly, childless couple, and I think became very fond of me, Mrs. Parsons taking a motherly care of me and all my belongings. Mr. Parsons was the leader of the singing in the North Church, and got me to join the choir, of which I remained a member till after my marriage. Mrs. Parsons was strongly Calvinistic, and her husband became so while I was with them. Some years after I was married he became suddenly insane, and I had the satisfaction of being of real service to Mrs. Parsons in her calamity.

At the time I entered upon the proprietorship of

the "Gazette" the commercial relations of Salem were extensive, and we were in the habit of receiving from shipmasters, on their return, newspapers from all parts of the world, and I was not satisfied to be unable to make use of them for my business purposes. French papers from Antwerp and Havre, Italian from Leghorn, and Spanish and Portuguese from South America, I learned to read easily enough to get at their sense; and, later, I took Spanish lessons from Señor Casas, a very good teacher.

The ten years after 1825 brought me small profits (which were carefully saved) and an undue amount of consideration. Everybody knew my lack of early advantages, and an exaggerated idea of my outgrowth from them came to prevail. A considerable degree of class jealousy was prevailing, and the young people who were of the class then considered not aristocratic were pleased to take me as their typical man. They were ready to put me forward on all occasions as their representative. As a member of the Salem Light Infantry, I was desired to take a commission. When a number of young men got up a debating society, I was their first president.

When a literary club was formed by the influence of Robert Rantoul, composed entirely (with my exception) of young college-bred, professional men, I

had joined it as one of the original members. My first acquaintance with Judge White was when he as chairman, and I as secretary, officiated at a public meeting to take into consideration the wrongs of the Indians. In December, 1829, I was elected Master of the Essex Lodge of Freemasons, being the youngest person who had ever then been chosen to that office.

In January, 1830, I united formally as a member of the North Church (distinguished from membership of the Society). I had been a teacher in the North Church Sunday School from the year 1828.

My only service in the municipal affairs of Salem was in 1830–31, as a member of the School Committee. In 1830 I was invited to become a candidate for the State Legislature, but declined; in 1831 I was nominated, but not elected; and in 1832 I was elected Representative to the General Court, and also in 1833; but, finding that, in the first place, in my straitened circumstances, I could not afford to neglect my business, and, in the second place, that I had no special faculty for public duties, I declined further service beyond the years 1833–34.

Public lectures were the fashion of that day, and in 1829 I was invited to deliver a lecture in a course arranged by the Salem Mechanic Association. It

was an historical address on the subject of printing. A season or two afterward, I delivered the same address before the Salem Lyceum. It was repeated on the second evening, to full audiences on both occasions, and I had the pleasure of seeing Judge White and your mother (then almost a stranger, but always the cynosure of my eyes) there on both evenings. The next year, I think it was, I was invited, and delivered another lecture, on Nullification, a subject then very engrossing. Both lectures were repeated to the Lyceums of several other towns.

From 1828 to April, 1830, I was in the habit of meeting regularly with four friends, — Theodore Eames, principal of the Latin Grammar School, Henry K. Oliver, head of a private seminary, Alfred Greenleaf, head of another school, and David Mack, a lawyer, who afterward became the head of a high school for girls, in Cambridge and Belmont. They were all good classical scholars. Eames was proficient in Italian. We had all studied Spanish together, Eames being the best scholar, and they deferred to me in French. We read "Don Quixote" through, taking sentences alternately, and discussing the construction as we had occasion, Eames always taking the lead in precision and application of rules and principles. On Sunday evenings we met

for the reading of the New Testament in all the languages of which any of us had knowledge. We had Testaments in Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian, and each read the same verse in all the five languages, I having learned the Greek alphabet, so as to read my verse easily enough. The meetings came to an end, April 14, 1830, through the removal of Eames and Greenleaf to Brooklyn, New York, where they established successful schools.

During the latter years of this period, I had been drifting into greater acquaintance with your dear mother. About 1824, I had become engaged in a Sunday School at the Tabernacle vestry, under the auspices of the "Society for the Moral and Religious Instruction of the Poor," and, when the North Church instituted a Sunday School, I became its librarian and a teacher. Your dear mother took a class here [no Sunday School having then been undertaken by the First Church, of which she was a member], and considerable intimacy sprang up, facilitated by the music meetings which were then given by leading members of the First and North Societies, and by the public meetings of the Salem Glee Club and the Mozart Society, in both of which I held membership. I admired her always, but my lack of property and disadvantages of education

and family position were so obvious that I did not dare venture toward a movement for marriage union. My connection with Judge White, however, in the Salem Lyceum, he being president, and I chairman of the Lecture Committee, led to occasional consultations at his house, at which sometimes the dear lady was present, and I lost my heart entirely. I got to know all her habits of going out, and she seldom got to church without my finding an opportunity to give a passing salutation. Finally, we seldom passed many days without *accidentally* meeting, and my finding courage to turn and take a delightful walk with her. This finally became so frequent and marked that it became a town talk, and the report was rife that we were engaged. This gave me heart to stand the hazard of the die, and either win all or lose all, and I opened the way by a preparatory note which, in due and brief time, led to the engagement which my children have so much reason to bless. This was in January, 1835, I being then thirty-two years of age, and my darling twenty-four. My income then was sixteen hundred dollars, and, including my office, I reckoned myself worth about six thousand dollars.

On the 21st of October, 1835, we were married, Rev. C. W. Upham, of the First Church, performing

the ceremony. Our new home was a house on Liberty Street, for which we paid a rent of one hundred and fifty dollars a year. In this house our dear Lizzie was born. In August of the following year we moved to a house in Brown Street. The little daughter had grown to be a most attractive child, toddling about, holding my finger, a perfect well-spring of delight, and apparently in perfect health, when, in the middle of the night of September 2, 1837, she gave a shriek of pain from the crib by the side of our bed. Her pain continued for a few hours, and then she left us heartbroken. Her memory remains to me, tender, precious, and fresh, even at this late day.

All this time my business was very slowly improving, and I laid up a little each year. I had been, for several years, chairman of the Whig County Committee, which circumstance undoubtedly was the cause of a very unexpected political promotion. The members of the Executive Council were at that time elected by the Legislature. There was a turbulent, aggressive office-seeker, in Marblehead, named Captain A. Such people have always found a congenial constituency in Marblehead. He had pushed himself into the House of Representatives several years, and was determined to get into the

Council Chamber. He accordingly repaired to the scene of action, and went to work with such energy that the scared and offended members of the Legislature were confounded and knew not what to do. At length they determined they would not be browbeaten, and a rapid consultation of county members showing that I had no enemies among them, they determined to propose me to the Legislature, and I was elected in January, 1838. All the preliminary measures were effected without my having even a suspicion of what was going on or an aspiration for the office.

It was a great puzzle what I should do, and how I should manage to accept such an office, which, although entirely unsought, was not unwelcome to me, and which afforded an opportunity for the dear childless mother to enjoy a total change of scene and all environments, with the great felicity of spending a third of the year in a visit to her dearest friend, Mrs. Francis J. Higginson, with whom we boarded about sixteen weeks. She was a niece of Rev. Dr. Channing, and wife of Dr. Higginson, who was that season in Grand Rapids, Michigan, striving to attain a practice sufficient for the maintenance of his family. He was one of the best of men, but never obtained success.

The office of Councillor had not at that time lost all the prestige which its members had carried as Mandamus Councillors in the colonial times. Its duties, though not arduous, were much more various and important than they have since become, the mere establishment of the office of State Auditor and of the various boards of commissioners having since relieved them from a large part of their duties. I had had the advantage of some acquaintance with Governor Everett, whose admirable character I had learned to respect the more, the more familiarly I knew him. The Secretary of the Commonwealth (*ex officio* Clerk of the Council), Hon. John P. Bigelow, had been seated at my right hand, and was a pleasant companion, in the House of Representatives, in 1833–34, and my associate members of the Council were all persons of distinction in their respective counties. They were all much my seniors, and Bigelow, whose father had been eminent as a Speaker of the House of Representatives, and who was himself very thoroughly versed in all the history and traditions of the State House, assured me that I was the youngest person who had ever sat as a member of the Council.

Among the memorabilia of that winter in Boston were several evenings at the house of Dr. William

E. Channing, where I was a receptive listener to the wise talk of the great divine, and of Dr. Tuckerman, the pure and truly benevolent philanthropist. I also accepted invitations to several meetings of the Wednesday Evening Club, which embraced a dozen or two among the most distinguished citizens of Boston. The talk was often very stimulating. There was always a good supper, and good wine used with discretion. But I was surprised to find the feast always crowned with a suffocation of tobacco smoke, and the elegant parlor carpet dotted with mats to receive the expectoration.

My office business went on as well as I could expect. Mr. Brown's experiments in trading having failed of success, I had taken him back in the office as foreman, and left him in charge, while I came to Salem twice a week to regulate the machine, and my editorial work and direction I managed after a fashion in Boston. The railroad between Salem and Boston was in the course of construction, but the communication was still by stage. The pay of the Council and Legislature was two dollars a day, and members of the Legislature, who wished to be absent for any length of time, obtained leave of absence by vote of the House, and their pay was stopped for the time.

At the end of the session we returned to our Salem home, in Brown Street, and here, on Sunday morning, the 2d of June, 1838, our dear Harry was born.

At the next session of the General Court, I was reëlected to the Council, without an intimation from me that I desired the place, open seeking for offices of honor not being the fashion of that day; and, very probably, if I had followed the fashion set by the person who had attempted to precede me, I should have been dropped.

On the 11th day of April, 1839, the sessions of the Legislature and the Council closed, and I returned to my home and my daily work. Here ended my experience of honorary office-holding. I declined a reëlection, though not finding it unpleasant to pass the winters in Boston, where I made many interesting acquaintances and was brought into contact with many persons of celebrity. But it was no way to increase my business to be away from it a third of the year, and the expenses of my family were pressing upon my income. This circumstance led me to attempt to procure the office of postmaster of Salem when the Whigs came into power in 1841.

President Harrison died April 4, 1841, and Vice-President Tyler succeeded him. I had three prominent competitors for the office of postmaster,

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Colonel Henry Whipple, General Henry K. Oliver, and Hon. Stephen P. Webb; but I received the appointment on the 12th of May, 1841, and shortly entered upon the duties of the office. I soon found, however, that I had made a mistake in seeking it. The abuses of the Jackson and Van Buren administrations had led to a very strong and genuine feeling of opposition among the Whigs to the appointment of editors to office, and, when it was found that I intended to retain the control of the "Gazette," a very bitter feeling of opposition to me was excited. I paid more attention to the duties of the post-office than any postmaster had done for many years; but this did not still the clamor, and all the income I gained from the post-office did not more than balance the permanent injury to my newspaper business.

I kept in the post-office the clerks whom I had found there, and kept myself in the office constantly, being in the "Gazette" office only after post-office hours, and having no calls at the post-office on "Gazette" business, but performing all my editorial labor at the post-office, while having that business constantly under my eye. This was not a defensible practice, but it had been the usage ever since the time of Jefferson.

When Tyler came into the Presidency through the unfortunate death of President Harrison, he instantly began to manage for an election by the people at the next term, and to strengthen himself through the organization of a corps of office-holders. My position as a recent member of the State Government, and editor of a Whig newspaper, and, more especially, as chairman of the County Committee and member of the State Committee, seemed to render me important as a supporter, and I have no doubt it was on that ground I received the appointment. His early break with the leaders of the Whig Party rendered that plan hopeless, and his next move was to form a Tyler party, pure and simple, and, for my refusal to coöperate in that movement, I was turned out of the office of postmaster.

It is worth while, perhaps, to record this matter with some particularity, as an illustration of the corrupt methods which had been introduced in the time of Jackson.

The first attempt of Tyler's agents to tamper with me was made in January, 1843, when a person calling himself Judge Helfestein, of the "Superior Court in Ohio," called upon me with a letter of introduction from Postmaster Gordon, of Boston. I carried him to our various objects of local interest, and,

on his expressing a desire for a private conversation, I took him on a walk down Bridge Street. He opened the matter by saying the Administration was determined to know its friends from its foes, — that the former would be well considered, and the latter must expect, of course, to lose their places. He urged upon me that, from my position in the county, it was my duty to take the lead in an organization for the support of the President, who had already bestowed upon me "personal favors," and was able and willing to do more. No future danger, he said, was to be apprehended from this course, as, even if the President should not be reëlected, his assistance would be indispensable to the success of any candidate, and he would certainly provide for all his friends, under the new administration. I declined civilly, but positively, having anything to do with the intended movement, telling him that I relied solely upon the faithfulness with which I discharged my *official* duties for my standing with my official superiors, — that I was not dependent upon my office for subsistence, and had therefore no temptation to violate my sense of duty, etc., etc.

Shortly after this occurred, I mentioned the matter to Judge White, querying whether I ought not to resign; but his advice was so decided against

that course that I did not give it a thought afterward.

It was some time afterward that George B., of Beverly, came to see me. He urged me to come out for the Administration. He said that my circumstances were perfectly well known at Washington, and that they desired my aid; that R. and his friends were pressing themselves upon the Administration, and that, if I did not consent to take the initiative in this quarter, they certainly would, and I should as certainly lose my office. On the other hand, if I would enter heartily into the plan, he was authorized, he said, not only to promise that I should not be disturbed, but that, if I was not satisfied with my present office, I should have the entire direction of the patronage of the Government in Essex County. This offer, I should have stated above, had previously been made by Helfestein. B. held this conversation with me in the character of a personal friend, and therefore I did not resent it; but I answered him substantially as I had done to Helfestein, and communicated the conversation to Judge White and Mr. Stephen C. Phillips.

On Tuesday afternoon, April 2, 1844, Mr. Bryan, of Hartford, Special Agent of the Post-Office Department, came to see me, under pretence of looking

after a missing letter, but really for electioneering purposes. At the office in the evening, he went over the old strain, that the Administration was determined to know its friends and who were not; that they were going to have a State Convention in Boston, the last of the month, and he should stay there until it was over; that the Administration had a right to look to those who had received its support, and he hoped I would take hold and do my part. I told him I would have nothing whatever to do with it; that I was opposed, as well in principle as in feeling, to official dragooning for party purposes, and that he must look elsewhere for such assistance. He was not easily repulsed; said it was the universal custom under every administration, Whig or Democratic; that a good portion of the committee-men, all over the country, were office-holders, etc., etc.

He left me without obtaining any satisfaction, and, not long afterward, I received my dismission from the post-office. While Tyler was manœuvring for reëlection as a Whig, he removed a worthless Democratic politician, and put me in his place. When his quarrel with the Whig leaders had become irreconcilable, he joined the Democrats, and, on my refusal to follow, he put in my place a very respectable member of that party, Hon. Benjamin F. Browne.

Without the interval of an hour, I reëntered upon the pursuit of my regular business, which I have continued ever since, with no important interval, excepting two brief journeys to the West, and a delightful tour of seven months, with my dear Henry, in Europe, in 1867. With these exceptions my personal adventures have been too monotonous for repetition. But several painful bereavements and deep griefs have fallen to my lot. Three sweet and lovely little children have been taken from me, followed, long afterward, by their most dear and precious mother, and again, after a still longer interval, by the first-born of my grandchildren (Henry's Mary), who had become a beautiful and lovely woman, in person, mind, and character, and who had filled a very dear and tender place in my affections.

On the 31st of March, 1841, my son William was born; and on the 20th of March, 1842, my daughter Martha was born. On Monday night, May 9, 1842, commenced the most serious illness of my life, I being seized with inflammation in the throat, attended by headache and some fever. My sweet little daughter had been attacked with erysipelas on the same day. On Saturday, I got down street for the first time, but was immediately sum-

moned home by the intelligence that Martha was dying. She survived until two o'clock on Sunday morning, when her dear little life went out. I had taken cold from some necessary exposures on Saturday, to prevent the house taking fire from a burning chimney, and, on Sunday, had a relapse, which occasioned great suffering, and which my physician considered dangerous, and which confined me to the house with throat much inflamed, headache, and feverishness, until Tuesday, May 31.

On Thursday, September 29, of the same year, our darling, most precious, lovely, and beautiful Willie departed, aged eighteen months. Late in the summer he had been affected by persistent trouble in the bowels, and had been taken by his mother to a farm in Danvers, for change of air. After some weeks passed there without benefit, he had been brought home, and continued to fade away until his death.

The places of these two precious children were afterward filled by the birth of Mary, on the 20th of August, 1843, and of Arthur, March 5, 1853, who have since filled a most important place in my life, and are beloved and honored heads of families of their own.

On Thursday, December 24, 1857, occurred the

great and terrible affliction of my life, — the dear and precious wife, with whom I had lived in perfect love and harmony for more than twenty-two years, left me for her heavenly home. No tongue can tell the greatness of her loss to me and to her children. She was a perpetual fountain of light and love to us all. She was the blessing of my life from the day I first knew her, and not a shade of jealousy, coolness, or anger ever interrupted for a moment our affection, which grew stronger, day by day, to the fearful close of her good and happy life.

On Monday, the 12th of October, Henry had come home from Cambridge, sick with typhoid fever. His mother had devoted herself to attendance upon him, keeping by his bedside, and often caressing him, thereby possibly imbibing the poison of his disease. About the middle of November, she had a sudden and violent attack of influenza, from which, however, she recovered in a great degree, and on Wednesday, the 2d day of December, rode down street with our friend and physician, Dr. Peirson. It was the last time she left the house, and, in walking home, she probably took cold, of which she was soon sensible, but kept about, mostly between her own chamber and Henry's, till Monday or Tuesday of the next week, when Arthur was seized with influ-

enza on the same day his mother lay down upon the bed from which she was never more to rise. For a number of days her illness did not appear to be alarming; but about Tuesday, the 15th, she grew rapidly worse, and typhoid symptoms became strongly marked, with violent delirium, and all the most fatal symptoms of that dreadful disease, until Thursday, the 24th, when, at about noon, her breath ceased, her true and loving heart ceased to beat, and her pure and gentle spirit took its flight for that heavenly home for which her life had been a preparation.

Much that was of interest and importance to my children, in all the relations of life, came along naturally in the progress of years; but, important as they have been, they are so familiar to the minds of them all, that it is not necessary to recapitulate them in this already too long protracted detail.

For the last few years my children have had me in turn at their houses to celebrate my natal anniversary. My eighty-fourth birthday was most happily spent with my children at the home of my dear daughter in Brookline, and I received gracious tokens of affection, not only from them, but from

the dear friends whom my marriage conferred upon me the right to call brothers and sisters.

Of my own condition, I am able to say what can be true but a very little longer, and is liable to change at any moment. The steady employment to which I have been accustomed for sixty-two years is still a pleasure to me, and no burden. I feel no fatigue which a night of sleep does not cure. I do not yearn for rest, or change, or pleasure. I have, no doubt, all the deficiencies and weaknesses which come with old age, mental and bodily, but do not feel them at all while quietly employed at my desk; and I have none of the painful infirmities of my years. This does not mean that I am without the usual decay of physical powers, of eyes and teeth and lungs and legs, and of muscular strength. But of intellectual faculties we have no standard of failure that makes itself obvious to one's own senses. I cannot say how much I have deteriorated in these respects, excepting in memory, which I find is less orderly and at command than it used to be. I do not perceive, however, that I love my people less as I advance in age.

I daily and hourly pray that the Lord will make me more thankful for all these mercies; and that the tender memory of the dear and precious darling of

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my life, and of the other dear ones who have been taken from me, may be ever with me, guarding and preserving me from all sin, and evil, and folly, and leading me in the way of life everlasting; and that we may all meet at last, in the heavenly kingdom, with the dear and innocent ones who have gone before.

August, 1887.

[From a book of private Memoranda]

October 1, 1888

The closing scene of my business life occurs to-day, in my withdrawal from the scene of my labors for seventy-one years, in the office of the "Salem Gazette." I retire, not from ill-health, or with weariness of the employment, but from a desire to leave the business while it is still able to struggle on for a perpetuity, and in hands which will at least keep up its character.

Thursday, May 30, 1889

The second saddest day of my life. This morning dear Arthur brings me the heart-breaking intelligence of the death of my precious child, Henry, — my dearest friend, my judicious and trusted counsellor, and faithful helper. The dear child was born on the 2d of June, 1838. His childhood, like all the

rest of his life, was nothing but a pleasure to me. His nature was gentle, docile, affectionate, and reverent, — quiet in general, but mirthful and genial at home, — prematurely sage, carefully avoiding the giving of trouble, giving early promise of the excellence of his maturity.

MY DEAR HENRY[1]

It was never more true of any one than it was of him, "The child is father of the man." He was by nature and earliest habit, docile, teachable, modest, respectful, obedient, quiet, yet spirited and mirthful. Very early a reader, exceedingly fond of books, and not less interested in stories by word of mouth, to which his father was in the habit of treating him every morning when he came to the parental bed; stories of heroic deeds of men and women, anecdotes of animal instincts or affection, wonderful escapes of children, remarkable events in history, etc.; and, on Sunday mornings, a Bible story, with which his mind became so entirely imbued that his first Sunday-School teacher thought he must have had a very thorough preparation in some previous Sunday School. From his dearly loved mother he imbibed the teachings of the New Testament. His craving

[1] Written at a later date.

for stories began before he could speak plainly, when he would creep from his crib at the bedside, at most unseasonable hours, asking for "Doose! Doose!" meaning "Mother Goose," and capping, unprompted, the concluding word of every line. [This was at the age of a year and a half.]

He was very early in reading, and his taste was mature. Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" took early possession of his imagination, and there were few if any lines that he could not turn to instantly, as he might need. The business interests of his father led to daily regular absences from and return to his home. Immediately upon the father's entering the house the boy was ready, book in hand, to entertain him with a reading from the "Lays," and the reading was no childish gabble, but was as clearly pronounced, well modulated, and appropriately emphasized, as it could ever have been at any period of his life.

Another predilection of his childhood was that for the adoption of polysyllabic and unusual words, which he accepted at the first hearing, and embraced the earliest opportunity to put in practice. Instances of ludicrous applicability of this habit are still mirthfully remembered by some of the family friends, of or to whom they were uttered.

His school days were always exemplary, and it is not remembered that he was ever known to be punished or complained of by his teachers.

Caretaking and economical habits were adapted to the comfortable, but not wealthy, circumstances of the family, and the instincts of the boy led him to be thoughtful in asking for the means to gratify his own personal tastes and wishes. He early imbibed a desire to form a collection of ancient and modern coins of all nations; and, to obtain the means of doing so, he entered, at the age of twelve years, upon the duties of a carrier of his father's newspaper twice a week, which he performed in a most faithful, punctual, and satisfactory manner, for three years, ending January 2, 1854.[1] They occupied about a couple of hours in the very early morning [from five o'clock in winter, and four o'clock in summer], and he never once, whatever the weather, skulked or shirked the hardships of the business, or neglected to answer, on the instant, the stroke of his alarm clock. It was the verdict of all

[1] It was the custom, in those days, for the carrier to leave, on New Year's Day, at the house of each subscriber, what was called the "Carrier's Address," in verse or prose, for which a small gratuity was given to the boy, which increased his little earnings. Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote for the *Salem Gazette*, as the "Address" for January, 1839, the little sketch called "The Sister Years," which was included in *Twice-Told Tales* in 1842.

in the printing office that the paper had never had a more faithful and satisfactory carrier. And his own judgment, often expressed in his mature life was, that that experience was one of the most valuable features of his education, giving him habits of punctuality, method, and strict attention to the business in hand, which no part of his school or college training would ever have supplied, and laying the foundation of that sympathy with the working and struggling portion of society which, with him, was a leading characteristic.

Three years of study in the Harvard Theological Seminary ended with his graduation in 1861, which was with so high a standing that calls to several parishes of the highest repute in Portsmouth, Cincinnati, and Boston awaited his acceptance. He accepted the call from King's Chapel, in Boston, being ordained Sunday, December 22, 1861, where he served faithfully, honorably, and usefully, for nearly twenty-eight years, to the great acceptance of that numerous and intelligent congregation.

Alas! Two such losses as those of his dearly beloved mother, so many years ago, and now that of her dear son, who was as the apple of her eye, seldom come to any one person. I must go mourning through the few days, or weeks, or even months of

life that may be remaining to me. May the Heavenly Father give me faith to hope for a reunion with them in that future world, to which they had the happiness to look forward with undoubting confidence. "Lord! I believe; help Thou my unbelief."

Sunday, February 28, 1892

Another birthday, the eighty-ninth, a length of days which I had never contemplated, but for which I have reason to be deeply thankful. I have nothing to wish for but that I might be wiser and better, and especially that I might have the comfort of religious hope for my rapidly approaching end.

[On Sunday, June 17, 1894, he died at the age of ninety-one years and three months, leaving inspiring memories of his unselfish and beautiful life.]

THE END

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